

A
COLLECTION
OF THE BEST
ENGLISH PLAYS.

V O L. I.

Containing,

JULIUS CÆSAR;
MACBETH;
HAMLET;
OTHELLO:

} By Mr. W^m.
Shakespear.



Printed for T. JOHNSON,
Bookfeller at the Hague.

M. D C C. X I.

T O H E R
ROYAL HIGHNES

T H E
PRINCESS of WALES;
Etc. Etc. Etc.



A D A M,

Allow me, on this happy & long wished for occasion, of Your ROYAL HIGHNESS passing this way to England, to lay at your feet this Collection of the best Dramatick Pieces of our most eminent English Poets. Many of these Plays have been countenanced & favoured by our Soverains themselves, & by others of the Royal Family; & I hope the whole Collection will not be thought unworthy of Your ROYAL HIGHNESS'S acceptance, nor

*

unfit

unfit for the diversion of some of your leisure hours. The Stage when duly regulated, affords not only the most refined diversion to polite persons, but also the most lively & usefull Instructions: & I doubt not Your ROYAL HIGHNES will find the English Stage may deserve your countenance & protection, which will soon raise it to a degree of perfection far beyond any other that has yet been in the World. This will give great satisfaction to all the polite part of the Nation, & particularly to the fair Sex, which there, in many respects, outshines all the World. Your ROYAL HIGHNES is going to be the Head, as well as the principal ornament, of the most glorious & most beautifull Circle in the Universe; & there seems only Your presence now wanting to compleat the happiness of Great Britain: For tho we see, upon the arrival of HIS MAJESTY, & of His ROYAL HIGHNES the PRINCE, Religion & Liberty secured, Order & good Government re-established, Commerce & Credit restored, Tyranny, Treachery, & Popery defeated; yet the enjoyment of those blessings cannot be perfect, till that more beautifull & softer Sex appear, with Your ROYAL HIGHNES at their head, to share & enhance them.

'Tis too large a subject to enter here on the Benefits & advantages that arise to Great
Bri-

Britain, & its Allys, to the Protestant Interest, & to the Libertys of Europe, by the glorious, happy, & timely accession of his present MAJESTY & his Illustrious Family to the Throne; or to offer at expressing the exceeding joy it has given to all good men & lovers of their Country, Religion, & Liberty. My Zeal for this Cause has been sufficiently known, when it was attended with no small disadvantages, & was very ill look'd on by many then in Power.

Tho none can have more Inclination than I, yet I must leave the unequal task to far better pens, to do justice to the transcendent Beautys & Perfections of Your ROYAL HIGHNES'S Person & Mind, to shew your Goodness, Prudence, Humanity & Charity; your elevated Genius & extensive knowlege of the finest & best parts of learning, & of the Languages of all the polite Nations of Europe. But who will be able to paint out in just colours, your Signal Piety & firm adherence to the Protestant Religion, which enabled you, in a tender age, to withstand the most artificiois attacks of Popery, baited with the greatest temptations of wordly Grandeur; & generously to reject the Spanish & Imperial Diadem on such conditions? And who can sufficiently admire the gracious bounty & Justice of Heaven, in securing to Your ROYAL HIGHNES in this world (beside
the

the eternal Reward in the world to come) an Imperial Crown, on many accounts preferable to those You so piously rejected, together with the enjoyment & entire affection of the most charming Prince in the world, & the blessing of a lovely & hopeful Progeny, to inherit that Crown to latest posterity. A blessing of inestimable value to Great Britain, that hath been long & often torn & distracted with divisions, on account of doubtful Titles of Succession: all which is now I hope for ever extinguished, by the happy & legal accession of the Illustrious Family of BRUNSWICK-LUNNENBURG.

That Your ROYAL HIGHNES may long live the Joy & Glory of the British Nations, & that your Posterity after you may for ever reign, a lasting blessing to a happy People, is the sincere & fervent Prayer of

M A D A M,

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNES'S,

Most zealously devoted & most
dutifull humble Servant

T. JOHNSON.

JULIUS
CÆSAR.

A

TRAGEDY.

Written by Mr. W. SHAKESPEAR.



LONDON,

Printed in the Year 1711.

DRAMATIS
PERSONÆ.

Julius Cæsar.

Octavius Cæsar.

M. Antony.

Brutus,

Cassius,

Casca,

Trebonius,

Ligarius,

Decius Brutus,

Metellus Cimber,

Cinna,

Flavius,

Murellus,

Artimedorus, *a Sooth-sayer.*

Messala,

Titinius,

Cinna, *the Poet.*

Lucius, *Servant to Brutus.*

Conspirators against
Julius Cæsar.

Friends to Brutus and
Cassius.

Calpurnia, *Wife to Cæsar.*

Portia, *Wife to Brutus.*

Plebeians, Guards and Attendants.

SCENE for the three first Acts and beginning of the Fourth in Rome, for the remainder of the Fourth near Sardis, for the Fifth in the Fields of Philippi.

JULIUS





JULIUS
CÆSAR.

ACT. I.

SCENE Rome.

*Enter Flavius, Murellus, and certain
Commoners over the Stage.*

FLAVIUS.

HENCE; Home you idle Creatures, get you
home;

Is this a Holy-day? What, know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk
Upon a labouring Day, without the sign
Of your Profession? Speak, What Trade art thou?
Car. Why Sir, a Carpenter.

Mur. Where is thy Leather Apron, and thy
Rule?

What dost thou with thy best Apparel on?

A 2

You

7 JULIUS CÆSAR.

You Sir, what Trade are you?

Cob. Truly Sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but as you would say, a Cobler.

Mur. But what Trade art thou? answer me directly.

Cob. A Trade, Sir, that I hope I may use with a safe Conscience, which is indeed, Sir, a mender of bad Soals.

Flav. What Trade, thou Knave? thou naughty Knave, what Trade?

Cob. Nay, I beseech you Sir, be not out with me; yet if you be out Sir, I can mend you.

Mur. What mean'st thou by that? Mend me, thou sawcy Fellow!

Cob. Why, Sir, Cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a Cobler, art thou?

Cob. Truly Sir, all that I live by, is the Awl: I meddle with no Tradesman's Matters, nor Woman's Matters; but withal, I am indeed, Sir, a Surgeon to old Shoes; when they are in great Danger, I recover them. As proper Men as ever trod upon Neats-Leather, have gone upon my handy work.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy Shop to Day?

Why dost thou lead these Men about the Streets?

Cob. Truly Sir, to wear out their Shoes, to get my self into more work. But indeed Sir, we make Holy-day to see *Caesar*, and to rejoyce in his Triumph.

Mur. Wherefore rejoyce? — What Conquest brings he home?

What Tributaries follow him to *Rome*,
To grace in Captive Bonds his Chariot Wheels?
You Blocks, you Stones, you worse than senseless
Things!

O you hard Hearts! You cruel Men of *Rome*!

Knew

JULIUS CÆSAR. 5

Knew you not *Pompey*? Many a time and oft
 Have you climb'd up to Walls and Battlements,
 To Towers and Windows, yea to Chimney-tops,
 Your infants in your Arms, and there have sat
 The liev-long day with patient Expectation,
 To see great *Pompey* pass the Streets of *Rome*.
 And when you saw his Chariot but appear,
 Have you not made an Universal Shout,
 That *Tyber* trembled underneath his Banks
 To hear the replication of your Sounds,
 Made in his Concave Shores?

And do you now put on your best Attire?

And do you now cull out an Holy-day?

And do you now strew Flowers in his way,

That comes in Triumph over *Pompey's* Blood?

Be gone —

Run to your Houses, fall upon your Knees,

Pray to the Gods, to intermit the Plague,

That needs must light on this Ingratitude. [*Fault*

Flav. Go, go, good Countrymen, and for this
 Assemble all the poor men of your sort;

Draw them to *Tyber's* Banks, and weep your Tears

Into the Channel, 'till the lowest Stream

Do kiss the most exalted Shores of all.

[*Exeunt* Commoners.

See whether their base mettle be not mov'd,

They vanish tongue-ty'd in their Guiltiness.

Go you down that way towards the Capitol,

This way will I; Disrobe the Images,

If you do find them deck'd with Ceremonies.

Mur. May we do so?

You know it is the Feast of *Lupercal*.

Flav. It is no matter, let no Images

Be hung with *Cæsar's* Trophies. I'll about;

And drive away the Vulgar from the Streets;

So do you too, where you perceive them thick.

These growing feathers pluckt from *Cæsar's* Wing,

A 3

Will

6 JULIUS CÆSAR.

Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,
Who else would soar above the view of Men,
And keep us all in servile Fearfulness. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter Cæsar, Antony for the Course, Calpurnia,
Portia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius,
Casca, a Soothsayer; after them
Murellus and Flavius.*

Cæs. Calpurnia.

Casc. Peace ho, Cæsar speaks.

Cæs. Calpurnia.

Calp. Here, my Lord.

*Cæs. Stand you directly in Antonio's way,
When he doth run his Course. — Antonio.*

Ant. Cæsar, my Lord.

*Cæs. Forget not in your speed, Antonio,
To touch Calpurnia; for our Elders say,
The Barren touched in this holy Chase,
Shake off their steril Curse.*

Ant. I shall remember.

When Cæsar says, Do this; it is perform'd.

Cæs. Set on, and leave no Ceremony out.

Sooth. Cæsar.

Cæs. Ha! Who calls?

Casc. Bid every noise be still; Peace yet again.

*Cæs. Who is it in the Press that calls on me?
I hear a Tongue, shriller than all the Musick,
Cry, Cæsar: Speak; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.*

Sooth. Beware the Ides of March.

Cæs. What Man is that? [March

Bru. A Sooth-sayer bids you beware the Ides of

Cæs. Set him before me, let me see his Face.

*Cac. Fellow, come from the Throng, look
upon Cæsar. [again.*

Cæs. What say'st thou to me now? Speak once

Sooth. Beware the Ides of March.

Cæs.

JULIUS CÆSAR. 7

Cæs. He is a Dreamer, let us leave him; Pass.

[*Exeunt. Manent Brutus and Cassius.*

Cæs. Will you go see the order of the Course?

Bru. Not I.

Cæs. I pray you do.

Bru. I am not Gamesom; I do lack some part
Of that quick Spirit that is in *Antony* :
Let me not hinder, *Cassius*, your Desires;
I'll leave you.

Cæs. *Brutus*, I do observe you now of late;
I have not from your Eyes that Gentleness
And shew of Love, as I was wont to have.
You bear too stubborn, and too strange a hand
Over your Friends, that love you.

Bru. *Cassius*,
Be not deceiv'd: if I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my Countenance
Meerly upon my self. Vexed I am
Of late, with Passions of some Difference,
Conceptions only proper to my self,
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my Behaviour:
But let not therefore my good Friends be griev'd,
Among which Number *Cassius* be you one,
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor *Brutus*, with himself at War,
Forgets the shews of Love to other Men.

Cæs. Then *Brutus*, I have much mistook your
Passion,
By Means whereof, this Breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great Value, worthy Cogitations.
Tell me good *Brutus*, can you see your Fate?

Bru. No *Cassius*; for the Eye sees not it self,
But by Reflection, by some other things.

Cæs. 'Tis just; —
And it is very much lamented, *Brutus*,
That you have no such mirrors, as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your Eye,

8 JULIUS CÆSAR.

That you might see your Shadow. I have heard
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
Except immortal *Cæsar*, spoke of *Brutus*,
And groaning underneath this Age's Yoak,
Have wish'd that noble *Brutus* had his Eyes.

Brut. Into what Dangers would you lead me,
Cassius;

That you would have me seek into my self,
For that which is not in me? [hear,

Cas. Therefore, good *Brutus*, be prepar'd to
And since you know you cannot see your self,
So well as by Reflection; I, your Glass,
Will modestly discover to your self

That of your self, which yet you know not of.

And be not jealous of me, gentle *Brutus*;

Were I a common Laughter, or did use

To stale with ordinary Oaths my Love

To every new Protestor; if you know

That I do fawn on Men, and hug them hard,

And after scandal them; or if you know,

That I profess my self in Banqueting

To all the Rout, then hold me dangerous,

[Flourish and Shout.

Brut. What means this Shouting? I do fear,
The People Chuse *Cæsar* for their King.

Cas. Ay, do you fear it?

Then must I think you would not have it so.

Brut. I would not; *Cassius*; yet I love him well;

But wherefore do you hold me here so long?

What is it, that you would impart to me?

If it be ought toward the general Good,

Set Honour in one Eye, and Death i'th' other,

And I will look on both indifferently:

For let the Gods so speed me, as I love

The name of Honour, more than I fear Death.

Cas. I know that Virtue to be in you, *Brutus*,
As well as I do know your outward Favour.

Well,

JULIUS CÆSAR.

9

Well, Honour is the subject of my Story.
 I cannot tell, what you and other Men
 Think of this Life; but for my single self,
 I had as lieve not be, as live to be
 In awe of such a thing as I my self.
 I was born free as *Cæsar*, so were you;
 We both have fed as well, and we can both
 Endure the Winters cold, as well as he.
 For once, upon a raw and gusty Day,
 The troubled *Tyber* chafing with his Shores,
Cæsar says to me, Dar'st thou *Cassius* now
 Leap in with me into this angry Flood,
 And swim to yonder point? Upon the word,
 Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
 And bad him follow; so indeed he did.
 The Torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it,
 With lusty Sinews, throwing it aside,
 And stemming it with Hearts of Controverſie.
 But e'er we could arrive the Point propos'd,
Cæsar cry'd, Help me *Cassius*, or I sink.
 I, as *Aneas*, our great Ancestor,
 Did from the Flames of *Troy*, upon his Shoulder
 The old *Anchises* bear, so, from the Waves of
 Did I the tired *Cæsar*. And this Man [*Tyber*
 Is now become a God, and *Cassius* is
 A wretched Creature, and must bend his Body,
 If *Cæsar* carelessly but nod on him.
 He had a Fever when he was in *Spain*,
 And when the Fit was on him, I did mark
 How he did shake: 'Tis true, this God did shake;
 His coward Lips did from their Colour fly,
 And that same Eye, whose bend doth awe the
 World,
 Did lose his Lustre: I did hear him groan:
 Ay, and that Tongue of his that bad the *Romans*
 Mark him, and write his Speeches in their Books,
 Alas! it cryed — Give me some drink, *Titinius* —

10 JULIUS CÆSAR.

As a sick Girl. Ye Gods, it doth amaze me;
A Man of such a feeble Temper should
So get the Start of the majestick World,
And bear the Palm alone. [*Shout. Flourish.*

Bru. Another general Shout?
I do believe, that these Applauses are
For some new Honours that are heap'd on *Cæsar*.

Cæs. Why Man, he doth bestride the narrow
Like a *Colossus*, and we petty Men [*World*
Walk under his huge Legs, and peep about
To find our selves dishonorable Graves.

Men at some times are Masters of their Fates:
The Fault, dear *Brutus*, is not in our Stars,
But in our selves, that we are Underlings.

Brutus and *Cæsar*! What should be in that *Cæsar*?
Why should that name be sounded more than
yours?

Write them together, yours is as fair a Name;
Sound them, it doth become the Mouth as well,
Weigh them, it is as heavy; Conjure with 'em,
Brutus will start a Spirit as soon as *Cæsar*.

Now in the Names of all the Gods at once,
Upon what Meat doth this our *Cæsar* feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd;
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble Bloods.
When went there by an Age, since the great Flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one Man?
When could they say, 'till now, that talk'd
of *Rome*,

That her wide Walls incompast but one Man?
Now is it *Rome* indeed, and Room enough,
When there is in it but one only Man.

O! you and I have heard our Fathers say,
There was a *Brutus* once, that would have brook'd
Th'eternal Devil to keep his State in *Rome*,
As easily as a King.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What

JULIUS CÆSAR. 11

What you would work me to, I have some aim.
How I have thought of this, and of these times
I shall recount hereafter: For this present,
I would not (so with love I might intreat you)
Be any further mov'd. What you have said,
I will consider; what you have to say
I will with Patience hear, and find a time
Both meet to hear, and answer such high things.
'Till then, my noble Friend, chew upon this;
Brutus had rather be a Villager,
Than to repute himself a Son of *Rome*
Under such hard Conditions, as this Time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cas. I am glad that my weak Words [*Brutus.*
Have struck but thus much shew of Fire from

Enter Cæsar and his Train.

Bru. The Games are done, and *Cæsar* is returning.

Cas. As they pass by, pluck *Casca* by the Sleeve,
And he will, after his sower Fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to day.

Bru. I will do so: But look you, *Cassius*,
The angry spot doth blow on *Cæsar's* Brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden Train;
Calpurnia's Cheek is pale, and *Cicero*
Looks with such Ferret, and such fiery Eyes
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being crost in Conference with some Senators.

Cas. *Casca* will tell us what the Matter is.

Cas. *Antonio.*

Ant. *Cæsar.*

Cas. Let me have Men about me that are Fat,
Sleek-headed Men, and such as sleep a-nights:
Yond *Cassius* has a lean and hungry Look,
He thinks too much; such Men are dangerous.

Ant.

12 JULIUS CÆSAR.

Ant. Fear him not *Cæsar*, he's not dangerous;
He is a noble *Roman*, and well given.

Cæs. Would he were fatter; but I fear him not:
Yet if my Name were liable to fear,
I do not know the Man I should avoid,
So soon as that spare *Cassius*. He reads much,
He is a great Observer, and he looks [Plays,
Quite through the Deeds of Men. He loves no
As thou dost, *Antony*; he hears no Musick:
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his Spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.
Such Men as he, be never at hearts ease,
Whilst they behold a greater than themselves;
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Than what I fear; for always I am *Cæsar*.
Come on my right Hand, for this Ear is deaf,
And tell me truly, what thou think'st of him.

[*Ex. Cæsar and his Train.*]

Cæs. You pull'd me by the Cloak, would you
speak with me?

Bru. Ay *Cæsca*; tell us what hath chanc'd to
That *Cæsar* looks so sad? [Day;

Cæs. Why you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I should not then ask *Cæsca* what had
chanc'd.

Cæs. Why, there was a Crown offer'd him;
and being offer'd him, he put it by with the
back of his Hand, thus, and then the People
fell a Shouting.

Bru. What was the second Noise for?

Cæs. Why, for that too.

Cæs. They shouted thrice, what was the last
Cry for?

Cæs. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the Crown offer'd him thrice?

Cæsca

JULIUS CÆSAR: 13

Cæs. Ay marry was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting by, mine honest Neighbours shouted.

Cæs. Who offer'd him the Crown?

Cæs. Why, *Antony*.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle *Cæsca*?

Cæs. I can as well be hang'd as tell the manner of it: It was meer Foolery, I did not mark it. I saw *Mark Antony* offer him a Crown; yet 'twas not a Crown neither; 'twas one of these Coronets; and, as I told you, he put it by once; but for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again; but to my thinking, he was very loth to lay his Fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by; and still as he refus'd it, the Rabblement houted, and clapp'd their chopt Hands, and threw up their sweaty Night-caps, and uttered such a deal of stinking Breath, because *Cæsar* refus'd the Crown, that it had almost choaked *Cæsar*; for he swooned, and fell down at it. And for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my Lips, and receiving the bad Air.

Cæs. But soft I pray you; what, did *Cæsar* swoon?

Cæs. He fell down in the Market-place, and foam'd at Mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like, he hath the Falling-Sickness.

Cæs. No, *Cæsar* hath it not; but you, and I, And honest *Cæsca*, we have the Falling-Sickness.

Cæs. I know not what you mean by that; but I am sure *Cæsar* fell down; if the tag-rag People did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he pleas'd, and displeas'd them, as they use to do the Players in the Theatre, I am no true-man.

Bru.

14 JULIUS CÆSAR:

Bru. What said he, when he came unto himself?
Casc. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the commou Herd was glad he refus'd the Crown, he pluckt me ope his Doublet, and offer'd them his Throat to cut. An I had been a Man of any Occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to Hell among the Rogues; and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done, or said any thing amis, he desir'd their Worships to think it was his Infirmity. Three or four Wenches where I stood, cryed, Alas, good Soul — and forgave him with all their Hearts: But there's no heed to be taken of them; if *Cæsar* had stabb'd their Mothers, they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

Casc. Ay.

Cas. Did *Cicero* say any thing?

Casc. Ay, he spoke *Greek*.

Cas. To what effect?

Casc. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i'th' Face again. But those that understood him, smil'd at one another, and shook their Heads; but for mine own part it was *Greek* to me. I could tell you more News too: *Murellus* and *Flavius*, for pulling Scarffs off *Cæsar's* Images, are put to Silence. Fare you well. There was more Foolery yet, If I could remember it.

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, *Casca*?

Casc. No, I am promis'd forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to morrow?

Casc. Ay, if I be alive, and your Mind hold, and your Dinner be worth the eating.

Cas. Good, I will expect you.

Casc. Do so: Farewel both. [Exit.

Bru. What a blunt Fellow is this grown to be?

He

JULIUS CÆSAR. 13

He was quick mettles when he went to School.

Cas. So is he now, in Execution
Of any bold or noble Enterprize,
However he puts on this tardy Form:
This Rudeness is a Sawce to his good Wit,
Which gives Men stomach to digest his Words
With better Appetites.

Bru. And so it is: For this time I will leave you.
To morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you; or if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cas. I will do so: 'till then, think of the World.
[Exit Brutus.]

Well *Brutus*, thou art Noble: Yet I see
Thy honourable Mettle may be wrought
From that it is dispos'd; therefore 'tis meet
That noble Minds keep ever with their likes:
For who so firm, that cannot be seduc'd?
Cæsar doth bear me hard, but he loves *Brutus*.
If I were *Brutus* now, and he were *Cassius*,
He should not humour me. I will this Night,
In several Hands, in at his Windows throw,
As if they came from several Citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great Opinion
That *Rome* holds of his Name: Wherin obscurely
Cæsar's Ambition shall be glanced at.
And after this, let *Cæsar* seat him sure,
For we will shake him, or worse days endure. [Exit.]

Thunder and Lightning. Enter *Casca* with his Sword
drawn, and *Cicero*.

[home?
Cic. Good Even, *Casca*, brought you *Cæsar*
Why are you breathless, and why stare you so?

Casc. Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of
Shakes, like a thing unfirm? O *Cicero*! [Earth
I have seen Tempests, when the scolding Winds
Have

16 JULIUS CÆSAR:

Have riv'd the knotty Oaks, and I have seen
 Th' ambitious Ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
 To be exalted with the threatening Clouds:
 But never 'till to-night, never 'till now,
 Did I go through a Tempest dropping Fire.
 Either there is a Civil Strife in Heav'n,
 Or else the World, too sawcy with the Gods,
 Incenses them to send Destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you anything more wonderful?

Cæs. A common Slave, you know him well by
 sight,

Held up his left Hand, which did flame and burn,
 Like twenty Torches join'd; and yet his Hand,
 Not sensible of Fire, remain'd unscorch'd.

Besides, I ha' not since put up my Sword,
 Against the Capitol I met a Lion,

Who glar'd upon me, and went surly by,

Without annoying me. And there were drawn

Upon a heap, a hundred ghastly Women, [saw
 Transformed with their fear, who swore, they
 Men all in fire, walk up and down the Streets.

And yesterday, the Bird of Night did sit,

Even at Noon-day, upon the Market place,

Houting and shrieking. When these Prodigies

Do so conjointly meet, let not Men say,

These are their Reasons, they are Natural:

For I believe, they are portentous things

Unto the Climate, that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange disposed time:

But Men may construe things after their Fashion,

Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.

Comes *Cæsar* to the Capitol to-morrow?

Cæs. He doth: For he did bid *Antonio*
 Send word to you, he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good-night then, *Cæsar*; this disturbed
 Is not to walk in. [Sky

Cæs. Farewel, *Cicero*.

[Exit *Cicero*.

Enter

Enter Cassius.

Cas. Who's there?

Casc. A Roman.

Cas. *Casca*, by your Voice. [is this?

Casc. Your Ear is good *Cassius*, what Night

Cas. A very pleasing Night to honest Men.

Casc. Who ever knew the Heav'ns menace so?

Cas. Those that have known the Earth so full of Faults.

For my part I have walk'd about the Streets,
Submitting me unto the perillous Night;
And thus unbraced, *Casca*, as you see,
Have bar'd my Bosom to the Thunder-stone:
And when the cross blue Lightning seem'd to open
The Breast of Heav'n, I did present my self,
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Casc. But wherefore did you so much tempt
the Heav'ns?

It is the part of Men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty Gods, by tokens, send
Such dreadful Heralds, to astonish us.

Cas. You are dull, *Casca*; and those sparks of Life
That should be in a Roman, you do want,
Or else you use not; You look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and cast your self in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the Heav'ns.
But if you would consider the true Cause,
Why all these Fires, why all these gliding Ghosts,
Why Birds and Beasts, from quality and kind,
Why old Men, Fools; and Children calculate;
Why all these things change from their ordinance,
Their natures, and pre-formed faculties,
To monstrous quality; why, you shall find,
That Heaven hath infus'd them with these Spirits,
To make them instruments of fear and warning,

18 JULIUS CÆSAR:

Unto some monstrous State.

Now could I, *Cæsa*, name to thee a Man;
Most like this dreadful Night,
That Thunders, Lightens, opens Graves, and roars,
As doth the Lion in the Capitol:
A Man no mightier than thy self, or me,
In personal Action; yet prodigious grown,
And fearful, as these strange Eruptions are.

Cæsc. 'Tis *Cæsar* that you mean; is it not,
Cassius?

Cas. Let it be who it is: For *Romans* now
Have Thewes and Limbs like to their Ancestors;
But woe the while, our Fathers Minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our Mothers Spirits;
Our Yoke and Sufferance shew us womanish.

Cæsc. Indeed, they say, the Senators, to
Mean to establish *Cæsar* as a King: [morrow,
And he shall wear his Crown by Sea, and land,
In every Place, save here in *Italy*. [then;

Cæsc. I know where I will wear this Dagger
Cassius from Bondage will deliver *Cassius*. [strong;
Therein, ye Gods, you make the weak most
Therein, ye Gods, you Tyrants do defeat:
Nor stony Tower, nor Walls of beaten Brass,
Nor airless Dungeon, nor strong Links of Iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of Spirit:
But Life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss it self.
If I know this, know all the World besides,
That part of Tyranny, that I do bear,
I can shake off at pleasure.

Cæsc. So can I:
So every Bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his Captivity.

Cas. And why should *Cæsar* be a Tyrant then?
Poor Man, I know he would not be a Wolf,
But that he sees the *Romans* are but Sheep;

He

JULIUS CÆSAR. 19

He were no Lion, were not *Romans* Hinds.
 Those that with haste will make a mighty Fire,
 Begin it with weak Straws. What trash is *Rome*?
 What Rubbish, and what Offal? when it serves
 For the base Matter, to illuminate
 So vile a thing as *Cæsar*. But, oh Grief!
 Where hast thou led me? I, perhaps, speak this
 Before a willing Bondman; Then I know
 My answer must be made. But I am arm'd,
 And Dangers are to me indifferent.

Cæs. You speak to *Casca*, and to such a Man,
 That is no fleating Tell-tale. Hold, my Hand:
 Be factious for redress of all these Grievs,
 And I will set this Foot of mine as far,
 As who goes farthest.

Cæs. There's a Bargain made.
 Now know you, *Casca*, I have mov'd already
 Some certain of the noblest-minded *Romans*,
 To under go, with me, an Enterprize,
 Of honourable dangerous Consequence;
 And I do know, by this they stay for me
 In *Pompey's* Potch; for now this fearful Night,
 There is no stir, or walking in the Streets;
 And the Complexion of the Element
 Is Feav'rous, like the work we have in hand,
 Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter Cinna.

Cæs. Stand close a while, for here comes one
 in haste.

Cæs. 'Tis *Cinna*, I do know him by his Gate;
 He is a Friend. *Cinna*, where haste you so?

Cin. To find out you: Who's that, *Metellus*
Cimber?

Cæs. No, it is *Casca*, one incorporate
 To our Attempts. Am I not staid for, *Cinna*?

20 JULIUS CÆSAR.

Cin. I am glad on't. What a fearful Night is this?

There's two or three of us have seen strange Sights.

Cas. Am I not staid for? tell me.

Cin. Yes, you are.

O *Cassius*! If you could but win

The noble *Brutus* to our Party — [Paper,

Cas. Be you content. Good *Cinna* take this

And look you lay it in the Prætors Chair,

Where *Brutus* may but find it; and throw this

In at his Window; set this up with Wax

Upon old *Brutus* Statue: All this done,

Repair to *Pompey's* Porch, where you shall find us.

Is *Decius Brutus*, and *Trebonius* there?

Cin. All, but *Metellus Cimber*, and he's gone
To seek you at your House. Well, I will bid,
And so bestow these Papers as you bid me.

Cas. That done, repair to *Pompey's* Theater.

[Exit *Cinna*.

Come *Casca*, you and I will yet e'er Day,

See *Brutus* at his House; three parts of him

Is ours already, and the Man entire,

Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.

Casc. O, he sits high in all the Peoples Hearts:

And that which would appear Offence in us,

His Countenance, like richest Alchymy,

Will change to Virtue, and to Worthiness.

Cas. Him, and his Worth, and our great need
of him,

You have right well conceited: let us go,

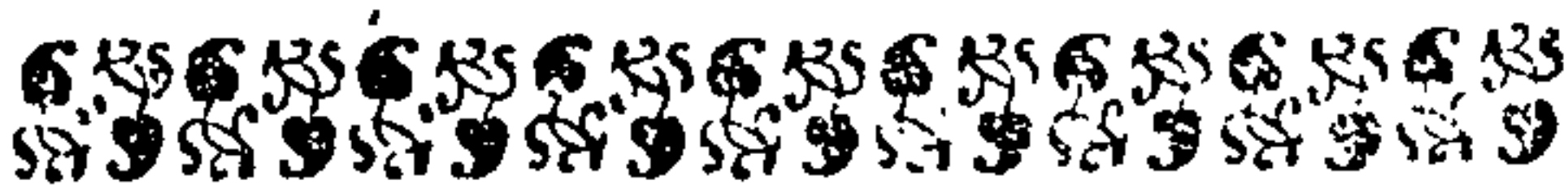
For it is after Mid-night, and e'er Day,

We will awake him, and be sure of him.

[Exit.



ACT.



A C T. I I.

S C E N E I. *A Garden.*

Enter Brutus.

WHAT *Lucius!* ho! —
 I cannot, by the progress of the Stars,
 Give guess how near to Day — *Lucius,* I say!
 I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.
 When, *Lucius,* when? awake, I say! what,
Lucius!

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Call'd you, my Lord?

Bru. Get me a Taper in my Study, *Lucius:*
 When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my Lord. [*Exit.*

Bru. It must be by his Death: And for my
 part,
 I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
 But for the general. He would be crown'd —
 How that might change his nature, there's the
 question.

It is the bright day that brings forth the Adder,
 And that craves wary walking: Crown him —
 that —

And then I grant we put a Sting in him,
 That at his will he may do danger with.
 Th'abuse of Greatness is when it disjoins
 Remorse from Power: And to speak truth of
Cæsar, B 3 I

22 JULIUS CÆSAR.

I have not known, when his Affections sway'd,
More than his Reason. But 'tis a common
Proof,

That Lowliness is young Ambition's Ladder,
Whereto the Climber upward turns his Face:
But when he once attains the utmost Round,
He then unto the Ladder turns his Back,
Looks in the Clouds, scorning the base Degrees
By which he did ascend: So *Cæsar* may:
Then, lest he may, prevent. And since the Quarrel
Will bear no colour, for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus; that what he is augmented,
Would run to these, and these Extremities:
And therefore think him as a Serpent's Egg;
Which hatch'd, would, as his kind grow mis-
And kill him in the Shell. [chievous,

Enter Lucius.

Luc. The Taper burneth in your Closet, Sir:
Searching the Window for a Flint, I found
This Paper, thus seal'd up, and I am sure,
It did not lye there, when I went to Bed.

[*Gives him the Letter.*

Bru. Get you to Bed again, it is not Day:
Is not to Morrow, Boy, the first of *March*?

Luc. I know not, Sir.

Bru. Look in the Kalendar, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, Sir. [Exit,

Bru. The Exhalations, whizzing in the Air.
Give so much light, that I may read by them.

[*Opens the Letter, and reads.*

*Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake, and see thy self:
Shall Rome. — speak, strike redress.*

Brutus, thou sleep'st: Awake.

Such Instigations have been often dropt,
Where I have took them up.

Shall

Shall Rome, — Thus must I piece it out,
Shall Rome stand under one Man's awe? What,
Rome?

My Ancestors did from the Streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a King.
Speak, strike, redress — Am I entreated thus
To speak, and strike? O Rome, I make thee
If the redress will follow, thou receiv'st [promise,
Thy full Petition at the Hand of Brutus.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, *March* is wasted fifteen Days.

[*Knock within.*

Brut. 'Tis good. Go to the Gate, somebody
knocks.

Since *Cassius* first did whet me against *Caesar*,
I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing,
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a Phantasma, or a hideous Dream:
The Genius, and the mortal Instruments,
Are then in Council; and the state of Man,
Like to a little Kingdom, suffers then,
The nature of an Insurrection.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your Brother *Cassius* at the Door,
Who doth desire to see you.

Brut. Is he alone?

Luc. No, Sir, there are more with him.

Brut. Do you know them? [Ears,

Luc. No, Sir, their Hats are pluck'd about their
And half their Faces buried in their Cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them,
By any mark of favour.

24 JULIUS CÆSAR.

Bru. Let them enter. [Exit Lucius.]
 They are the Faction. O Conspiracy!
 Sham'st thou to shew thy dang'rous Brow by Night,
 When Evils are most free? O then by Day
 Where wilt thou find a Cavern dark enough,
 To mask thy monstrous Visage? Seek none,
 Hide it in Smiles and Affability: [Conspiracy,
 For if thou put, thy native Semblance on,
 Not *Erebus* it self were dim enough,
 To hide thee from Prevention.

Enter Cassius, Casca, Decius, Cinna, Metellus,
 and Trebonius.

Cas. I think we are too bold upon your Rest;
 Good Morrow, *Brutus*, do we trouble you?

Bru. I have been up this hour, awake all Night;
 Know I these Men, that come along with you! [Aside.]

Cas. Yes, every Man of them; and no Man
 here

But honours you: And every one doth wish,
 You had but that Opinion of your self,
 Which every Noble Roman bears of you.
 This is *Trebonius*.

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Cas. This *Decius Brutus*.

Bru. He is welcome too.

Cas. This *Casca*; this *Cinna*;
 And this *Metellus Cimber*.

Bru. They are all welcome.
 What watchful Cares do interpose themselves,
 Betwixt your Eyes and Night?

Cas. Shall I intreat a word? [They whisper.]

Dec. Here lies the East: Doth not the Day break
Esc. No. [here?]

Cin.

JULIUS CÆSAR 25

Cin. O pardon, Sir, it doth, and you grey
Lines,

That fret the Clouds, are Messengers of Day.

Cæs. You shall confess that you are both deceiv'd:
Here as I point my Sword, the Sun arises,
Which is a great way growing on the South,
Weighing the youthful Season of the Year.
Some two Months hence, up higher toward the
North

He first presents his fire, and the high East
Stands as the Capitol, directly here.

Bru. Give me your Hands all over, one by one.

Cæs. And let us swear our Resolution.

Bru. No, not an Oath: If not the Face of Men,
The Sufferance of our Souls, the Time's abuse,
If these be Motives weak, break off betimes,
And ev'ry Man hence, to his idle Bed:
So let high-sighted Tyranny rage on,
'Till each Man drop by Lottery. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear Fire enough
To kindle Cowards, and to steel with Valour
The melting Spirits of Women, then, Coun-
trymen,

What need we any spur, but our own Cause
To prick us to redress? What other Bond,
Than secret *Romans*, that have spoke the word,
And will not falter? And what other Oath,
Than Honesty to Honesty engag'd,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it.

Swear Priests, and Cowards, and Men cautelous,
Old feeble Carrions, and such suffering Souls
That welcome wrongs: Unto bad Causes swear
Such Creatures as Men doubt; but do not stain
The even Virtue of our Enterprize,

Not th'insuppressive Mettle of our Spirits,
To think, that of our Cause, or our Performance,
Did need an Oath. When every drop of Blood

26 JULIUS CÆSAR.

That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several Bastardy,
If he doth break the smallest Particle
Of any Promise, that hath past from him.

Cas. But what of Cicero? Shall we sound him?
I think he will stand very strong with us.

Casc. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

Met. O let us have him, for his Silver Hairs
Will purchase us a good Opinion,
And buy Mens Voices, to commend our Deeds:
It shall be said, his Judgment rul'd our Hands;
Our Youths, and Wildness, shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his Gravity.

Bru O name him not; let us not break with him,
For he will never follow any thing
That other Men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out.

Casc. Indeed, he is not fit. [*Cæsar?*

Dec. Shall no Man else be touch'd, but only

Cas. *Decius*, well urg'd; I think it is not meet
Mark-Antony, so well belov'd of *Cæsar*,
Should out-live *Cæsar*: we shall find of him
A shrewd Contriver; And you know, his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far,
As to annoy us all, which to prevent,
Let *Antony* and *Cæsar* fall together. [*Cassius,*

Bru. Our Course will seem too bloody; *Caius*
To cut the Head off, and then hack the Limbs;
Like wrath in Death, and Envy afterwards:
For *Antony* is but a Limb of *Cæsar*.

Let's be Sacrificers, but not Butchers, *Cassius*.

We all stand up against the Spirit of *Cæsar*,
And in the Spirit of Men, there is no Blood:
O that we then could come by *Cæsar's* Spirit,
And not dismember *Cæsar*! but, alas!

Cæsar must bleed for it. And, gentle Friends,
Let's

Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
 Let's carve him, as a Dish fit for the Gods,
 Not hew him as a Carcass fit for Hounds:
 And let our Hearts, as subtile Masters do,
 Stir up their Servants to an act of Rage,
 And after seem to chide them. This shall make
 Our purpose necessary, and not envious:
 Which so appearing to the common Eyes,
 We shall be call'd Purgers, not Murderers.
 And for *Mark Antony*, think not of him;
 For he can do no more than *Cæsar's* Arm,
 When *Cæsar's* Head is off.

Cas. Yet I fear him,
 For the ingrafted Love he bears to *Cæsar*—

Bru. Alas, good *Cassius*, do not think of him:
 If he love *Cæsar*, all that he can do
 Is to himself, take thought, and die for *Cæsar*.
 And that were much he should; for he is giv'n
 To Sports, to Wildness, and much Company.

Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not dye,
 For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.

Bru. Peace, count the Clock. [Clock strikes.

Cas. The Clock hath stricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet,
 Whether *Cæsar* will come forth to Day, or no:
 For he is Superstitious grown of late,
 Quite from the main Opinion he held once,
 Of Fantasie, of Dreams, and Ceremonies.
 It may be, these apparent Prodigies,
 The unaccustom'd terror of this Night,
 And the persuasion of his Augurers,
 May hold him from the Capitol to Day.

Dec. Never fear that; if he be so resolv'd,
 I can o'er-sway him; for he loves to hear,
 That Unicorns may be betray'd with Trees,
 And Bears with Glasses, Elephants with Holes,
 Lions

28 JULIUS CÆSAR.

Lions with Toils, and Men with Flatterers.
 But, when I tell him, he hates Flatterers,
 He says, he does; being then most flattered.
 Let me work;

For I can give his Humour the true bent,
 And I will bring him to the Capitol. [him,

Cæs. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch

Bru. By the eighth hour, is that the uttermost?

Cæs. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Met. *Caius Ligarius* doth bear *Cæsar* hatred;
 Who rated him for speaking well of *Pompey*;
 I wonder none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now good *Metellus* go along by him:
 He loves me well; and I have giv'n him reasons,
 Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

Cæs. The Morning comes upon's; we'll leave
 you, *Brutus*,

And Friends disperse your selves; but all remember
 What you have said, and shew your selves true
Romans.

Bru. Good Gentlemen, look fresh and merrily,
 Let not our Look: put on our Purposes,
 But bear it as our *Roman* Actors do,
 With untir'd Spirits, and formal Constancy;
 And so good Morrow to you every one. [Exeunt.

Manet Brutus.

Boy! *Lucius!* fast asleep? It is no matter,
 Enjoy the hony heavy-dew of Slumber:
 Thou hast no Figures, nor no Fantasies,
 Which busie Care draws in the Brains of Men;
 Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter Portia.

Port. *Brutus*, my Lord!

Bru.

JULIUS CÆSAR. 29

Bru. *Portia*, what mean you? Wherefore rise you now?

It is not for your Health thus to commit
Your weak Condition to the raw cold Morning.

Por. Not for yours neither. You've ungently,
Brutus,

Stole from my Bed: And yesternight at Supper
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing, and sighing, with your Arms a-cross:
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd upon me with ungentle Looks
I urg'd you further, then you scratch'd your Head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your Foot.

Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not,
But with an angry wafture of your Hand
Gave sign for me to leave you: So I did,
Feating to strengthen that Impatience,
Which seem'd too much inkindled; and withal,
Hoping it was but an effect of Humour,
Which sometime hath his hour with every Man.

It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep;
And could it work so much upon your Shape,
As it hath much prevail'd on your Condition,
I should not know you, *Brutus*. Dear, my Lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of Grief.

Bru. I am not well in Health, and that is all.

Por. *Brutus* is wise, and were he not in Health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why so I do: Good *Portia*, go to Bed.

Por. Is *Brutus* sick? And is it physical
To walk unbraced, and suck up the Humours
Of the dank Morning? What, is *Brutus* sick?
And will he steal out of his wholsom Bed,
To dare the vile Contagion of the Night;
And tempt the Rheumy and unpurged Air,
To add unto his Sickness? No, my *Brutus*,
You have some sick Offence within your Mind,
Which,

30 JULIUS CÆSAR:

Which, by the Right and Vertue of my Place,
 I ought to know of: And upon my Knees,
 I charge you, by my once commended Beauty,
 By all your Vows of Love, and that great Vow
 Which did incorporate and make us one,
 That you unfold to me, your self, your half,
 Why you are heavy, and what Men, to night,
 Have had resort to you; for here have been
 Some six or seven, who did hide their Faces
 Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle *Portia*.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle *Brutus*,
 Within the Bond of Marriage, tell me, *Brutus*,
 Is it excepted, I should know no Secrets
 That appertain to you? Am I your self,
 But as it were in sort, or Limitation?
 To keep with you at Meals, comfort your Bed,
 And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in
 the Suburbs

Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is *Brutus* Harlot, not his Wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable Wife,
 As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops
 That visit my sad Heart. [this Secret.

Por. If this were true, then should I know
 I grant I am a Woman; but withal,
 A Woman that Lord *Brutus* took to Wife:
 I grant I am a Woman; but withal,
 A Woman well reputed; *Cato's* Daughter.
 Think you, I am no stronger than my Sex,
 Being so father'd, and so husbanded?
 Tell me your Counsels, I will not disclose them:
 I have made strong proof of my Constancy,
 Giving my self a voluntary Wound [patience,
 Here, in the Thigh: Can I bear that with
 And not my Husband's Secrets?

Bru. O ye Gods!

Render me worthy of this Noble Wife. [*Knock.*
Hark, hark, one knocks: *Portia*, go in a while,
And, by and by, thy Bosom shall partake
The Secrets of my Heart.

All my Engagements I will construe to thee,
All the Character of my sad Brows:

Leave me with haste. [*Exit Portia.*

Enter Lucius and Ligarius.

Lucius, who's that knocks? [*you.*

Luc. Here is a sick Man that would speak with
Bru. *Caius Ligarius*, that *Metellus* spake of.

Boy, stand aside. *Caius Ligarius*! how! [*Tongue.*

Cai. Vouchsafe good Morrow from a feeble

Bru. O what a time have you chose out brave
Caius,

To wear a Kerchief? Would you were not sick.

Cai. I am not sick, if *Brutus* have in hand
Any Exploit worthy the name of Honour.

Bru. Such an Exploit have I in hand, *Ligarius*,
Had you an healthful Ear to hear of it.

Cai. By all the Gods that *Romans* bow before,
I here discard my Sickness. Soul of *Rome*,

Brave Son, deriv'd from honourable Loins,

Thou like an Exorcist, hast conjur'd up

My mortified Spirit. Now bid me run,

And I will strive with things impossible,

Yea get the better of them. What's to do?

Bru. A piece of work, that will make sick Men
whole. [*sick?*

Cai. But are not some whole that we must make

Bru. That must we also. What it is, my *Caius*,

I shall unfold to thee, as we are going,

To whom it must be done.

Cai. Set on your Foot,

And with a Heart new fir'd, I follow you,

To

32 JULIUS CÆSAR.

To do I know not what: But it sufficeth

That *Brutus* leads me on.

[*Thunder.*

Br. Follow me then.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Cæsar's Palace.*

Thunder and Lightning. Enter Julius Cæsar in his Night Gown.

Cæs. Nor Heav'n, nor Earth, have been at
Peace to night:

Thrice hath *Calpurnia* in her Sleep cry'd out;
Help, ho; they murder *Cæsar*. Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My Lord.

Cæs. Go, bid the Priests do present Sacrifice,
And bring me their Opinions of Success.

Ser. I will, my Lord.

[*Exit.*

Enter Calpurnia.

Cal. What mean you, *Cæsar*? Think you to
walk forth?

You shall not stir out of your House to-day.

Cæs. *Cæsar* shall forth; the things that threat-
ned me,

Ne'er look'd but on my Back: When they shall see
The Face of *Cæsar*, they are vanished.

Cal. *Cæsar*, I never stood on Ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me: There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the Watch.
A Lioness hath whelped in the Streets;
And Graves have yawn'd and yielded up their dead;
Fierce fiery Warriors fight upon the Clouds,

In

JULIUS CÆSAR 33

In Ranks and Squadrons, and right form of War,
Which drizzled Blood upon the Capitol:
The noise of Battel hurried in the Air,
Horses did neigh, and dying Men did groan;
And Ghosts did shriek and squeal about the Streets:
O *Cæsar*! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

Cæs. What can be avoided
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty Gods?
Yet *Cæsar* shall go forth: For these Predictions
Are to the World in general, as to *Cæsar*.

Cal. When Beggars die there are no Comets seen,
The Heav'ns themselves blæze forth the death of
Princes. [Deaths,

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their
The Valiant never taste of Death but once.
Of all the Wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that Men should fear;
Seeing that Death, a necessary end,
Will come, when it will come.

Enter a Servant.

What say the Augurers? [Day?

Ser. They would not have you to stir forth to
Plucking the Entrails of an Offering forth,
They could not find a Heart within the Beast.

Cæs. The Gods do this in shame of Cowar-
dise:

Cæsar should be a Beast without a Heart,
If he should stay at home to Day for fear:
No, *Cæsar* shall not; Danger knows full well
That *Cæsar* is more dangerous than he.

We heard two Lions litter'd in one Day,
And I the elder and more terrible;
And *Cæsar* shall go forth.

Cal. Alas, my Lord,

34 JULIUS CÆSAR

Your Wisdom is consum'd in Confidence:
Do not go forth to-day; call it my Fear,
That keeps you in the House, and not your own.
We'll send *Mark Antony* to the Senate-house,
And he shall say you are not well to Day:
Let me, upon my Knee, prevail in this.

Cæs. *Mark Antony* shall say I am not well,
And for thy Humour, I will stay at home.

Enter Decius.

Here's *Decius Brutus*, he shall tell them so.

Dec. *Cæsar*, all hail! Good Morrow, wor-
thy *Cæsar*;

I come to fetch you to the Senate-house.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my Greeting to the Senators,
And tell them that I will not come to Day:
Cannot is false, and that I dare not, falser;
I will not come to Day; tell them so, *Decius*.

Cal. Say he is sick.

Cæs. Shall *Cæsar* send a Lie?

Have I in Conquest stretcht mine Arm so far,
To be afraid to tell Grey-beards the Truth?
Decius, go tell them *Cæsar* will not come.

Dec. Most mighty *Cæsar*, let me know some
Cause,

Lest I be laught at when I tell them so.

Cæs. The Cause is in my Will, I will not come:
That is enough to satisfy the Senate.

But for your private Satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know.

Calpurnia here, my Wife, stays me at home:
She dreamt last Night she saw my Statue,

Which like a Fountain, with an hundred Spouts,
Did run pure Blood; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their Hauds in it:

And

JULIUS CÆSAR. 39

And these does she apply, for Warnings and Portents,

And Evils imminent; and on her Knee Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to Day.

Dec. This Dream is all amiss interpreted, It was a Vision fair and fortunate: Your Statue spouting Blood in many Pipes, In which so many smiling *Romans* bath'd, Signifies that from you great *Rome* shall suck Reviving Blood, and that Great Men shall press For Tinctures, Stains, Relicks, and Cognifance. This, by *Calpurnia's* Dream is signified.

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say:

And know it now, the Senate have concluded To give this Day a Crown to mighty *Cæsar*. If you shall send them word you will not come, Their Minds may change. Besides, it were a mock

Apt to be render'd, for some one to say, Break up the Senate 'till another time, When *Cæsars* Wife shall meet with better Dreams. If *Cæsar* hide himself, shall they not whisper, Lo, *Cæsar* is afraid!

Pardon me, *Cæsar*, for my dear dear Love, To your Proceeding, bids me tell you this: And Reason to my Love is liable.

Cæsar. How foolish do your Fears seem now;
Calpurnia!

I am ashamed I did yield to them:
Give me my Robe, for I will go.

Enter Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Casca, Trebonius, Cinna, and Publius.

And look where *Publius* is come to fetch me.

36 JULIUS CÆSAR.

Pub. Good Morrow, *Cæsar*.

Cæf. Welcome, *Publius*.

What, *Brutus*, are you stir'd so early too?
 Good Morrow, *Casca*: *Caius Ligarius*,
Cæsar was ne'er so much your Enemy,
 As that same Ague which hath made you lean.
 What is't a Clock?

Bru. *Cæsar*, 'tis strucken eight.

Cæf. I thank you for your Pains and Courtesie.

Enter Antony.

See *Antony*, that revels long a-nights,
 Is not withstanding up. Good Morrow, *Antony*.

Ant. So to most noble *Cæsar*.

Cæf. Bid them prepare within:

I am to blame to be thus waited for.

Now *Cinna*; now *Metellus*; what, *Trebonius*!

I have an hour's talk in store for you;

Remember that you call on me to Day,

Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. *Cæsar*, I will; and so near will I be,

[*Aside.*

That your best Friends shall wish I had been further.

Cæf. Good Friends go in, and taste some Wine
 with me,

And we, like Friends, will straightway go together.

Bru. That every like is not the same, O *Cæsar*;
 The Heart of *Brutus* earns to think upon.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Street.*

Enter Artimedorus reading a Paper.

Cæsar, beware of *Brutus*, take heed of *Cassius*,
 come not near *Casca*, have an Eye to *Cinna*, trust

Not Trebonius, mark well Metellus Cimber. Decius Brutus loves thee not; thou hast wrong'd Caius Ligarius. There is but one Mind in all these Men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou be'st not Immortal, look about thee: Security gives way to Conspiracy. The mighty Gods defend thee.

Thy Lover *Artemidorus*.

Here will I stand, 'till Cæsar pass along,
And as a Suitor will I give him this.
My Heart laments, that Virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth Emulation.
If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou may'st live;
If not, the Fates with Traitors do contrive. [Exit.

Enter Portia and Lucius.

Por. I prithee, Boy, run to the Senate-house,
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone,
Why dost thou stay?

Luc. To know my Errand, Madam.

Por. I would have had thee there, and here
again,
E'er I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there —
O Constancy, be strong upon my side,
Set a huge Mountain 'tween my Heart and Tongue;
I have a Man's Mind, but a Woman's Might:
How hard it is for Women to keep Counsel! —
Art thou here yet?

Luc. Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so return to you, and nothing else?

Por. Yes, bring me word, Boy, if thy Lord
look well,
For he went sickly forth: And take good note,
What Cæsar doth, what Suitors press to him.
Hark Boy! what noise is that?

38 JULIUS CÆSAR;

Luc. I hear none, Madam.

Por. Prithee listen well:

I heard a bustling Rumour like a Fray,
And the Wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth, Madam, I hear nothing.

Enter Artemidorus.

Por. Come hither Fellow, which way hast thou been?

Art. At mine own House, good Lady.

Por. What is't a Clock?

Art. About the ninth hour, Lady.

Por. Is *Cæsar* yet gone to the Capitol?

Art. Madam, not yet, I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol. [not?

Por. Thou hast some Suit to *Cæsar*, hast thou?

Art. That I have, Lady; if it will please *Cæsar*
To be so good to *Cæsar*, as to hear me:
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

Por. Why know'st thou any harm's intended
towards him?

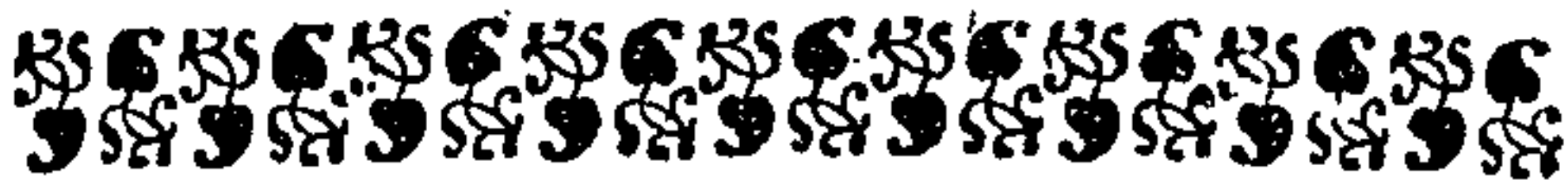
Art. None that I know will be,
Much that I fear may chance.

Good Morrow to you. Here the Street is narrow:
The Throng that follows *Cæsar* at the Heels
Of Senators, of Prætors, common Suitors,
Will crowd a feeble Man almost to Death:
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great *Cæsar* as he comes along. [Exit.

Por. I must go in—— Aye me! how weak
The Heart of Woman is! O *Brutus*! [a thing
The Heavens speed thee in thine Enterprize.
Sure the Boy heard me: *Brutus* hath a Suit
That *Cæsar* will not grant. O, I grow faint:
Run, *Lucius*, And commend me to my Lord,
Say I am merry; come to me again,

And

And bring me word what he doth say to thee.
[*Exeunt.*]



A C T. I I I.

S C E N E I. *The Capitol.*

Flourish. Enter Cæsar, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cinna, Antony, Lepidus, Artemidorus, Popilius, & the Soothsayer.

Cæsar.

THE Ides of *March* are come.

Sooth. Ay, *Cæsar*, but not gone.

Art. Hail, *Cæsar*: Read this Schedule.

Dec. *Trebonius* doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble Suit.

Art. O *Cæsar*, read mine first; for mine's
a Suit [*Cæsar.*

That touches *Cæsar* nearer. Read it, great

Cæs. What touches us our self, shall be last
serv'd.

Art. Delay not, *Cæsar*, read it instantly.

Cæs. What, is the Fellow mad?

Pub. Sirrah, give place.

Cæs. What, urge you your Petitions in the Street?
Come to the Capitol.

Pop. I wish your entreprize to-day may thrive.

Cæs. What entreprize, *Popilius*?

Pop. Fare you well.

40 JULIUS CÆSAR.

Bru. What said *Popilius Lena*? [thrive:

Cæs. He wish'd to-day our *Entreprize* might
I fear our Purpose is discovered.

Bru. Look how he makes to *Cæsar*; mark him.

Cæs. *Caca*, be sudden, for we fear pre-
vention.

Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius or *Cæsar* never shall turn back,
For I will slay my self.

Bru. *Cassius* be constant:

Popilius Lena speaks not of our Purposes.

For look he smiles, and *Cæsar* doth not change.

Cæs. *Trebonius* knows his time; for look you,
Brutus,

He draws *Mark Antony* out of the way.

Dec. Where is *Metellus Cimber*? Let him go,
And presently prefer his Suit to *Cæsar*.

Bru. He is addrest; press near, and second
him. [Hand.

Cin. *Casca*, you are the first that rears your

Cæs. Are we all ready? What is now amiss,
That *Cæsar* and his Senate must redress?

Met. Most high, most mighty, and most
puissant *Cæsar*,

Metellus Cimber throws before thy Seat,

An humble Heart. [Kneeling.

Cæs. I must prevent thee, *Cimber*,
These Couchings, and these lowly Curtesies
Might fire the Blood of ordinary Men,
And turn Pre-ordnance, and first Decree,
Into the lane of Children. Be not fond,
To think, that *Cæsar* bears such Rebel Blood,
That will be thaw'd from the true Quality,
With that which melteth Fools; I mean sweet
Words,

Low-crooked-curtesies, and base Spaniel Fawning.
Thy

JULIUS CÆSAR. Act

Thy Brother by Decree is banished ;
If thou dost bend , and pray , and fawn for him ,
I spurn thee like a Cur out of my way.
Know , *Cæsar* doth not wrong , nor without Cause
Will he be satisfied. [own ,

Met. Is there no Voice more worthy than my
To sound more sweetly in great *Cæsar*'s Ear ,
For the repealing of my banish'd Brother ?

Bru. I kiss thy Hand , but not in flattery , *Cæsar* ;
Desiring thee , that *Publius Cimber* may
Have an immediate Freedom of Repeat.

Cæs. What *Brutus* ! ———

Cæs. Pardon , *Cæsar* , *Cæsar* , Pardon ;
As low as to thy Foot doth *Cassius* fall ,
To beg enfranchisement for *Publius Cimber*.

Cæs. I could be well mov'd , if I were as you ;
If I could pray to move , Prayers would move me :
But I am constant as the Northern Star ,
Of whose true , fixt , and resting Quality ,
There is no fellow in the Firmament.
The Skies are painted with unnumbered sparks ,
They are all Fire , and every one doth shine ,
But there's but one in all doth hold his place.
So , in the World , 'tis furnish'd well with Men ,
And Men are Flesh and Blood , & apprehensive ;
Yet in the number , I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his Rank ,
Unshak'd of Motion : and that I am he ,
Let me a little shew it , even in this ;
That I was constant *Cimber* should be banish'd ,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cin. O *Cæsar* ———

Cæs. Hence ! wilt thou lift up *Olympus* ?

Dec. Great *Cæsar* ———

Cæs. Do not , *Brutus* , bootless kneel

Cæs. Speak Hands for me. [*They stab Cæsar.*

Cæs. *Et tu Brute* ——— Then fall *Cæsar*.

42 JULIUS CÆSAR:

Cin. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead —
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the Streets —

Cæs. Some to the common Pulpits, and cry out,
Liberty, Freedom, and Enfranchisement.

Bru. People and Senators, be not affrighted;
Fly not, stand still, Ambition's Debt is paid.

Cæs. Go to the Pulpit, *Brutus*.

Dec. And *Cassius* too.

Bru. Where's *Publius*?

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this Mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some Friend of
Should chance — [*Cæsars*

Bru. Talk not of standing. *Publius*, good
Cheer,

There is no harm intended to your Person,
Nor to no *Roman* else; so tell them *Publius*.

Cæs. And leave us, *Publius*, lest that the People
Rushing on us, should do your Age some Mischief.

Bru. Do so, and let no Man abide this deed,
But we the Doers.

Enter Trebonius.

Cæs. Where is *Antony*?

Tre. Fled to his House amaz'd.

Men, Wives, and Children, stare, cry out, and
As it were Dooms-day. [run,

Bru. Fares, we will know your Pleasures:
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time
And drawing days out, that Men stand upon.

Cæs. Why he that cuts off twenty Years of Life,
Cuts off so many Years of fearing Death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is Death a Benefit.
So are we *Cæsar's* Friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing Death. Stoop *Romans*, stoop,
And let us bathe our Hands in *Cæsar's* Blood,
Up to the Elbows; and besmear our Swords;
Then

Then walk we forth even to the Market place,
 And waving our red Weapons o'er our Heads,
 Let's all cry Peace! Freedom! and Liberty!

Cas. Stoop then, and wash — How many
 Ages hence [*Dipping their Swords in Cæsar's Blood.*
 Shall this our lofty Scene be acted over,
 In States unborn, and Accents yet unknown?

Bru. How many times shall *Cæsar* bleed in sport,
 That now on *Pompey's* Basis lyes along,
 No worthier than the Dust?

Cas. So oft as that shall be,
 So often shall the Knot of us be call'd,
 The Men that gave their Country Liberty.

Dec. What, what shall we forth?

Cas. Ay, every Man away.

Brutus shall lead, and we will grace his Heels,
 With the most bold, and the best Hearts of *Rome*.

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft, who comes here? A Friend of *Antony's*. [*me kneel;*

Serv. Kneeling] Thus, *Brutus*, did my Master bid
 Thus did *Mark Antony* bid me fall down,
 And being prostrate, thus he bad me say,
Brutus is Noble, Wise, Valiant and Honest;
Cæsar was Mighty, Bold, Royal and Loving:
 Say, I love *Brutus*, and I honour him;
 Say, I fear'd *Cæsar*, honour'd him, and lov'd him.
 If *Brutus* will vouchsafe, that *Antony*
 May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
 How *Cæsar* hath deserv'd to lye in Death,
Mark Antony shall not love *Cæsar* dead
 So well as *Brutus* living; but will follow
 The Fortunes and Affairs of noble *Brutus*,
 Thorough the hazard of this untrod State,
 With all true Faith. So says my Master *Antony*.

Bru.

44 JULIUS CÆSAR.

Bru. Thy Master is a wise and valiant Roman;
I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied; and by my Honour
Depart untouch'd.

Ser. I'll fetch him presently. [Exit Servant.

Bru. I know that we shall have him well to
Friend.

Cas. I wish we may; but yet have I a Mind
That fears him much; and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Enter Antony.

Bru. But here comes *Antony*;
Welcome, *Mark Antony*.

Ant. O mighty *Cæsar*! dost thou lye so low?
Are all thy Conquests, Glorys, Triumphs, Spoils,
Shrunk to this little Measure? — Fare thee well.
I know not, Gentlemen, what you intend;
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:
If I my self, there is no Hour so fit
As *Cæsar's* Deaths Hour; nor no Instrument
Of half that worth, as those your Swords, made
rich

With the most noble Blood of all this World.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard, [smoak,
Now, whilst your purpled Hands do reek and
Fulfill your Pleasure. Live a thousand Years,
I shall not find my self so apt to die:
No Place will please me so, no mean of Death,
As here by *Cæsar*, and by you cut off,
The Choice and Master Spirits of this Age.

Bru. O *Antony*! Beg not your Death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel;
As, by our Hands, and this our present Act,
You see we do; yet see you but our Hands,

And

And this, the bleeding Business they have done.
 Our Hearts you see not, they are pitiful,
 And pity to the general wrong of Rome,
 As Fire doth drive out Fire, so Pity, Pity,
 Hath done this deed on *Cæsar*. For your part,
 To you, our Swords have leaden Points, *Mark*
Antony, Hearts
 Our Arms no strength of Malice, and our
 Of Brothers temper, do receive you in,
 With all kind Love, good Thoughts, and
 Reverence.

Cæs. Your Voice shall be as strong as any Mans,
 In the disposing of new Dignities.

Bru. Only be patient 'till we have appeas'd
 The Multitude, beside themselves with fear,
 And then we will deliver you the Cause,
 Why I, that did love *Cæsar* when I strook him,
 Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your Wisdom.
 Let each Man render me his bloody Hand.
 First, *Marcus Brutus*, will I shake with you;
 Next, *Caius Cassius*, do I take your Hand;
 Now *Decius Brutus*, yours; now yours, *Metellus* }
 Yours, *Cinna*; and my valiant *Casca*, yours;
 Though last, not least in love, yours, good
Trebonius.

Gentlemen all—alas, what shall I say!
 My Credit now stands on such slippery Ground,
 That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
 Either a Coward, or a Flatterer.

That I did love thee, *Cæsar*, O 'tis true;
 If then thy Spirit look upon us now,
 Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy Death,
 To see thy *Antony* making his Peace,
 Shaking the bloody Fingers of thy Foes,
 Most Noble! in the presence of thy Coarse?
 Had I as many Eyes, as thou hast Wounds,

Wee-

76 JULIUS CÆSAR.

Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy Blood;
It would become me better, than to close
In terms of Friendship with thine Enemies.

Pardon me, *Julius* — here wast thou bay'd,
brave Hart,

Here didst thou fall, and here thy Hunters stand
Siga'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy *Lethe*.

O World! thou wast the Forest to this Hart,

And this indeed, O World, the Hart of thee:

How like a Deer, stricken by many Princes,

Dost thou here lye?

Cæs. *Mark Antony* —

Ant. Pardon me, *Caius Cassius*;

The Enemies of *Cæsar* shall say this:

Then, in a Friend, it is cold Modesty.

Cæs. I blame you not for praising *Cæsar* so;

But what compact mean you to have with us:

Will you be prick'd in number of our Friends,

Or shall we on; and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I took your Hands, but was
indeed

Sway'd from the Point, by looking down on *Cæsar*.

Friends am I with you all, and love you all;

Upon this hope, that you shall give me Reasons,

Why, and wherein *Cæsar* was dangerous.

Bru. Or else were this a savage Spectacle.

Our reasons are so full of good regard,

That were you, *Antony*, the Son of *Cæsar*;

You should be satisfied.

Ant. That's all I seek;

And am moreover Suitor, that I may

Produce his Body to the Market-place,

And in the Pulpit, as becomes a Friend,

Speak in the Order of his Funeral.

Bru. You shall, *Mark Antony*.

Cæs. *Brutus*, a word with you —

You know not what you do; do not consent

That

JULIUS CÆSAR. 47

That *Antony* speak in his Funeral: [Aside]
Know you how much the People may be mov'd
By that which he will utter?

Bru. By your Pardon,
I will my self into the Pulpit first,
And shew the Reason of our *Cæsars* Death.
What *Antony* shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave, and by permission;
And that we are contented *Cæsar* shall
Have all true Rites, and lawful Ceremonies;
It shall advantage more, than do us wrong.

Cas. I know not what may fall; I like it not.

Bru. *Mark Antony*, here take you *Cæsars* Body;
You shall not in your Funeral Speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of *Cæsar*,
And say you do't by our Permission:
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his Funeral. And you shall speak
In the same Pulpit whereto I am going,
After my Speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so;
I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the Body then, and follow us.

[Exeunt]

Manet Antony.

Ant. O pardon, me, thou bleeding piece of
Earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these Butchers.
Thou art the Ruins of the noblest Man
That ever lived in the Tide of Times.
Woe to the Hand that shed this costly Blood!
Over thy Wounds, now do I prophesie,
(Which, like dumb Mouths, do ope their ru-
by Lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my Tongue)
A Curse shall light upon the Limbs of Men;
Do-

48 JULIUS CÆSAR

Domestick Fury, and fierce civil Strife;
 Shall cumber all the parts of *Italy*;
 Blood and Destruction shall be so in use,
 And dreadful Objects so familiar,
 That Mothers shall but smile, when they behold
 Their Infants quarter'd with the Hands of War:
 All Pity choak'd with Custom of fell Deeds,
 And *Cæsar's* Spirit ranging for Revenge,
 With *Ate* by his side, come hot from Hell,
 Shall in these Confines, with a Monarch's Voice,
 Cry havock, and let slip the Dogs of War,
 That this foul Deed shall smell above the Earth
 With Carrion Men, groaning for burial.

Enter Octavius's Servant.

You serve *Octavius Cæsar*, do you not?

Ser. I do, *Mark Antony*.

Ant. *Cæsar* did write for him to come to *Rome*.

Ser. He did receive his Lettres, and is coming;
 And bid me say to you by word of Mouth —
 O *Cæsar*! [*Seeing the Body.*

Ant. Thy Heart is big, get thee apart and weep;
 Passion I see is catching, for mine Eyes,
 Seeing those beads of Sorrow stand in thine,
 Begin to water. Is thy Master coming? [*Rome.*

Ser. He lyes to-night within seven Leagues of

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what
 hath chanc'd.

Here is a mourning *Rome*, a dangerous *Rome*,
 No *Rome* of Safety for *Octavius* yet.

Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet stay a while,
 Thou shalt not back, 'till I have born this Coarse
 Into the Market-place: There shall I try
 In my Oration, how the People take
 The cruel issue of those bloody Men;
 According to the which, thou shalt discourse

To

To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your Hand. [Exit with Cæsar's Body.]

SCENE II. The Forum.

Enter Brutus, and goes into the Pulpit;
and Cassius, with the Plebeians.

Pleb. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me Audience,
Friends.

Cassius, go you into the other Street;

And part the Numbers:

Those that will hear me speak, let'em stay here;

Those that will follow Cassius, go with him,

And publick Reasons shall be rendered

Of Cæsar's Death.

1 Pleb. I will hear Brutus speak. [Reasons,

2 Pleb. I will hear Cassius, and compare their
When severally we hear them rendered.

[Exit Cassius with some of the Plebeians:

3 Pleb. The Noble Brutus is ascended: Silence.

Bru. Be Patient 'till the last:

Romans, Country men, and Lovers; hear
me for my Cause, and be silent, that you may
hear. Believe me for mine Honour, and have res-
pect to mine Honour, that you may believe. Cen-
sure me in your Wisdom, and awake your Senses;
that you may the better judge. If there be any in this
Assembly, any dear Friend of Cæsar, to him I say,
that Brutus love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then,
that Friend demand, why Brutus rose against Cæsar;
this is my Answer: Not that I lov'd Cæsar less,
but that I lov'd Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar
were living, and dye all Slaves, than that Cæsar
were dead, to live all Free-men? As Cæsar lov'd

D

me;

50 JULIUS CÆSAR.

me, I weep for him; as he was Fortunate, I rejoyce at it; as he was Valiant, I honour him; but as he was Ambitious, I slew him. There is Tears for his Love, Joy for his Fortune, Honour for his Valour, and Death for his Ambition? Who is here so base that would be a Bond-man? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his Country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. — I pause for a Reply —

All. None, *Brutus*, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to *Cæsar* than you shall do to *Brutus*. The Question of his Death is inroll'd in the Capitol; his Glory nor extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his Offences enforc'd, for which he suffered Death.

Enter Mark Antony, with Cæsar's Body.

Here comes his Body, mourned by *Mark Antony*; who though he had no hand in his Death, shall receive the Benefit of his dying, a Place in the Commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart, That as I slew my best Lover for the good of *Rome*, I have the same Dagger for my self, when it shall please my Country to need my Death.

All. Live *Brutus*, live, live. [his House.

1 *Pleb.* Bring him with Triumph home unto

2 *Pleb.* Give him a Statue with his Ancestors.

3 *Pleb.* Let him be *Cæsar*.

4 *Pleb.* *Cæsar's* better Parts

Shall be crown'd in *Brutus*.

1 *Pleb.* We'll bring him to his House
With Shouts and Clamors.

Bru.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

54

Bru. My Countrymen —

2 *Pleb.* Peace! Silence! *Brutus* speaks.

1 *Pleb.* Peace, Ho!

Bru. Good Countrymen, let me depart alone;
And, for my sake, stay here with *Antony*;
Do grace to *Cæsars* Corps, and grace his Speech
Tending to *Cæsars* Glories, which *Mark Antony*,
By our Permission, is allow'd to make.

I do intreat you, not a Man depart,

Save I alone, 'till *Antony* have spoke. [Exit:

1 *Pleb.* Stay, Ho, and let us hear *Mark Antony*;

3 *Pleb.* Let him go up into the publick Chair;
We'll hear him. Noble *Antony*, go up.

Ant. For *Brutus* sake I am beholden to you.

4 *Pleb.* What does he say of *Brutus*!

3 *Pleb.* He says, for *Brutus* sake.

He finds himself beholden to us all.

4. *Pleb.* 'Twere best to speak no harm of *Brutus*

1 *Pleb.* This *Cæsar* was a Tyrant. [here:

3 *Pleb.* Nay, that's certain;

We are glad that *Rome* is rid of him.

2 *Pleb.* Peace, let us hear what *Antony* can say.

Ant. You gentle *Romans* —

All. Peace, Ho, let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, *Romans*, Countrymen, lend
me your Ears.

I come to bury *Cæsar*, not to praise him.

The Evil that Men do lives after them,

The Good is oft interred with the Bones;

So let it be with *Cæsar*. The noble *Brutus*

Hath told you, *Cæsar* was ambitious.

If it were so, it was a grievous Fault,

And grievously hath *Cæsar* answer'd it.

Here, under leave of *Brutus*, and the rest;

(For *Brutus* is an honourable Man,

So are they all, all honourable Men)

Come I to speak in *Cæsars* Funeral.

52 JULIUS CÆSAR.

He was my Friend, faithful and just to me;
 But *Brutus* says, he was ambitious,
 And *Brutus* is an honourable Man.
 He hath brought many Captives home to *Rome*,
 Whose Ransoms did the general Coffers fill;
 Did this in *Cæsar* seem ambitious?
 When that the poor have cry'd, *Cæsar* hath wept;
 Ambition should be made of sterner Stuff;
 Yet *Brutus* says, he was Ambitious,
 And *Brutus* is an honourable Man.
 You all did see, that on the *Lupercal*,
 I thrice presented him a Kingly Crown,
 Which he did thrice refuse. Was this Ambition?
 Yet *Brutus* says, he was ambitious,
 And sure he is an honourable Man.
 I speak not to disprove what *Brutus* spoke,
 But here I am to speak what I do know.
 You all did love him once, not without cause,
 What cause with-holds you then to mourn for him?
 O Judgment! thou art fled to brutish Beasts,
 And men have lost their Reason — Bear with me,
 My Heart is in the Coffin there with *Cæsar*,
 And I must pause 'till it come back to me.

1 *Pleb.* Methinks there is much Reason in
 his Sayings.

If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

3 *Pleb.* Has he, Masters? I fear there will a
 worse come in his place. [take the Crown]

4 *Pleb.* Mark'd ye his words? He would not
 Therefore 'tis certain, he was not ambitious.

1 *Pleb.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2 *Pleb.* Poor Soul! his Eyes are red as Fire
 with weeping. [Antony]

3 *Pleb.* There's not a nobler Man in *Rome* than

4 *Pleb.* Now mark him, he begins again to
 speak.

Ant. But Yesterday the word of *Cæsar* might
 Have stood against the World; now lyes he there,
 And none so poor to do him Reverence.
 O Masters! If I were dispos'd to stir
 Your Hearts and Minds to Mutiny and Rage,
 I should do *Brutus* wrong, and *Cassius* wrong;
 Who, you all know, are Honourable Men.
 I will not do them wrong: I rather chuse
 To wrong the Dead, to wrong my self and you,
 Than I will wrong such Honourable Men.
 But here's a Parchment, with the Seal of *Cæsar*;
 I found it in his Closet, 'tis his Will;
 Let but the Commons hear this Testament,
 Which, pardon me, I do not mean to Read,
 And they would go and kiss dead *Cæsars* Wounds,
 And dip their Napkins in his sacred Blood;
 Yea, beg a Hair of him for Memory,
 And dying, mention it within their Wills,
 Bequeathing it as a rich Legacy
 Unto their Issue. [*Antony.*

4 *Pleb.* We'll hear the Will, read it, *Mark*
All. The Will, the Will; we will hear *Cæsar's*
 Will. [not read it,

Ant. Have Patience, gentle Friends, I must
 It is not meet you know how *Cæsar* lov'd you.
 You are not Wood, you are not Stones, but Men:
 And being Men, hearing the Will of *Cæsar*,
 It will inflame you, it will make you mad.
 'Tis good you know not that you are his Heirs,
 For if you should — O what would come of it?

4 *Pleb.* Read the Will, we'll hear it, *Antony*:
 You shall read us the Will, *Cæsars* Will.

Ant. Will you be Patient? will you stay a while?
 I have o'er-shot my self to tell you of it.
 I fear I wrong the Honorable Men,
 Whose Daggers have stabb'd *Cæsar* — I do fear it.

54 JULIUS CÆSAR.

4 Pleb. They were Traitors — Honourable Men!

All. The Will! the Testament!

2 Pleb. They were Villains, Murderers. The Will, read the Will!

Ant. You will compel me then to read the Will; Then make a Ring about the Corps of Cæsar, And let me shew you him that made the Will. Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

All. Come down.

2 Pleb. Descend.

[He comes down from the Pulpit.

3 Pleb. You shall have leave.

4 Pleb. A Ring, stand round. [Body.

1 Pleb. Stand from the Hearse, stand from the

2 Pleb. Room for Antony — most noble Antony!

Ant. Nay press not so upon me, stand far off.

All. Stand back — room — bear back —

Ant. If you have Tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this Mantle, I remember

The first time ever Cæsar put it on,

'Twas on a Summers Evening in his Tent;

That Day he overcame the Nervii —

Look! in this place, ran Cassius Dagger through —

See what a Rent the envious Casca made —

Through this, the well beloved Brutus stab'd,

And as he pluck'd his cursed Steel away,

Mark how the Blood of Cæsar followed it —

As rushing out of Doors, to be resolv'd,

If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no.

For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsars Angel.

Judge, O you Gods! how dearly Cæsar lov'd him!

This was the most unkindest Cut of all;

For when the Noble Cæsar saw him stab,

Ingratitude, more strong than Traitors Arms,

Quite vanquish'd him; then burst his mighty Heart;

And in his Mantle muffling up his Face,

Even

Even at the Base of *Pompeys* Statue,
 Which all the while ran Blood, great *Cæsar* fell.
 O what a Fall was there, my Countrymen!
 Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
 Whilst bloody Treason flourish'd over us.
 O, now you weep, and I perceive you feel
 The dint of Pity; these are gracious drops.
 Kind Souls! what weep you, when you but behold
 Our *Cæsar's* Vesture wounded! Look you here,
 Here is himself, marr'd as you see with Traitors.

1 *Pleb.* O piteous Spectacle!

2 *Pleb.* O Noble *Cæsar*!

3 *Pleb.* O woful Day!

4 *Pleb.* O Traitors, Villains!

1 *Pleb.* O most bloody fight!

2 *Pleb.* We will be reveng'd: Revenge!

About — seek — burn — fire — kill — slay!
 Let not a Traitor live.

Ant. Stay Countrymen —

1 *Pleb.* Peace there, hear the noble *Antony*.

2 *Pleb.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him,
 we'll dye with him —

Ant. Good Friends, sweet Friends, let me not
 stir you up

To such a sudden Flood of Mutiny:
 They that have done this Deed, are Honourable;
 What private Griefs they have, alas, I know not,
 That made them do it; they are wise and honourable;
 And will no doubt with Reasons answer you.
 I come not, Friends, to steal away your Hearts;
 I am no Orator, as *Brutus* is;
 But, as you know me all, a plain blunt Man,
 That love my Friend, and that they know full well,
 That give me publick leave to speak of him:
 For I have neither Wit, nor Words, nor Worth,
 Action nor Utterance, nor the power of Speech,
 To stir Mens Blood; I only speak right on.

56 JULIUS CÆSAR.

I tell you that, which you your selves do know,
Shew you sweet *Cæsars* Wounds, poor, poor
dumb Mouths,

And bid them speak for me: But were I *Brutus*,
And *Brutus Antony*, there were an *Antony*
Would ruffle up your Spirits, and put a Tongue
In every Wound of *Cæsar*, that should move
The Stones of *Rome* to rise and mutiny.

All. We'll mutiny—

1 *Pleb.* We'll burn the House of *Brutus*.

3 *Pleb.* Away then, come, seek the Conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, Countrymen, yet hear
me speak.

All. Peace ho, hear *Antony*, most Noble *Antony*.

Ant. Why, Friends, you go to do you know
not what.

Wherein hath *Cæsar* thus deserv'd your Loves?

Alas you know not; I must tell you then:

You have forgot the Will I told you of.

All. Most true—the Will—let's stay and hear
the Will.

Ant. Here is the Will, and under *Cæsars* Seal.
To every *Roman* Citizen he gives,

To every several Man, seventy five Drachmas.

2 *Pleb.* Most Noble *Cæsar*! we'll revenge his

3 *Pleb.* O Royal *Cæsar*! [Death.

Ant. Hear me with patience.

All. Peace ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his Walks,
His private Arbors, and new-planted Orchards,
On this side *Tiber*, he hath left them you,
And to your Heirs for ever; common Pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate your selves.

Here was a *Cæsar*, when comes such another?

1 *Pleb.* Never, never; come, away, away;
We'll burn his Body in the holy Place,

And with the Brands fire all the Traitors Houses.

Take

Take up the Body.

2 *Pleb.* Go fetch Fire.

3 *Pleb.* Pluck down Benches.

4 *Pleb.* Pluck down Forms, Windows, any thing.

[*Exeunt Plebeians with the Body.*

Ant. Now let it work ; Mischief thou art a-foot,
Take thou what course thou wilt.

How now Fellow ?

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, *Octavius* is already come to *Rome*.

Ant. Where is he ?

Ser. He and *Lepidus* are at *Cæsars* House.

Ant. And thither will I straight, to visit him,
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.

Ser. I heard him say, *Brutus* and *Cassius*
Are rid, like Madmen, through the Gates of *Rome*.

Ant. Belike they had some notice of the People,
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to *Octavius*.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Cinna the Poet, and after him the Plebeians.

Cin. I dreamt to-night, that I did feast with
And things unluckily charge my Fantasie ; [*Cæsar*,
I have no will to wander forth of Doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

1 *Pleb.* What is your Name ?

2 *Pleb.* Whither are you going ?

3 *Pleb.* Where do you dwell ?

4 *Pleb.* Are you a married Man, or a Batchelor ?

2 *Pleb.* Answer every Man directly.

1 *Pleb.* Ay, and briefly.

4 *Pleb.* And wisely.

3 *Pleb.* Ay, and truly, you were best.

D 5

Cin.

58 JULIUS CÆSAR.

Cin. What is my Name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married Man, or a Batchelor? Then to answer every Man directly and briefly, wisely and truly; wisely, I say — I am a Batchelor.

2 Pleb. That's as much as to say, they are Fools that Marry; you'll bear me a bang for that I fear; Proceed directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to *Cæsar's* Funeral.

1 Pleb. As a Friend, or an Enemy?

Cin. As a Friend.

2 Pleb. That matter is answered directly.

4 Pleb. For your Dwelling; briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3 Pleb. Your Name, Sir, truly.

Cin. Truly my Name is *Cinna*.

1 Pleb. Tear him to pieces, he's a Conspirator.

Cin. I am *Cinna* the Poet, I am *Cinna* the Poet.

4 Pleb. Tear him for his bad Verses, tear him for his bad Verses.

Cin. I am not *Cinna* the Conspirator.

4 Pleb. It is no matter, his Name's *Cinna*, pluck but his Name out of his Heart, and turn him going.

3 Pleb. Tear him, tear him; Come Brands, ho, Firebrands: To *Brutus*, to *Cassius* burn all. Some to *Decius's* House, and some to *Cæsar's*; some to *Ligarius*: Away, go.

[*Exeunt all the Plebeians*]



A C T.



A C T. I V.

S C E N E I. Rome.

Enter Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus.

Antony.

THESE many then shall die, their Names are
prickt. [*Lepidus?*

Oct. Your Brother too must die; consent you,

Lep. I do consent.

Oct. Prick him down, *Antony.*

Lep. Upon condition *Publius* shall not live,
Who is your Sisters Son; *Mark Antony.*

Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot, I
damn him.

But *Lepidus*, go you to *Cæsars* House;
Fetch the Will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some Charge in Legacies.

Lep. What? shall I find you here?

Oct. Or here, or at the Capitol.

[*Exit Lepidus.*

Ant. This is a slight unmeritable Man,
Meet to be sent on Errands: Is it fit
The three-fold World divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?

Oct. So you thought him,
And took his Voice, who should be prickt to die,
In our black Sentence and Proscription. [you;

Ant. *Octavius*, I have seen more Days than
And though we lay these Honours on this Man,
To ease our selves of divers stand'rous Loads,

He

80 JULIUS CÆSAR.

He shall but bear them, as the Ass bears Gold;
To groan and swear under the Business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way;
And having brought our Treasure, where we will,
Then take we down his Load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty Ass, to shake his Ears,
And graze in Commons.

Oct. You may do your Will;
But he's a try'd and valiant Soldier.

Ant. So is my Horse, *Octavius*, and for that,
I do appoint him store of Provender.
It is a Creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on,
His corporal Motion, govern'd by my Spirit.
And in some taste, is *Lepidus* but so;
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth;
A barren spirited Fellow, one that feeds
On Objects, Arts, and Imitations,
Which out of use, and stal'd by other Men,
Begin his fashion. Do not talk of him,
But as a Property. And now, *Octavius*,
Listen great things — *Brutus* and *Cassius*
Are levying Powers; we must straight make Head.
Therefore let our Alliance be combin'd [out:
Our best Friends made, and our best Means stretcht
And let us presently go sit in Council,
How covert Matters may be best disclos'd,
And open Perils surest answered.

Oct. Let us do so; for we are at the stake,
And bayed about with many Enemies;
And some that smile have in their Hearts I fear,
Millions of Mischiefs. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Before Brutus
Tent, in the Camp near Sardis.*

Drum. Enter Brutus, Lucilius, and Soldiers;
Titinius and Pindarus, meeting them.

Bru. Stand, ho!

Luc. Give the Word, ho! and stand!

Bru. What now, *Lucilius*? is *Cassius* near?

Luc. He is at hand, and *Pindarus* is come
To do you Salutation from his Master.

Bru. He greets me well Your Master, *Pindarus*;
In his own charge, or by ill Officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone; but if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt
But that my Noble Master will appear
Such as as he is, full of Regard, and Honour.

Bru. He is not doubted. A word, *Lucilius*, —
How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.

Luc. With courtesie, and with respect enough,
But not with such familiar Instances,
Nor with such free and friendly Conference,
As he hath us'd of old.

Bru. Thou hast describ'd
A hot Friend, cooling. Ever note, *Lucilius*,
When Love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced Ceremony.
There are no Tricks in plain and simple Faith;
But hollow Men, like Horses hot at hand,
Make gallant shew, and promise of their Mettle,
But when they should endure the bloody Spur,
They fall their Crest, and like deceitful Jades;
Sink

62 JULIUS CÆSAR.

Sink in the Trial. Comes his Army on ?

Luc. They mean this Night in *Sardis* to be quarter'd ;

The greater part ; the Horse in general ,
Are come with *Cassius*.

Enter Cassius and Soldiers.

Bru. Hark, he is arriv'd ;
March gently on to meet him.

Cas. Stand, ho !

Bru. Stand, ho ! speak the word along.

Within. Stand !

Within. Stand !

Within. Stand !

Cas. Most Noble Brother ! you have done me [wrong.

Bru. Judge me ; you Gods ! wrong I mine
Enemies ?

And if not so, how should I wrong a Brother ?

Cas. *Brutus*, this sober form of yours, hides
And when you do them — [wrongs,

Bru. *Cassius*, be content,
Speak your Grievs softly, I do know you well.
Before the Eyes of both our Armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but Love from us ;
Let us not wrangle. Bid them move away ;
Then in my Tent *Cassius* enlarge your Grievs,
And I will give you Audience.

Cas. *Pindarus*,
Bid our Commanders lead their Charges off
A little from this Ground.

Bru. *Lucilius*,
Do you the like, and let no Man come near
Our Tent, 'till we have done our Conference.
Let *Lucius* and *Titinius* guard our Door. [Exeunt.

En-

JULIUS CÆSAR. 63

Manent Brutus and Cassius.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this,

You have condemn'd, and noted *Lucius Pella*;
For taking Bribes here of the *Sardians*;
Wherein, my Letter praying on his side,
Because I knew the Man, was slighted off.

Bru. You wrong'd your self to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet,
That every nice Offence should bear his Comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, *Cassius*, you your self
Are much condemn'd to have an itching Palm,
To sell, and mart your Offices for Gold
To Undeservers.

Cas. I, an itching Palm!
You know that you are *Brutus* that speaks this,
Or by the Gods, this Speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of *Cassius* honours this Corruption,
And Chastisement doth thetrefor hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement! —

Bru. Remember *March*, the Ides of *March*,
remember;

Did not great *Julius* bleed for Justice sake?
What Villain touch'd his Body, that did stab,
And not for Justice? What, shall one of Us,
That struck the foremost Man of all this World,
But for supporting Robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our Fingers with base Bribes?
And sell the mighty space of our large Honours
For so much trash, as my be grasped thus? —
I had rather be a Dog, and bait the Moon,
Than such a *Roman*.

Cas. *Brutus*, bait not me,
I'll not endure it: you forget your self,
To hedge me in, I am a Soldier, I,

Older

64 JULIUS CÆSAR

Older in practice, abler than your self
To make Conditions.

Bru. Go to, you are not *Cassius*.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say, you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget my self—
Have mind upon your Health— Tempt me no

Bru. Away, slight Man. [farther.

Cas. Is't possible?—

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way, and room to your rash Choler?
Shall I be frightened, when a mad Man stares?

Cas. O ye Gods! ye Gods! must I endure all this?

Bru. All this! Ay more. Fret'till your proud
Heart break:

Go shew your Slaves how Cholerick you are,
And make your Bondmen tremble. Must I
budge?

Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy Humour? By the Gods
You shall digest the venom of your Spleen,
Tho' it do split you; For from this Day forth,
I'll use you for my Mirth, yea for my Laughter;
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say, you are a better Soldier;
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of Noblemen.

Cas. You wrong me every way ——— You
wrong me, *Brutus*;

I said, an Elder Soldier, not a Better.

Did I say beter?—

Bru. If you did, I care not. [mov'd me.

Cas. When *Cæsar* liv'd, he durst not thus have

Bru. Peace, peace, you durst not so have temp-

Cas. I durst not! ——— [ted him.

Bru.

Bru. No.

Cas. What? durst not tempt him! —

Bru. For your Life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my Love; I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for. There is no terror, *Cassius*, in your Threats. For I am arm'd so strong in Honesty, That they pass by me, as the idle Wind, Which I respect not. I did send to you For certain Sums of Gold, which you deny'd me: For I can raise no Mony by vile means. By Heaven, I had rather coin my Heart, And drop my Blood for Drachmas, than to wring From the hard hands of Peasants, their vile trash By any Indirection: I did send To you for Gold to pay my Legions, Which you deny'd me; was that done like *Cassius*? Should I have answer'd *Caius Cassius* so? When *Marcus Brutus* grows so covetous, To lock such Rascal Counters from his Friends, Be ready Gods, with all your Thunder-bolts; Dash him to pieces.

Cas. I deny'd you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not — He was but a Fool That brought my answer back — *Brutus* hath riv'd my Heart:

A Friend should bear his Friend's Infirmities, But *Brutus* makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not 'till you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your Faults.

Cas. A friendly Eye could never see such Faults.

Bru. A Flatterers would not, tho' they do appear As huge as high *Olympus*.

Cas. Come, *Antony*, and young *Octavius* come,

66 JULIUS CÆSAR.

Revenge your selves alone on *Cassius*,
 For *Cassius* is awearry of the World;
 Hated by one he loves, brav'd by his Brother,
 Check'd like a Bondman, all his Faults observ'd,
 Set in a Note-Book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
 To cast into my Teeth. O I could weep
 My Spirit from mine Eyes! There is my Dagger,
 And here my naked Breast. — Within, a Heart
 Dearer than *Pluto's* Mine, richer than Gold;
 If that thou beest a *Roman*, take it forth.
 If that deny'd thee Gold, will give my Heart;
 Strike as thou didst at *Cæsar*, for I know,
 When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him
 Than ever thou lov'dst *Cassius*. [better

Bru. Sheath your Dagger.

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
 Do what you will, Dishonour shall be Humour.
 O, *Cassius*, you are yoaked with a Lamb,
 That carries Anger as the Flint bears Fire,
 Who much inforced, shews a hasty spark,
 And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath *Cassius* liv'd
 To be but Mirth and Laughter to his *Brutus*,
 When Grief and Blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your
 hand.

Bru. And my Heart too. [Embracing.

Cas. O *Brutus*!

Bru. What's the matter?

Cas. Have not you love enough to bear with me,
 When that rash Humour which my Mother gave
 Makes me forgetful? [me

Bru. Yes, *Cassius*, and from henceforth
 When you are over-earnest with your *Brutus*,
 He'll think your Mother chides, and leave you so.

Enter Lucilius and Titinius, and a Poet.

Poet. Let me go in to see the Generals,
There is some grudge between 'em, 'tis not meet
They be alone.

Luc. You shall not come to them.

Poet. Nothing but Death shall stay me.

Cas. How now? what's the matter?

Poet. For shame you Generals! what do you
mean?

Love and be Friends, as two such men should be,
For I have seen more Years I'm sure than ye.

Cas. Ha, ha — how vilely doth this Cynick
rhime! [hence!

Bru. Get you hence, Sirrah; sawcy Fellow,

Cas. Bear with him, *Brutus*, 'tis his fashion.

Bru. I'll know his humour, when he knows
his Time;

What should the Wars do with these jigging Fools?
Companion, hence!

Cas. Away, away, be gone. [Exit Poet.

Bru. *Lucilius* and *Titinius*, bid the Commanders
Prepate to lodge their Companies to-night.

Cas. And come your selves, and bring *Messala*
with you

Immediately to us. [Exeunt *Lucilius* and *Titinius*.

Bru. *Lucius*, a Bowl of Wine.

Cas. I did not think you could have been so angry.

Bru. O *Cassius*, I am sick of many Griefs.

Cas. Of your Philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental Evils.

Bru. No Man bears Sorrow better — *Portia* is

Cas. Ha! *Portia*! — [dead

Bru. She is dead.

Cas. How scap'd I killing, when I crost you so!
O insupportable and touching Loss!

Upon what Sickness ?

Bru. Impatient of my absence ; [*Antony* ;
And Grief, that young *Octavius* with *Mark*
Have made themselves so strong : For with her
Death

That tidings came. With this she fell distract,
And (her Attendants absent) swallow'd Fire.

Cas. And dy'd so ?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal Gods !

Enter Boy with Wine and Tapers.

Bru. Speak no more of her : Give me a Bowl
of Wine.

In this I bury all unkindness, *Cassius.* [*Drinks.*

Cas. My Heart is thirsty for that noble Pledge.
Fill, *Lucius*, 'till the Wine o'er-swell the Cup ;
I cannot drink too much of *Brutus's* Love.

Enter Titinius, and Messala

Bru. Come in, *Titinius* ; welcome, good *Messala*.
Now sit we close about this Taper here,
And call in question our Necessities.

Cas. *Portia* ! art thou gone ?

Bru. No more, I pray you.

Messala, I have here received Letters,
That young *Octavius*, and *Mark Antony*,
Come down upon us with a mighty Power,
Bending their Expedition toward *Philippi*.

Mes. My self have Letters of the self-same tenure.

Bru. With what Addition ?

Mes. That by Proscription, and Bills of Outla-
Octavius, *Antony*, and *Lepidus*, [wry,
Have put to Death an hundred Senators.

Bru. Therein our Letters do not well agree ;

Min

Mine speak of seventy Senators, that dy'd
By their Proscriptions, Cicero being one.

Cas. Cicero one? — [Proscription.

Mes. Cicero is dead; and by that Order of
Had you your Letters from your Wife, my Lord?

Bru. No, *Messala*.

Mes. Nor nothing in your Letters writ of her?

Bru. Nothing, *Messala*.

Mes. That, methinks, is strange.

Bru. Why ask you? hear you ought of her, in

Mes. No, my Lord. [yours?

Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

Mes. Then like a Roman, bear the Truth I tell,
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

Bru. Why, farewell, *Portia* — We must die,
Messala.

With meditation that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now. [endure.

Mes. Even so great Men, great Losses should

Cas. I have as much of this in Art as you,
But yet my Nature could not bear it so.

Bru. Well, to our Work alive. What do you
Of marching to *Philippi* presently. [think

Cas. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your Reason?

Cas. This it is:

'Tis better that the Enemy seek us,
So shall he waste his means, weary his Soldiers,
Doing himself Offence, whilst we lying still,
Are full of rest, defence and nimbleness.

Bru. Good Reasons must of force give place
to better.

The People 'twixt *Philippi*, and this Ground,
Do stand but in a forc'd Affection;
For they have grudg'd us Contribution.
The Enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,

70 JULIUS CÆSAR.

Come on refresh't, new added, and encourag'd :
 From which Advantage shall we cut him off,
 If at *Phuippi* we do face him there,
 These People at our back.

Cas. Hear me, good Brother—

Bru. Under your Pardon. You must note beside,
 That we have try'd the utmost of our Friends ;
 Our Legions are brim full, our Cause is ripe ;
 The Enemy encrease'th every Day,
 We at the height, are ready to decline.
 There is a Tide in the Affairs of Men,
 Which taken at the Flood, leads on to Fortune ;
 Omitted, all the Voyage of their Life,
 Is bound in Shallows, and in Miseries.
 On such a full Sea, are we now a-float,
 And we must take the Current when it serves,
 Or lose our Ventures.

Cas. Then with your will go on; we will along
 Our selves, and meet them at *Philippi*.

Bru. The deep of Night is crept upon our Talk,
 And Nature must obey Necessity,
 Which we will niggard with a little Rest ;
 There is no more to say.

Cas. No more; good Night; —
 Early to Morrow will we rise, and hence.

Enter Lucius.

Bru. *Lucius*, my Gown; farewell, good *Messala*;
 Good Night, *Titinius*: Noble *Cassius*,
 Good Night, and good Repose.

Cas. O my dear Brother!
 This was an ill beginning of the Night,
 Never come such Division 'tween our Souls ;
 Let it not, *Brutus*.

Enter Lucius with the Gown.

Bru. Every thing is well.

Cas. Good Night, my Lord.

Bru. Good Night, good Brother.

Tit. Meffa. Good Night, Lord *Brutius*.

Bru. Farewel, every one. [*Exeunt.*

Give me the Gown. Where is thy Instrument?

Luc. Here in the Tent.

Bru. What, thou speakest drowsily;
Poor Knave, I blame thee not, thou art o'er-watch'd.
Call *Claudius*, and some other of my Men,
I'll have them sleep on Cushions in my Tent.

Luc. *Varro* and *Claudius*.

Enter Varro and Claudius.

Var. Calls my Lord?

Bru. I pray you, Sirs, lye in my Tent, and sleep,
It may be, I shall raise you by and by,
On Business to my Brother *Cassius*.

Var. So please you, we will stand, and watch
your Pleasure.

Bru. I will not have it so; lye down, good Sirs;
It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.
Look *Lucius*, here's the Book I sought for so;
I put it in the Pocket of my Gown.

Luc. I was sure your Lordship did not give it me.

Bru. Bear with me, good Boy, I am much
forgetful.

Canst thou hold up thy heavy Eyes a while,
And touch thy Instrument, a strain or two?

Luc. Ay, my Lord, an't please you.

Bru. It does, my Boy;
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my Duty, Sir.

72 JULIUS CÆSAR.

Bru. I should not urge thy Duty past thy Might,
I know young Bloods look for a time of Rest.

Luc. I have slept, my Lord; already.

Bru. It was well done, and thou shalt sleep again;
I will not hold thee long. If I do live,
I will be good to thee,

[*Musick and a Song.*

This is a sleepy Tune — O murderous slumber!
Lay'st thou thy Leaden Mace upon my Boy,
That plays thee Musick? Gentle Knave, good Night;
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy Instrument;
I'll take it from thee, and, good Boy, good Night.
Let me see, let me see; is not the Leaf turn'd down
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

[*He sits down to read.*

Enter the Ghost of Cæsar.

How ill this Taper burns! Ha! Who comes here?
I think it is the weakness of mine Eyes,
That shapes this monstrous Apparition.
It comes upon me; Art thou any thing?
Art thou some God, some Angel, or some Devil,
That mak'st my Blood cold, and my Hair to stare?
Speak to me, what thou art?

Ghost. Thy evil Spirit, *Brutus*.

Bru. Why com'st thou?

Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at *Philippi*.

Bru. Well — then I shall see thee again —

Ghost. Ay, at *Philippi*. [*Exit Ghost.*

Bru. Why, I will see thee at *Philippi* then.

Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest,
Ill Spirit; I would hold more talk with thee.
Boy! *Lucius!* *Varro!* *Claudius!* *Sirs!* awake!
Claudius!

Luc. The strings, my Lord, are false.

Bru.

JULIUS CÆSAR: 73

Bru. He thinks he is still at his Instrument.

Lucius! awake.

Luc. My Lord! —

Bru. Didst thou dream, *Lucius*, that thou so criedst out?

Luc. My Lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes that thou did'st; didst thou see any thing?

Luc. Nothing, my Lord.

Bru. Sleep again, *Lucius*; Sirrah, *Claudius*, Fellow! Thou! awake.

Var. My Lord!

Clau. My Lord!

Bru. Why did you so cry out, Sirs, in your

Both. Did we, my Lord? [sleep?

Bru. Ay, saw you any thing?

Var. No, my Lord, I saw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my Lord. [*Cassius*;

Bru. Go, and commend me to my Brother
Bid him set on his Powers betimes, before,
And we will follow.

Both. It shall be done, my Lord. [*Exeunt.*



A C T. V.

SCENE. I. *the Fields of Philippi,*
with the two Camps.

Enter Octavius, Antony, and their Army.

Octavius.

NOW, *Antony*, our hopes are answered,
You said the Enemy would not come down,

E 5

But

74 JULIUS CÆSAR.

But keep the Hills and upper Regions:
It proves not so; their Battels are at hand,
They mean to warn us at *Philippi* here,
Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut, I am in their Bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it; they could be content
To visit other Places, and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking by this Face
To fasten in our thoughts that they have Courage;
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Prepare you Generals,
The Enemy comes on in gallant shew;
Their bloody Sign of Battel is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.

Ant. *Octavius*, lead your Battel softly on
Upon the left hand of the even Field. [left

Octa. Upon the right hand I, keep thou the

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?

Octa. I do not cross you; but I will do so.

[*March.*

Drum. *Enter Brutus, Cassius, and their Army.*

Bru They stand, and would have Parley,

Cas. Stand fast *Titinius*, we must out and talk.

Octa. *Mark Antony*, shall we give sign of Battel?

Ant. No, *Cæsar*, we will answer on their
Charge. [*Words.*

Make forth, the Generals would have some

Octa. Sir not until the Signal.

Bru. Words before Blows: is it so, Countrymen?

Octa. Not that we love Words better, as
you do.

Bru. Good Words are better than bad Stro-
kes *Octavius.* *Ant.*

JULIUS CÆSAR. 75

Ant. In your bad Strokes, *Brutus*, you give good Words;
Witness the hole you made in *Cæsar's* Heart,
Crying, Long live, hail *Cæsar*.

Cas. *Antony*,
The posture of your Blows are yet unknown;
But for your Words, they rob the *Hibla* Bees;
And leave them Honey-less.

Ant. Not stingless too.

Bru. O yes, and soundless too;
For you have stoln their buzzing, *Antony*,
And very wisely threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains! you did not so, when your
vile Daggers
Hack'd one another in the sides of *Cæsar*.
You shew'd your Teeth like Apes, and faw'nd
like Hounds,
And bow'd like Bond-men, kissing *Cæsar's* Feet;
Whilst damnd *Casca*, like a Cur, behind
Struck *Cæsar* on the Neck. O you Flatterers!

Cas. Flatterers! Now *Brutus* thank your self;
This Tongue had not offended so to day,
If *Cassius* might have rul'd. [us sweat,

Octa. Come, come, the Cause. If arguing make
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Behold, I draw a Sword against Conspirators:
When think you that the Sword goes up again?
Never 'till *Cæsar's* three and thirty Wounds
Be well aveng'd; or 'till another *Cæsar*
Have added Slaughter to the Sword of Traitors.

Bru. *Cæsar*, thou canst not dye by Traitors Hands,
Unless thou bringst them with thee.

Octa. So I hope;
I was not born to dye on *Brutus* Sword.

Bru. O if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young Man, thou couldst not dye more Ho-
nourable.

Cas.

76 JULIUS CÆSAR:

Cas. A peevish School-boy, worthless of such
Join'd with a Masker and a Reveller. [Honour
Ant. Old *Cassius* still.

Octa. Come, *Antony*, away.
Defiance, Traitors, hurl we in your Teeth,
If you dare fight to day, come to the Field,
If not, when you have Stomachs.

[*Ex. Octavius, Antony, and Army.*

Cas. Why now blow Wind, swell Billow,
and swim Bark;
The Storm is up, and all is on the Hazard.

Brū. Ho, *Lucilius*, — hark a word with you.

[*Lucilius and Messala stand forth.*

Luc. My Lord. [*Brutus speaks apart to Lucilius.*

Cas. *Messala.*

Mes. What says my General? [very Day

Cas. *Messala*, this is my Birth-Day; at this
Was *Cassius* born. Give me thy Hand, *Messala*;
Be thou my Witness, that against my will,
As *Pompey* was, am I compeli'd to set
Upon one Battel all our Liberties.

You know that I held *Epicurus* strong,
And his Opinion; now I change my Mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.

Coming from *Sardis*, on our foremost Ensign,
Two mighty Eagles fell, and there they perch'd,
Gorgeing and feeding from our Soldiers Hands,
Who to *Philippi* here conformed us:

This Morning are they fled away, and gone,
And in their steads, do Ravens, Crows and Kites
Fly o'er our Heads, and downward look on us
As we were sickly Prey; their shadows seem
A Canopy most fatal, under which
Our Army lies, ready to give up the Ghost.

Mes. Believe not so.

Cas. I but believe it partly;
For I am fresh of Spirit, and resolv'd

To meet all Peril, very constantly.

Bru. Even so, *Lucilius*.

Cas. Now most Noble *Brutus*,
The Gods to Day stand friendly; that we may
Lovers in Peace, lead on our Days to Age.
But since the Affairs of Men rest still uncertain;
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this Battel, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together:
What are you then determined to do?

Bru. Even by the rule of that Philosophy,
By which I did blame *Cato*, for the Death
Which he did give himself (I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly, and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of Life) arming my self with patience,
To stay the Providence of some high Powers,
That govern us below.

Cas. Then if we lose this Battel,
You are contented to be led in Triumph,
Thorough the Streets of *Rome*? [Roman,

Bru. No, *Cassius*, no; think not thou Noble
That ever *Brutus* will go bound to *Rome*;
He bears too great a Mind. But this same Day
Must end that Work, the Ides of *March* begun.
And whether we shall meet again, I know not;
Therefore our everlasting farewell take.

For ever, and for ever, farewell, *Cassius*.

If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why then, this parting was well made.

Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewell, *Brutus*.
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

Bru. Why then lead on. O that a Man might
know

The end of this Day's business, e'er it come;
But it sufficeth, that the Day will end,

And

78 JULIUS CÆSAR:

And then the end is known. Come ho, away.
[*Exeunt.*]

Alarum Enter Brutus and Messala.

Br. Ride, ride, *Messala*, ride and give these Bills
Unto the Legions, on the other side.

[*Loud Alarum.*]
Let them set on at once; for I perceive
But cold demeanor in *Octavius* Wing;
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, *Messala*, let them all come down.
[*Exeunt.*]

Alarums. Enter Cassius and Titinius.

Cas. O look, *Titinius*, look, the villains fly!
My self have to mine own turn'd Enemy;
This Ensign here of mine was turning back,
I slew the Coward, and did take it from him.

Tit. O *Cassius*, *Brutus* gave the word too early,
Who having some advantage on *Octavius*
Took it too eagerly; his Soldiers fell to spoil;
Whilst we by *Antony* are all inclos'd.

Enter Pindarus.

Pind. Fly farther off my Lord, fly further off,
Mark Antony is in your Tents, my Lord;
Fly therefore, Noble *Cassius*, fly far off.

Cas. This Hill is far enough. Look, look;
Titinius,
Are those my Tents where I perceive the Fire?

Tit. They are, my Lord.

Cas. *Titinius*, if thou lovest me,
Mount thou my Horse, and hide thy Spurs in him;
'Till he have brought thee up to yonder Troops,
And

And here again, that I may rest assur'd,
Whether yon Troops are Friends or Enemys.

Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought.

[Exit.]

Cas. Go, *Pindarus*, get thither on that Hill,
My fight was ever thick; regard *Titinius*,
And tell me what thou nor'st about the Field.
This Day I breathed first, time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end,
My Life is run his Compass. Sirrah, what News?

Pind. above. O, my Lord!

Cas. What News?

Pind. *Titinius* is enclosed round about
With Horsemen, that make to him on the Spur;
Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him;
Now *Titinius*? Now some light — O he lights
too —

He's ta'en —

[Shout.]

And hark, they shout for Joy.

Cas. Come down, behold no more;
O Coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best Friend ta'en before my Face!

Enter Pindarus.

Come hither Sirrah; in *Parthia* did I take thee
Prisoner,

And then I swore thee, saving of thy Life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do, [Oath;
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine
Now be a Freeman, and with this good Sword
That ran through *Cæsars* Bowels, search this
Bosom.

Stand not to answer; here, take thou the Hilt,
And when my Face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the Sword — *Cæsar* thou art reveng'd,
Even with the Sword that kill'd thee. [Kills him.]

Pin.

Pin. So, I am free, yet would not so have been;
Durst I have done my Will. O *Cassius*,
Far from this Country *Pindarus* shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Titinius, and Messala.

Mes. It is but change, *Titinius*; for *Octavius*
Is overthrown by Noble *Brutus* Power,
As *Cassius* Legions are by *Antony*.

Tit. These Tydings will well comfort *Cassius*.

Mes. Where did you leave him?

Tit. All disconsolate,
With *Pindarus* his Bondman; on this Hill.

Mes. Is not that he that lyes upon the Ground?

Tit. He lyes not like the Living. O my Heart!

Mes. Is not that he?

Tit. No, this was he, *Messala*;
But *Cassius* is no more. O setting Sun!
As in thy red Rays thou dost sink to-night,
So in his red Blood *Cassius* Day is set;
The Sun of *Rome* is set: Our Day is gone,
Clouds, Dews, and Dangers come; our Deeds
are done;

Mistrust of my Success hath done this Deed.

Mes. Mistrust of good Success hath done this
O hateful Error, Melancholy's Child! [Deed.
Why dost thou shew to the apt thought of Men,
The things that are not? O Error soon conceiv'd,
Thou never com'st unto a happy Birth,
But kill'st the Mother that engendred thee.

Tit. What, *Pindarus*! Where art thou, *Pindarus*?

Mes. Seek him; *Titinius*, whilst I go to meet
The Noble *Brutus*, thrusting this report
Into his Ears; I may say, thrusting it,
For piercing Steel, and Darts inyenomed

Shall

JULIUS CÆSAR. 85

Shall be as welcome to the Ears of Brutus,
As tidings of this fight.

Tit. Hye you, *Messala*;
And I will seek for *Pindarus* the while.
Why didst thou send me forth, brave *Cassius*?
Did I not meet thy Friends, and did not they
Put on my Brows this wreath of Victory,
And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear
their Shouts?

Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing.
But hold thee, take this Garland on thy Brow:
Thy *Brutus* bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding. *Brutus* come apace,
And see how I regarded *Caius Cassius*.
By your leave, Gods—— This is a *Romans* part,
Come *Cassius* Sword, and find *Titinius* Heart.
[Stabs himself & Dies.

Alarm. Enter *Brutus*, *Messala*, young *Cato*,
Strato, *Volumnius*, and *Lucilius*.

Bru. Where, where, *Messala*, doth his Body lye?

Mes. Lo yonder, and *Titinius* mourning it.

Bru. *Titinius* Face is upward.

Cato. He is slain.

Bru. O *Julius Cæsar*, thou art mighty yet,
Thy Spirit walks abroad, and turns out Swords
In our own proper Entrails. [Low Alarms.

Cato. Brave *Titinius*!

Look where he have not crown'd dead *Cassius*.

Bru. Are yet two *Romans* living such as these?
Thou last of all the *Romans*, fare thee well;
It is impossible that ever *Rome* [Tears
Should breed thy Fellow. Friends, I owe more
To this dead Man, than you shall see me pay.
I shall find time, *Cassius*, I shall find time——

F

Come

82 JULIUS CÆSAR.

Come therefore, and to *Tharsus* send his Body,
 His Funerals shall not be in our Camp,
 Lest it discomfort us. *Lucilius* come,
 And come, young *Cato*, let us to the Field,
Labio and *Flavius*, set our Battels on;
 'Tis three a Clock, and, *Romans*, yet ere Night,
 We shall try Fortune in a second fight. [Exeunt.

Alarum. Enter *Brutus*, *Messala*, *Cato*, *Lu-*
cilius, and *Flavius*.

Bru. Yet Countrymen, O yet, hold up your
 Heads. [me.]

Cato. What Bastard doth not? who will go with
 I will proclaim my Name about the Field.
 I am the Son of *Marcus Cato*, ho!
 A Foe to Tyrants, and my Countrys Friend.
 I am the Son of *Marcus Cato*, ho!

Enter Soldiers and fight.

Bru. And I am *Brutus*, *Marcus Brutus*, I,
Brutus my Countrys Friend; know me for *Brutus*.

Luc. O young and noble *Cato*, art thou down?
 Why now thou diest as bravely as *Titinius*,
 And may'st be honour'd being *Catos* Son.

Sold. Yield, or thou diest.

Luc. Only I yield to die:
 There is so much, that thou wilt kill me straight;
 Kill *Brutus*, and be honour'd in his Death.

Sold. We must not: a Noble Prisoner.

Enter Antony.

1 *Sold.* Room ho! tell *Antony*, *Brutus* is ta'en.

2 *Sold.* I'll tell thee News, here comes the Ge-
 neral.

Bru.

Brutus is ta'en , *Brutus* is ta'en , my Lord.

Ant. Where is he ?

Luc. Safe *Antony* , *Brutus* is safe enough.
I dare assure thee , that no Enemy
Shall ever take alive the Noble *Brutus* :
The Gods defend him from so great a shame ;
When you do find him or alive , or dead ,
He will be found like *Brutus* , like himself.

Ant. This it not *Brutus* , Friend , but I assure you ,
A prize no less in worth. Keep this Man safe ,
Give him all kindness. I had rather have
Such Men my Friends , than Enemies. Go on ,
And see where *Brutus* be alive or dead ,
And bring us word unto *Octavius* Tent ,
How every thing is chanc'd. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter Brutus , Dardanius , Clitus , Strato , and
Volumnius.*

Bru. Come , poor remains of Friends , rest on
this Rock. [*Lord ,*

Cli. *Statilius* shew'd the Torch-light , but , my
He came not back , he is , or ta'en , or slain.

Bru. Sit thee down , *Clitus* ; slaying is the word ,
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee , *Clitus* —
[*Whispering.*

Cli. What I , my Lord ? No , not for all the World.

Bru. Peace then , no words.

Cli. I'll rather kill my self.

Bru. Hark thee , *Dardanius* —

Dar. Shall I do such a Deed ?

Cli. O *Dardanius* !

Dar. O *Clitus*.

Cli. What ill request did *Brutus* make to thee ?

Dar. To kill him , *Clitus* ; look he meditates.

Cli. Now is that Noble Vessel full of Grief ,
That it runs over even at his Eyes.

84 JULIUS CÆSAR.

Bru. Come hither, good *Volumnius*, list a word.

Vol. What says my Lord?

Bru. Why this, *Volumnius*;

The Ghost of *Cæsar* hath appear'd to me
Two several times by Night; at *Sardis*, once;
And this last Night, here in *Philippi Fields*.
I know my hour is come.

Vol. Not so, my Lord.

Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, *Volumnius*.

Thou seest the World, *Volumnius*, how it goes,
Our Enemies have beat us to the Pit:

[*Low Alarum.*

It is more worthy, to leap in our selves,
Than tarry 'till they push us. Good *Volumnius*,
Thou knowest that we two went to School together;
Even for that, our love of old, I prethee
Hold thou my Swords Hilt, while I run on it.

Vol. That's not an Office for a Friend, my Lord.

[*Alarum still.*

Cli. Fly, fly, my Lord, there is no tarrying here.

Bru. Farewel to you, and you, *Volumnius*;

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep,

Farewel to thee, too *Strato*, Countrymen,

My Heart dot Joy, that yet in all my Life,

I found no Man, but he was true to me.

I shall have Glory by this losing Day,

More than *Octavius* and *Mark Antony*,

By this vile Conquest shall attain unto.

So fare you well at once, for *Brutus* Tongue

Hath almost ended his Lives History.

Night hangs upon mine Eyes, my Bones would rest,

That have but labour'd, to attain this Hour.

[*Alarum. Cry within, Fly, fly, fly.*

Cli. Fly, my Lord, fly —

Bru. Hence; I will follow;

I prethee, *Strato*, stay thou by thy Lord,

Thou art a Fellow of a Good respect;

Thy

Thy Life hath had some smatch of Honour in it.
Hold then my Sword, and turn away thy Face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, *Strato*?

Stra. Give me your Hand first. Fare you well,
my Lord. [still,

Bru. Farewel, good *Strato* — *Cæsar*, now be
I kill'd not thee with half so good a Will.

[He runs on his Sword, and dies.

Alarum. Retreat. Enter Antony, Octavius, *Messala*,
Lucilius, and the Army.

Octa. What Man is that? [Master?

Mes. My Masters Man. *Strato*, where is thy

Stra. Free from the Bondage you are in, *Messala*;
The Conquerors can but make a Fire of him:
For *Brutus* only overcame himself,
And no Man else hath Honour by his Death.

Luc. So *Brutus* should be found. I thank thee,
Brutus,

That thou hast prov'd *Lucilius* saying true.

Octa. All that serv'd *Brutus* I will entertain them;
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Stra. Ay, if *Messala* will prefer me to you.

Octa. Do so, good *Messala*.

Mes. How died my Lord, *Strato*?

Stra. I held the Sword, and he did run on it.

Mes. *Octavius*, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest Service to my Master.

Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all:
All the Conspirators save only he,
Did that they did, in envy of great *Cæsar*:
He, only in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His Life was gentle, and the Elements
So mixt in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the World; this was a Man.

86 JULIUS CÆSAR:

Os. According to his Virtue, let us use him,
With all respect, and rites of Burial.

Within my Tent his Bones to-night shall lye,
Most like a Soldier, ordered honourably.

So call the Field to rest, and let's away,

To part the Glories of this happy Day.

[Exeunt omnes.]

F I N I S.

As several of *Shakespears* Plays have been altered & brought nearer the taste of the present age, so there was once much talk of this Play's being altered by the present Duke of *Buckingham*, & great expectation of an excellent performance from so good a hand & on a subject so rich. 'Tis not known whether this work be yet finished, nothing of it having ever got abroad, except the four following Songs, which the Reader will be pleased, no doubt, to find here annexed,

Four Songs to be sung as Chorus's between the Acts of *Julius Cesar*, altered by the Duke of *Buckingham*.

I. Song, after the first Act.

Chorus of free Citizens of Rome.

WHither is ancient Virtue gone?
 What is become of Justice now?
 That Valour which so bright has shone,
 And with the wings of Conquest flown,
 Must to a haughty Master bow;
 Who with our Toil our Blood & all we have beside,
 Gorges his ill got power, his humor or his Pride.
 He frankly does his life expose;
 So will a Lyon or a Bear.
 What comfort can that be to those
 Who more his vain Ambition fear?
 How stupid wretches we appear,
 Who round the World for Wealth & Empire roame,
 And never never think what slaves we are at home?
 Did Men for this together joyn,
 Quitting the free wild life of Nature?
 What Beast but Man did e'er combine
 For setting up his fellow Creature;
 And of two Mischiefs chuse the greater?

Ob rather than be slaves to false & worthles men,
 Give us our wildness & our Woods our Hats & Caves
 There secure from Lawless sway, [again,
 Out of Pride or Envy's way,
 Living up to Natures Rules
 Not depraved by Knaves & Fools,
 Happily we all might live, & harmless as our Sheep,
 Then at length as calmly dye as Infants fall asleep.

Second Song, after the II. Act.

The Genius of Rome:

LO to foretell this awfull Empires Doom-
 From bright unknow'n Abodes of Bliss I come,
 The mighty Genius of Majestick Rome.

Her fate * aproaches! Yet I will engage
 Some few the master Souls of all this age,
 To do an Act of just Heroick rage.

'Tis hard so brave a Man should fall so low;
 But worse to let so great a People bow
 To one themselves have rais'd, who scorns them now.

Yet oh I grieve that Brutus should be stain'd,
 Whose life, excepting this one act, remain'd
 So pure, that future times will think it feign'd.

But only he can make the rest combine,
 The very Life & Soul of their design,
 The Center where those mighty spirits join.

Unthinking men no sort of scruples make;
 And some are bad only for Mischief's sake;
 But even the best are guilty by mistake.

Thus while they all, for publick good, intend
 To bring a Tyrant to untimely end,
 The over-Zealous Brutus stabs his Friend.

Third

* The fall of the Common-wealth when it was changed
 into Tyranny.

Third Song; after the III. Act.

Chorus of Roman Senators.

Dark is the path poor Mortals tread,
 Wisdom it self a Guide doth need.
 We little thought when Cesar bled
 That a worse Cesar wou'd succeed.
 And are we under such a hopeless Curse,
 That we can never change but for the worse?

Under pretence of necessary force
 By which we our own selves enthrall,
 These without blushes or remorse
 Proscribe the best impoverish all.
 The Gauls themselves our greatest Foes;
 Could offer no worse termes than those.

That Cesar with ambitious thoughts
 Had Virtues too his very Foes could find:
 These equal him in all his faults,
 But never in his noble mind.
 That free born Spirits should obey
 Wretches who know not how to sway!

Too late we now repent our hasty choice,
 In vain bemoan so quick a turn;
 Dejected Rome cries with united voice,
 Better a Thousand times that we had born
 Our Ills a while, with patience & with ease,
 Than try'd a fatal cure much worse than our disease.

Fourth Song after the IV. Act.

Chorus of Soldiers in the Army of Brutus & Cassius.

Our Vows thus cheerfully we sing,
 'Till the fierce clangor fires our blood:
 Let all the neighboring Echos ring
 With wishes for our Country's good

And

*And for Reward, of the just Gods we claime
A life with freedom, or a Death with Fame.*

*May Rome be freed from Wars allarms,
And Mulcts too heavy to be born:
May she beware of foreign Arms,
And send them back with noble Scorn.*

*And for Reward, of the just Gods we claime
A life with freedom, or a Death with Fame.*

*May she no more confide in Friends,
Who nothing further understood,
Than only for their private ends
To waste her Wealth & spill her Blood.*

And for Reward, &c...

*Our greatest Patriots Jove restrain
From Faction which they Wisdom call;
From the low thoughts of litle gain,
And bazzarding the losing all.*

And for Reward, &c...

*Our Arms we'll eagerly prepare;
Then to the glorious Combat fly,
All disengaged from future care,
Except to overcome or dye.*

And for Reward, &c...

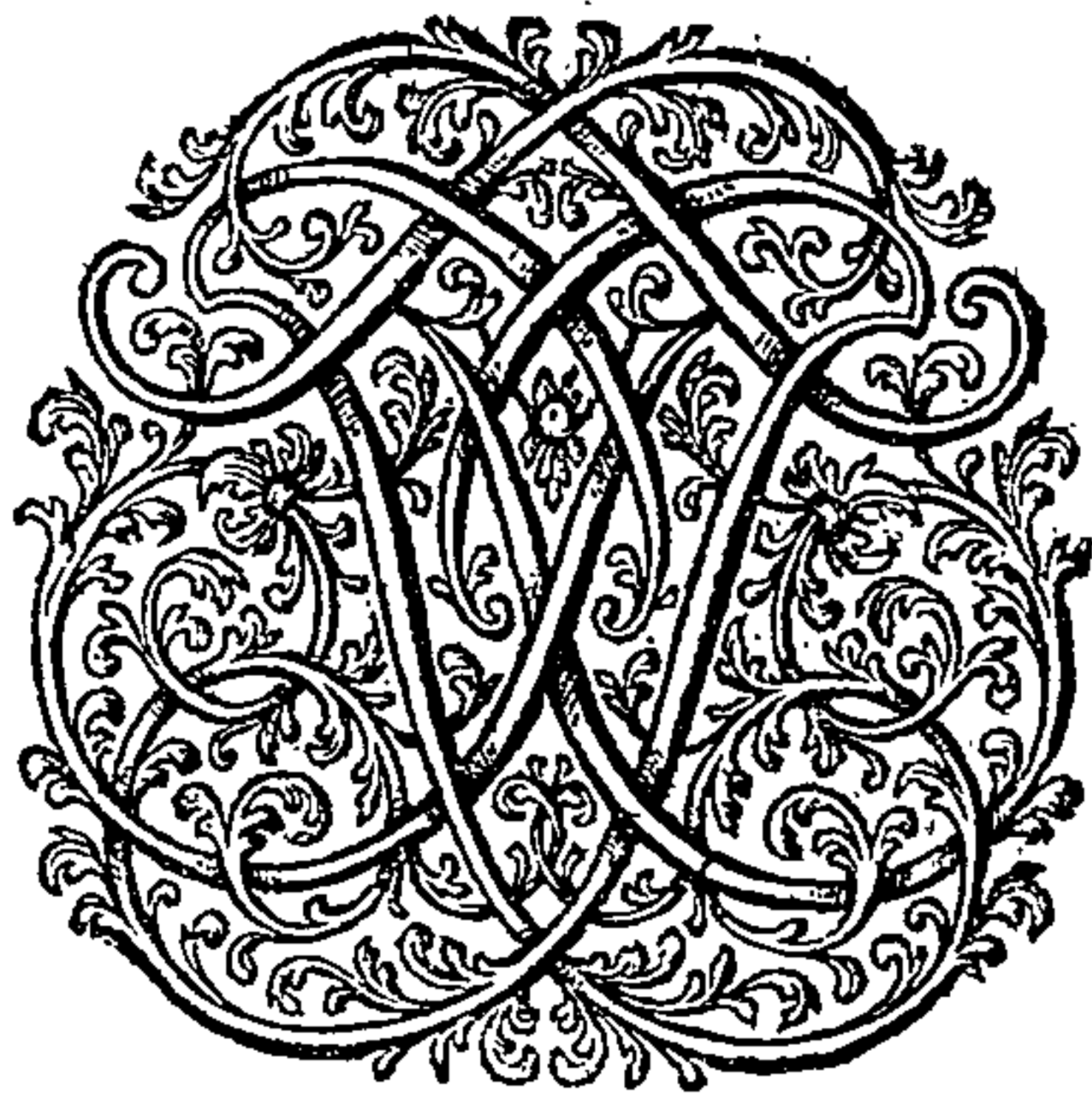
*They fight oppression to increase;
We for our Libertys & Laws:
It were a sin to doubt success,
When Freedom is the noble Cause.*

*And for Reward, of the just Gods we claime
A Life with freedom, or a Death with Fame.*



T H E
T R A G E D Y
O F
M A C B E T H .

Written by Mr. W. SHAKESPEAR,



L O N D O N ,
Printed in the Year 1711.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Duncan, *King of Scotland.*
Malcolm, }
Donalbain, } *Sons to the King.*
Macbeth, }
Banquo, } *Generals of the King's Army.*
Lenox, }
Macduff, }
Rosse, } *Noblemen of Scotland.*
Menteth, }
Angus, }
Cathness, }
Fleance, *Son to Banquo.*
Seyward, *General of the English Forces.*
Young Seyward, *his Son.*
Seyton, *an Officer attending on Macbeth.*
Son to Macduff.
Doctor.



Lady Macbeth.
Lady Macduff.
Gentlewomen attending on Lady Macbeth.
Hecate, and three other Witches.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.
The Ghost of Banquo, and several other Apparitions.

The SCENE in the End of the Fourth Act lyes in England, through the rest of the Play in Scotland, and chiefly at Macbeths Castle.



MACBETH.

A

TRAGEDY.

A C T. I.

SCENE I. *An open Heath.*

Thunder and Lightning.

Enter three Witches.

I W I T C H.

W H E N shall we three meet again?
In Thunder, Lightning, or in Rain?

2 *Witch.* When the Hurly-burly's done,
When the Battel's lost and won.

3 *Witch.* That will be e're the set of Sun.

1 *Witch.* Where the place?

2 *Witch.* Upon the Heath.

3 *Witch.* There to meet with *Macbeth.*

1 *Witch.* I come, *Gray-Malkin.*

4 THE TRAGEDY

All. Paddocke calls — anon — Fair is foul, and
 Hover through the fog and filthy Air. [foul is fair.
 [They rise from the Stage, and fly away.

SCENE II. A Palace.

*Enter King, Malcolme, Donalbain,
 Lenox, with Attendants, mee-
 ting a bleeding Captain.*

King. What bloody Man is that? He can report,
 As seemeth by his plight, of the Revolt
 The newest State.

Mal. This is the Serjeant,
 Who like a good and hardy Soldier fought
 'Gainst my Captivity. Hail, hail, brave Friend!
 Szy to the King, the Knowledge of the broil,
 As thou didst leave it.

Cap. Doubtful it stood;
 As two spent Swimmers, that do cling together,
 And choak their Art: The merciless *Macdonnel*
 (Worthy to be a Rebel, for to that
 The multiplying Villanies of Nature
 Do swarm upon him) from the Western Isles
 Of Kernes and Gallow-glass'es is supply'd;
 And Fortune on his damned Quarry smiling,
 Shew'd like a Rebels Whore. But all's too weak;
 For brave *Macbeth* (well he deserves that Name)
 Disdaining Fortune, with his brandisht Steel,
 Which smoak'd with bloody Execution,
 Like Valours Minion, carved out his Passage,
 'Till he fac'd the Slave;
 Which ne'er shook Hands, nor bad farewell to him,
 'Till he unscam'd him from the Nave to th' Chops,
 And fix'd his Head upon our Battlements.

King. O valiant Cousin! Worthy Gentleman!

Cap. As whence the Sun gins his Reflexion,
 Ship-

of **MACBETH.** 5

Shipwrecking Storms and direful Thunders break;

[come
So from that Spring, whence Comfort seem'd to
Discomfort swells. Mark, King of Scotland, mark:
No sooner Justice had, with Valour arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trust their
Heels,

But the *Norweyan* Lord surveying Vantage,
With furbisht Arms and new Supplies of Men,
Began a fresh assault. [and *Banquo*?

King. Dismaid not this our Captains, *Macbeth*

Cap. Yes, as Sparrows Eagles;

Or the Hare the Lion.

If I say sooth, I must report they were
As Cannons overcharg'd with double Cracks,
So they doubly redoubled Stroaks on the Foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking Wounds,
Or memorize another *Golgotha*,
I cannot tell —

But I am faint, my Gashes cry for help —

King. So well thy Words become thee, as thy
Wounds, [geons.

They smack of Honour both: Go, get him Sur-
Who comes here?

Enter Rosse and Angus.

Mal. The worthy *Thane* of *Rosse*.

Len. What haste looks through his Eyes!
So should he look, that seems to speak things stran-

Rosse. God save the King. [ge,

King. Whence cam'st thou, worthy *Thane*?

Rosse. From *Fife*, great King,
Where the *Norweyan* Banners flout the Sky,
And fan our People Cold.

Norway himself, with terrible Numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal Traitor,

6 THE TRAGEDY

The *Thane* of *Cawdor* , began a dismal Conflict ,
'Till that *Bellonas* Bridegroom , lapt in proof ,
Confronted him with Self-comparisons ,
Point against Point , rebellious Arm 'gainst Arm ,
Carbing his lavish Spirit : And to conclude ,
The Victory fell on us.

King. Great Happiness!

Rosse. That now *Sweno* , the *Norweyan* King ,
Craves Composition :

Nor would we deign him burial of his Men ,
'Till he disbursed , at *St. Colmes-hill* ,
Ten thousand Dollars , to our general use.

King. No more that *Thane* of *Cawdor* shall de-
ceive [*Death* ,
Our bosom Interest. Go , pronounce his present
And with his former Title , greet *Macbeth* .

Rosse. I'll see it done.

King. What he hath lost , noble *Macbeth* hath
won. [*Exeunt* .

SCENE III. *The Heath* .

Thunder. Enter the three *Witches* .

1 *Witch*. Where hast thou been , Sister ?

2 *Witch*. Killing Swine.

3 *Witch*. Sister , where thou ? [*Lap* ,

1 *Witch*. A Sailors Wife had Chestnuts in her
And moucht , and moucht , and moucht ;
Give me , quoth I.

Aroint thee , Witch , the Rump fed Ronyon cries.
Her Husband's to *Aleppo* gone , Master o'th' *Tiger* :
But in a Sieve I'll thither sail ,
And like a Rat without a Tail ,
I'll do — I'll do — and I'll do.

2 *Witch*. I'll give thee a Wind ,

1 *Witch*. Th'art kind.

3 *Witch* .

of MACBETH.

7

3 *Witch.* And I another.

1 *Witch.* I my self have all the other,
And the very Points they blow,
All the Quarters that they know,
I'th' Shipman's Card.

I'll drain him dry as Hay;
Sleep shall neither Night nor Day,
Hang upon his Pent house Lid:
He shall live a Man forbid;
Weary Sev'nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peak and pine:
Though his Bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-tost.
Look what I have.

2 *Witch.* Shew me, shew me.

1 *Witch.* Here, I have a Pilots Thumb,
Wrackt as homeward he did come.

[*Drum within.*

3 *Witch.* A Drum, a Drum.
Macbeth doth come.

All. The weyward Sisters, Hand in Hand,
Posters of the Sea and Land,
Thus do go about, about,
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again to make up nine.
Peace, the Charm's wound up.

*Enter Macbeth and Banquo, with Soldiers
and other Attendants.*

Macb. So foul and fair a Day I have not seen.

Ban. How far is't call'd to *Soris*? — What
are these?

So wither'd, and so wild in their attire,
That look not like th' Inhabitants o'th' Earth,
And yet are on't? Live you, or are you ought
That Man may question? You seem to under-
stand me,

A 4

By

8 THE TRAGEDY

By each at once her choppy Finger laying
Upon her skinny Lips. ——— You should be
Women;

And yet your Beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Macb. Speak if you can; what are you?

1 *Witch.* All hail, *Macbeth!* hail to thee, *Thane*
of Glamis! [of *Cawdor!*

2 *Witch.* All hail, *Macbeth!* hail to thee *Thane*

3 *Witch.* All hail, *Macbeth*, that shalt be
King hereafter! [to fear

Ban. Good Sir, why do you start, and seem
Things that do sound so fair? I'th' name of Truth,
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed [To the *Witches.*
Which outwardly ye shew? my noble Partner,
You greet with present Grace, and great Prediction
Of noble having, and of Royal hope,
That he seems rapt withal; to me you speak not.
If you can look into the Seeds of Time,
And say, which Grain will grow, and which
will not,

Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear,
Your Favours, nor your Hate.

1 *Witch.* Hail!

2 *Witch.* Hail!

3 *Witch.* Hail!

1 *Witch.* Lesser than *Macbeth*, and greater.

2 *Witch.* Not so happy; yet much happier.

3 *Witch.* Thou shalt get Kings, though thou
So all hail! *Macbeth* and *Banquo.* [be none.

1 *Witch.* *Banquo* and *Macbeth*, all hail!

Macb. Stay, you imperfect Speakers, tell me
more?

By *Sinels* Death I know I am *Thane* of *Glamis*;
But how of *Cawdor*? The *Thane* of *Cawdor* lives,
A prosperous Gentleman: and to be King,
Stands not within the prospect of belief,

No

of **MACBETH.** 9

No more than to be *Cawdor*. Say from whence
You owe this strange Intelligence? or why,
Upon this blasted Heath you stop our way,
With such Prophetick Greeting? ———

Speak, I charge you. [*Witches vanish.*]

Ban. The Earth hath bubbles, as the Water has;
And these are of them: Whither are they vanish'd?

Macb. Into the Air: and what seem'd corporal,
Melted, as breath into the Wind.

Would they had staid.

Ban. Were such things here, as we do speak
Or have we eaten of the insane Root, [about?
That takes the Reason Prisoner?

Macb. Your Children shall be Kings.

Ban. You shall be King. [so?

Macb. And *Thane* of *Cawdor* too; went it not

Ban. To th' self-same tune, and words. Who's
here?

Enter Rosse and Angus.

Rosse. The King hath happily receiv'd, *Macbeth*,
The News of thy Success, and when he reads
Thy personal Venture in the Rebels Fight,
His wonders and his Praises do contend,
Which should be thine or his. Silenc'd with that,
In viewing o'er the rest o' th' self-same day,
He finds thee in the stout *Norwegian* Ranks,
Nothing afraid, of what thy self didst make,
Strange Images of Death. As thick as Tale
Came Post with Post, and every one did bear
Thy Praises in his Kingdoms great Defence,
And pour'd them down before him.

Ang. We are sent,
To give thee, from our Royal Master, thanks,
Only to Herald thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.

A. 5

Rosse.

10 THE TRAGEDY

Rosse. And for an earnest of a greater Honour,
He bad me, from him, call thee *Thane of Cawdor*;
In which Addition, hail, most worthy *Thane*!
For it is thine.

Ban. What, can the Devil speak true?

Macb. The *Thane of Cawdor* lives;
Why do you dress me in his borrowed Robes?

Ang. Who was the *Thane*, lives yet;
But under heavy Judgment bears that Life,
Which he deserves to lose.

Whether he was combin'd with those of *Norway*,
Or else did line the Rebel with hidden help,
And vantage; or that with both he labour'd
In his Country's wrack, I know not:
But Treasons Capital, confess'd, and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.

Macb. *Glamis*, and *Thane of Cawdor*! [*Aside.*
The greatest is behind. Thanks for your pains.
[*To Angus.*
Do you not hope your Children shall be Kings?
[*To Banquo.*

When those that gave the *Thane of Cawdor* to me,
Promis'd no less to them?

Ban. That trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you into the Crown,
Besides the *Thane of Cawdor*. But 'tis strange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The Instruments of darkness tell us Truths,
Win us with honest Trifles, to betray's
In deepest Consequence.

Cousins, a word, I pray you.

[*To Rosse and Angus.*

Macb. Two Truths are told, [*Aside.*
As happy Prologues to the swelling Act
Of the imperial Theam. I thank you, Gentlemen—
This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good— If ill;

Why

Why hath it given me earnest of Success,
Commencing in a Truth? I am *Thane of Cawdor*.
If good; Why do I yield to that Suggestion,
Whose horrid Image doth unfix my Hair,
And make my seated Heart knock at my Ribs,
Against the use of Nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings:
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single State of Man,
That Function is smother'd in surmise,
And nothing is, but what is not.

Ban. Look how our Partner's rapt.

Macb. If Chance will have me King, why
Chance may crown me [*Aside.*
Without my fit.

Ban. New Honours come upon him,
Like our strange Garments, cleave not to their
But with the aid of use. [*mould,*

Macb. Come what come may,
Time and the Hour runs thro' the roughest Day.

Ban. Worthy *Macbeth*, we stay upon your lei-

Macb. Give me your Favour: [*sure.*
My dull Brain was wrought with things forgotten.
Kind Gentlemen, your Pains are registred,
Where every Day I turn the Leaf to read them.
Let us toward the King. Think upon [*To Banquo.*
What hath chanc'd, and at more time,
The *interim* having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free Hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Macb. 'Till then enough:
Come, Friends. [*Exeunt.*

12 THE TRAGEDY

SCENE IV. *A Palace.*

Flourish. Enter King, Malcolme, Donalbain, Lenox, and Attendants.

King. Is Execution done on *Cawdor*?
Are not those in Commission yet return'd?

Mal. My Liege, they are not yet come back.
But I have spoke with one that saw him die;
Who did report, that very frankly he
Confess'd his Treasons, implor'd your Highness
And set forth a deep Repentance. [pardon,
Nothing in his Life became him,
Like the leaving it. He dy'd,
As one that had been studied in his Death,
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,
As 'twere a careless trifle.

King. There's no Art,
To find the Minds Construction in the Face:
He was a Gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Rosse and Angus.

O worthiest Cousin!
The Sin of my Ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me. Thou art so far before,
That swiftest wind of Recompence is slow,
To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less deserv'd,
That the Proportion both of Thanks and Payment,
Might have been mine: Only I have left to say,
More is thy due, than more than all can pay.

Macb. The Service and the Loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays it self.

Your Highness part is to receive our Duties;

And

And our Duties are to your Throne and State,
Children and Servants; which do but what they
should,

By doing every thing safe toward your Love
And Honour.

King. Welcome hither:

I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing. Noble *Banquo*,
That hast no less deserv'd, and must be known,
No less to have done so: Let me enfold thee,
And hold thee to my Heart.

Ban. There if I grow,
The Harvest is your own.

King. My plenteous Joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of Sorrow. Sons, Kinsman, *Thanes*;
And you, whose Places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our Estate upon
Our eldest, *Malcom*, whom we name hereafter,
The Prince of *Cumberland*: Which Honour must
Not unaccompanied, invest him only;
But signs of Nobleness, like Stars shall shine
On all Deservers. From hence to *Invernes*,
And bind us further to you. [you;

Macb. The Rest is labour, which is notus'd for
I'll be my self the Harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my Wife with your approach;
So humbly take my leave.

King. My worthy *Cawdor*!

Macb. The Prince of *Cumberland*! — that is a step,
On which I must fall down, or else o'er-leap,
[*Aside.*

For in my way it lies. Stars hide your Fires,
Let not Light see my black and deep desires;
The Eye wink at the Hand; yet let that be,
Which the Eye fears, when it is done, to see.

[*Exit.*
King.

14 THE TRAGEDY

King. True, worthy Banquo; he is full so valiant,
 And in his Commendations I am fed;
 It is a Banquet to me. Let's after him,
 Whose care is gone before, to bid us welcome:
 It is a peerless Kinsman. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *An Apartment in Macbeths Castle.*

Enter Lady Macbeth alone reading a Letter.

Lady. They met me in the Day of Success;
 and I have learn'd by the perfect'st
 Report, they have more in them, than mortal
 Knowledge. When I burnt in desire to
 question them further, they made themselves
 Air, into which they vanish'd. Whiles I
 stood rapt in the wonder of it, came Missives
 from the King, who all hail'd me
 Thane of Cawdor; by which Title before,
 these weyward Sisters saluted me, and re-
 ferr'd me to the coming on of time, with
 hail King that shalt be. This have I thought
 good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of
 Greatness, that thou might'st not lose the
 dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what
 Greatness is promis'd thee. Lay it to thy
 Heart, and farewell.

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor — and shalt be
 What thou art promis'd. Yet I do fear thy Nature,
 It is too full o'th' Milk of human Kindness,
 To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great;
 Art not without Ambition, but without
 The Illness should attend it. What thou wouldst
 highly, That

That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
 And yet wouldst wrongly win.
 Thou'dst have, great *Glamis*, that which cries,
 Thus thou must do if thou have it;
 And that which rather thou dost fear to do,
 Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither,
 That I may pour my Spirits in thine Ear,
 And chastise with the Valour of my Tongue
 All that thee hinders from the Golden Round,
 Which Fate and Metaphisical aid doth seem
 To have thee crown'd withal.

Enter Messenger.

What is your Tidings?

Mes. The King comes here to-night.

Lady. Thou'rt mad to say it.

Is not thy Master with him? who, wer't so,
 Would have inform'd for Preparation.

Mes. So please, you, it is true: Our *Thane*
 is coming,

One of my Fellows had the speed of him;
 Who almost dead for Breath, had scarcely more
 Than would make up his Message.

Lady. Give him tending,
 He brings great News. The Raven himself is hoarse,
 [*Exit Messenger.*

That croaks the fatal entrance of *Duncan*
 Under my Battlements. Come you Spirits,
 That tend on mortal Thoughts, unsex me here,
 And fill me from the Crown to the Toe, top-full
 Of direst Cruelty; make thick my Blood,
 Stop up the access and passage to Remorse,
 That no compunctious visitings of Nature
 Shake my fell Purpose, nor keep Peace between
 Th'effect, and it. Come to my Womans Breast,
 And take my Milk for Gall, you murth'ring Mini-
 sters. Whc-

16 THE TRAGEDY

Where-ever in your sightless Substance,
 You wait on Natures Mischief. Come, thick Night;
 And pall thee in the dunnest Smoak of Hell,
 That my keen Knife see not the wound it makes,
 Nor Heav'n peep through the Blanket of the dark,
 To cry, hold, hold.

Enter Macbeth.

Great Glamis ! worthy Cawdor !

Greater than both, by the all hail hereafter. [*Embracing him,*
 Thy Letters have transported me beyond
 This ignorant present, and I feel now
 The future in the instant.

Macb. My dearest Love,
 Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady. And when goes hence ?

Macb. To-morrow, as he purposes.

Lady. O never
 Shall Sun that Morrow see.
 Your Face, my *Thane*, is as a Book, where Men
 May read strange Matters to beguile the time.
 Look like the time, bear welcome in your Eye,
 Your Hand, your Tongue; look like the inno-
 cent Flower,

But be the Serpent under't. He that's coming,
 Must be provided for; and you shall put
 This Night's great Business into my dispatch,
 Which shall to all our Nights and Days to come,
 Give solely sovereign Sway and Masterdom.

Macb. We will speak further.

Lady. Only look up clear:
 To alter Favour ever is to fear.
 Leave all the rest to me.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E

SCENE VI. *The Castle Gate.*

Hautboys and Torches. Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain, Banquo, Lenox, Macduff, Rosse, Angus, and Attendants.

King. This Castle hath a pleasant Seat; the Air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends it self
Unto our gentle Senses.

Ban. This Guest of Summers,
The Temple-haunting Martlet does approve,
By his lov'd Mansionry, that the Heav'ns breath,
Smells wooingly here: There's no jutting frieze,
Buttrice, nor coigne of vantage, but this Bird
Hath made this pendant bed, and procreant
Cradle.

Where they most breed, and haunt, I have observ'd,
The Air is delicate.

Enter Lady.

King. See! see, our honour'd Hostess!
The Love that follows us, sometime is our Trouble,
Which still we thank as Love. Herein I teach you,
How you shall bid God-cyld us for your Pains,
And thank us for your Trouble.

Lady. All our Service,
In every point twice done, and then done double;
Were poor, and single Business, to contend
Against those Honours deep, and broad,
Wherewith your Majesty loads our House:
For those of old, and the late Dignities,
Heap'd up to them, we rest your Hermits:

King. Where's the Thane of Cawdor?

B

We

18 THE TRAGEDY

We cours'd him at the Heels , and had a purpose
To be his Purveyor: But he rides well,
And his great Love, sharp as his Spur , hath help
him

To his home before us. Fair and Noble Hostess,
We are your Guest to-night.

Lady. Your Servants ever,
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs in compt,
To make their Audit at your Highness Pleasure,
Still to return your own.

King. Give me your Hand;
Conduct me to mine Host, we love him highly,
And shall continue our Graces towards him.
By your leave, Hostess. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *An Apartment.*

*Hautboys, Torches. Enter divers Servants
with Dishes and Services over the Stage.
Then Macbeth.*

Macb. If it were done, when 'tis done, then
'twere well,
It were done quickly; if the Assassination
Could trammel up the Consequence, and catch
With his surcease, Success; that but this blow
Might be-the be-all, and the end all— here,
But here, upon this Bank and School of time—
We'd jump the Life to come. But in these Cases,
We still have Judgment here, that we but teach
Bloody Instructions, which being taught, return
To plague th'ingredience of our poison'd Chalice
To our own Lips. He's here in double trust;
First, as I am his Kinsman, and his Subject,
Strong both against the Dæd; then, as his Host,
Who should against his Murderer shut the Door,
Not bear the Knife my self. Besides, this *Duncan*,
Hath

of **MACBETH.** 19

Hath born his Faculty so meek; hath been
 So clear in his great Office, that his Virtues
 Will plead like Angels, Trumpet-tongu'd against
 The deep Damnation of his taking off:
 And Pity, like a naked New-born Babe,
 Striding the Blast, or Heavens Cherubin, hors'd
 Upon the sightless Curriers of the Air,
 Shall blow the horrid deed in every Eye,
 That Tears shall drown the Wind. I have no Sput
 To prick the sides of my Intent, but only
 Vaulting Ambition, which o'er-leaps it self,
 And falls on th'other —

Enter Lady.

How now! What news!

Lady. He has almost sup'd; why have you left

Macb. Hath he ask'd for me? [the Chamber?

Lady. Know you not, he has? [Business.

Macb. We will proceed no further in this
 He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
 Golden Opinions from all sorts of People,
 Which would be worn now in their newest Gloss,
 Not cast aside so soon.

Lady. Was the hope drunk,
 Wherein you drest your self? Hath it slept since?
 And wakes it now to look so green and pale,
 At what it did so freely? From this time,
 Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid
 To be the same in thine own Act, and Valour,
 As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that
 Which thou esteem'st the Ornament of Life,
 And live a Coward in thine own Esteem?
 Letting I dare not, wait upon I would,
 Like the poor Cat i'th' Adage.

Macb. Prethee, Peace:

I dare do all that may become a Man;

B 2

Who

20 THE TRAGEDY

Who dares do more is none.

Lady. What Beast was't then,
That made you break this entreprize to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a Man,
And to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the Man. Not time, nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They have made themselves, and that their fit-
ness now

Do's unmake you. I have given Suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the Babe that milks me—
I would, while it was smiling in my Face,
Have pluckt my Nipple from his boneless Gums,
And dash't the Brains out, had I but so sworn
As you have done to this.

Macb. If we should fail? —

Lady. We fail!

But screw your Courage to the sticking Place;
And we'll not fail. When *Duncan* is asleep,
(Whereto the rather shall his days hard Journey
Soundly invite him) his two Chamberlains
Will I with Wine and Wassel, so convince,
That Memory, the warder of the Brain,
Shall be a Fume, and the receipt of Reason
A Limbeck only. When in swinish sleep,
Their drenched Natures lye as in a Death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
Th' unguarded *Duncan*? What, not put upon
His spongy Officers, who shall bear the Guilt
Of our great Quell!

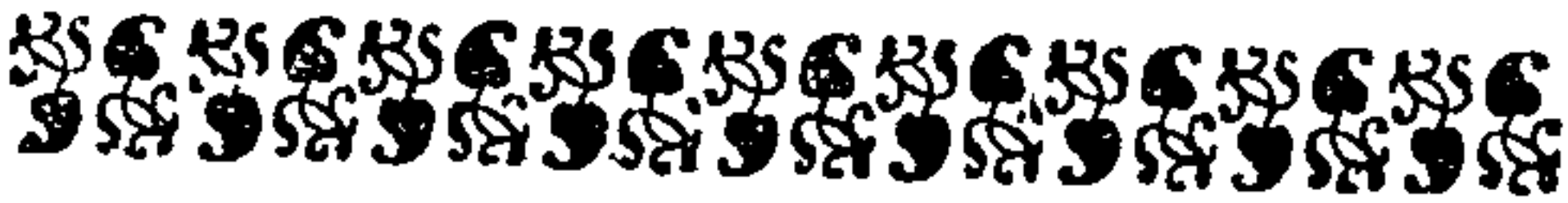
Macb. Bring forth Men-Children only:
For thy undaunted Metal should compose
Nothing but Males. Will it not be receiv'd,
When we have mark'd with Blood those sleepy two
Of his own Chamber, and us'd their very Daggers,
That they have don't?

Lady. Who dares receive it other,

As

As we shall make our Griefs and Clamour roar,
Upon his Death?

Macb. I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal Agent to this terrible Feat;
Away, and mock the time with fairest show,
False Face must hide what the false Heart doth
know. [*Exeunt.*



A C T. I I.

S C E N E I. *a Hall.*

*Enter Banquo, and Fleance, with a Torch
before him.*

Banquo.

How goes the Night, Boy?

Fle. The Moon is down: I have not heard
the Clock.

Ban. And she goes down at Twelve.

Fle. I take't 'tis later, Sir, [*in Heaven,*

Ban. Hold, take my Sword; there's Husbandry
Their Candles are all out. — Take thee that too.
A heavy Summons Iyes like Lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep. Merciful Powers
Restrain in me the cursed Thoughts, that Nature
Gives way to in repose.

Give me my Sword: Who's there?

Enter Macbeth, and a Servant with a Torch.

Macb. A Friend. [*bed,*

Ban. What, Sir, not yet at rest? The King's a-

22 THE TRAGEDY

He hath been in unusual Pleasure ;
 And sent forth a great Largess to your Officers.
 This Diamond he greets your Wife withal,
 By the Name of most kind Hostess,
 And shut it up in measureless Content.

Macb. Being unprepar'd,
 Our Will became the Servant to defect,
 Which else should free have wrought.

Ban. All's well.
 I dreamt last Night of the three weyward Sisters ;
 To you they have shew'd some Truth.

Macb. I think not of them ;
 Yet when we can intreat an Hour to serve,
 We would spend it in some Words upon that Bu-
 siness,

If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind Leisure.

Macb. If you shall cleave to my Consent, when
 It shall make Honour for you. ['tis,

Ban. So I lose none,
 In seeking to augment it, but still keep
 My Bosom franchis'd, and Allegiance clear,
 I shall be counsell'd.

Macb. Good Repose the while.

Ban. Thanks, Sir ; the like to you.

[*Exit Banquo.*

Macb. Go, bid thy Mistress, when my Drink
 is ready,
 She strike upon the Bell. Get thee to bed.

[*Exit Servant.*

Is this a Dagger which I see before me,
 The Handle toward my Hand ? Come let me
 clutch thee——

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still :
 Art thou not, fatal Vision, sensible
 To feeling, as to sight ? Or art thou but
 A Dagger of the Mind, a false Creation,

Pro-

Proceeding from the heat-oppresſed Brain ?
 I ſee thee yet, in form, as palpable
 As this which now I draw.
 Thou marshal'ſt me the way that I was going ;
 And ſuch an Inſtrument I was to uſe.
 Mine Eyes are made the Fools o'th' other Senſes,
 Or elſe worth all the reſt — I ſee thee ſtill,
 And on thy Blade, and Dudgeon, Gouts of Blood,
 Which was not ſo before. There's no ſuch thing —
 It is the bloody Buſineſs, which informs
 Thus to mine Eyes. Now o'er the one half world
 Nature ſeems dead, and wicked Dreams abuſe
 The curtain'd ſleep ; now Witchcraft celebrates
 Pale *Hecates* Offerings ; and wither'd Murther,
 Alarum'd by his Sentinel, the Wolf, [pace,
 Whoſe howl's his Watch, thus with his ſtealthy
 With *Tarquins* raviſhing ſides, towards his Deſign
 Moves like a Gholt. Thou ſour and firm-ſet Earth,
 Hear not my ſteps, which way they walk, for fear
 Thy very Stones prate of my where-about,
 And take the preſent Horror from the time,
 Which now ſuits with it. Whiſt I threat, he lives ;
 Words to the heat of Deeds too cold breath gives.
 [*A Bell rings.*

I go, and it is done ; the Bell invites me.
 Hear it not, *Duncan*, for it is a Knell,
 That ſummons thee to Heaven, or to Hell.

[*Exit.*

Enter Lady.

Lady. That which hath made them drunk, hath
 made me bold : [Hark ! Peace !
 What hath quencht them, hath given me Fire.
 It was the Owl that ſtrick'd, the fatall Bell-Man,
 Which gives the ſtern'ſt good Night — He is about
 it —

24 THE TRAGEDY

The Doors are open ; and the surfeited Grooms
 Do mock their Charge with Snores ; I have drugg'd
 their Possets ,
 That Death and Nature do contend about them ,
 Whether they live or die.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Who's there ? What ho ? —

Lady. Alack ! I am afraid they have awak'd ,
 And 'tis not done ; the Attempt , and not the Deed
 Confounds us — Hark ! — I laid their Daggers ready ,
 He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled
 My Father as he slept , I had don't — My Husband !

Macb. I have done the deed — Didst not thou
 hear a Noise ? [cry.

Lady. I heard the Owl scream , and the Crickets
 Did not you speak ?

Macb. When ?

Lady. Now.

Macb. As I descended ?

Lady. Ay.

Macb. Hark ! — who lyes i'th' second Chamber ?

Lady. Donalbaine.

Macb. This is a sorry sight.

Lady. A foolish thought , to say a sorry sight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in's sleep , and one
 cry'd Murther , [heard them ;
 That they did wake each other ; I stood , and
 But they did say their Prayers , and address them
 Again to sleep.

Lady. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cry'd , God bless us , and Amen
 the other ,

As they had seen me with these Hangmans Hands :
 Listning their Fear , I could not say Amen ,
 When they did say , God bless us.

Lady.

of MACBETH.

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Lady. Consider it not so deeply. Amen?

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce
I had most need of Blessing, and Amen stuck in
my Throat.

Lady. These Deeds must not be thought, after
these ways;

So, it will make us mad. [no more;

Macb. Methought I heard a Voice cry, Sleep
Macbeth does murder sleep, the innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravel'd Sleeve of Care,
The Death of each days Life, sore Labours Bath,
Balm of hurt Minds, great Natures second Course,
Chief Nourisher in Life's Feast.

Lady. What do you mean? [Houle;

Macb. Still it cry'd, Sleep no more, to all the
Glamis hath murder'd Sleep, and therefore *Caw-*
dor

Shall sleep no more; *Macbeth* shall sleep no more.

Lady. Who was it that thus cry'd? Why,
worthy *Thane*,

You do unbend your noble Strength, to think
So brain-sickly of things; go, get some Water,
And wash this filthy Witness from your Hand.
Why did you bring these Daggers from the place?
They must lye there. Go, carry them, and smear
The sleepy Grooms with Blood.

Macb. I'll go no more:

I am afraid, to think what I have done:
Look on't again, I dare not.

Lady. Infirm of purpose:

Give me the Daggers; the sleeping and the dead;
Are but as Pictures; 'tis the Eye of Child-hood,
That fears a painted Devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the Faces of the Grooms withal,
For it must seem their Guilt. [Exit.

Knock within.

Macb. Whence is that Knocking? [*Starting.*
How is't with me, when every noise appalls me?
What Hands are here? Hah! they pluck out
mine Eyes!

Will all great *Neptunes* Ocean wash this Blood
Clean from my Hand? No, this my Hand will ra-
The multitudinous Seas incarnadine, [*ther*
Making the green one red.

Enter Lady.

Lady. My Hands are of your Colour; but I
shame

To wear a Heart so white. [*Knock.*

I hear a Knocking at the South Entry;
Retire we to our Chamber.

A little Water clears us of this deed;
How easie is it then? Your Constancy
Hath left you unattended.

Hark, more Knocking. [*Knock.*

Get on your Night-Gown, lest occasion call us,
And shew us to be Watchers; be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed, [*Knock.*
'Twere best not know my self.

Wake *Duncan* with this Knocking;
I would thou could'st. [*Exeunt.*

Enter a Porter.

[*Knocking within.*

Port. Here's a Knocking indeed: If a Man
were Porter of Hell-Gate, he should have old tur-
ning the Key. *Knock.* Knock, knock, knock.
Who's

Who's there, i'th' name of *Belzebub* ? Here's a Farmer, that hang'd himself on th' expectation of Plenty: Come in time, have Napkins enough about you, here you'll sweat for't. *Knock.* Knock, knock, Who's there in th' other Devils Name ? Faith, here's an Equivocator, that could swear in both the Scales, against either Scale; who committed Treason enough for Gods sake, yet could not equivocate to Heaven: Oh come in, Equivocator. *Knock.* Knock, knock, knock. Who's there ? Faith, here's an *English* Taylor come hither for stealing out of a *French* Hose: Come in, Taylor, here you may roast your Goose. *Knock.* Knock, knock, never at quiet! What are you? But this place is too cold for Hell, I'll Devil-Porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all Professions, that go the Primrose way to th' everlasting Bonfire. *Knock.* Anon, anon, I pray you remember the Porter.

Enter Macduff, and Lenox.

Macd. Was is so late, Friend, ere you went That you do lye so late? [to bed,

Port. Faith, Sir, we were carousing 'till the second Cock: [things.

And Drink, Sir, is a great Provoker of three

Macd. What three things does Drink especially provoke ?

Port. Marry, Sir, Nose-painting, Sleep, and Urine. Letchery, Sir, it provokes, and unprovokes; it provokes, the Desire, but it takes away the Performance. Therefore much Drink may be said to be an Equivocator with Letchery; it makes him, and it mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it perswades him, and disheartens him; makes him stand to, and not stand to; in Conclusion,

28 THE TRAGEDY

tion, equivocates him into a sleep, and giving him the Lie, leaves him.

Macd. I believe Drink gave thee the Lie last Night.

Port. That it did, Sir, i' the very Throat on me; but I requited him for his Lie, and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my Legs sometimes, yet I made a shift to cast him.

Macd. Is thy Master stirring?

Enter Macbeth.

Our Knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

Len. Good Morrow, Noble Sir.

Macb. Good Morrow both.

Macd. Is the King stirring, worthy *Thane*?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him; I have almost slipt the Hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know this is a joyful trouble to you: But yet 'tis one.

Macb. The labour we delight in, physicks pain; This is the Door.

Macd. I'll make so bold to call, for 'tis my limited Service. [Exit Macduff.]

Len. Goes the King hence to day?

Macb. He does; he did appoint so.

Len. The Night has been unruly; where we lay Our Chimneys were blown down. And, as they say,

[Death, Lamentings heard i'th' Air, strange screams of And Prophesying, with Accents terrible, Of dire Combustions, and confus'd Events, New hatch'd to th' woful time.

The obscure Bir'd clamor'd the lieve-long Night,
Some

Some say the Earth was Feaverous, and did shake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough Night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it:

Enter Macduff.

Macd. O horror! horror! horror!

Tongue nor Heart cannot conceive, nor name thee—

Macb. and Len. What's the Matter?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his Master—
Most sacrilegious Murther hath broke ope [piece.
The Lords anointed Temple, and stole thence
The Life o'th' Building.

Macb. What is't you say? the Life? —

Len. Mean you his Majesty? —

Macd. Approach the Chamber; and destroy
your sight

With a new-Gorgon. Do not bid me speak;
See, and then speak your selves: Awake! awake! —

[*Exeunt Macbeth and Lenox.*

Macd. Ring the Alarum Bell. — Murther!
and Treason! —

Banquo, and Donalbaine! Malcolme! awake!
Shake off this downy Sleep, Deaths Counterfeit,
And look on Death it self — up, up, and see
The great Dooms Image! *Malcome! Banquo!*
As from your Graves rise up, and walk like Sprights,
To countenance this horror. Ring the Bell —

Bell Rings. Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady. What's the Business?

That such a hideous Trumpet calls to parley:
The Sleepers of the House? Speak, speak.

Macd. O gentle Lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak;

The

30 THE TRAGEDY

The Repetition in a Womans Ear,
Would murder as it fell.

Enter Banquo.

O *Banquo*, *Banquo*, our Royal Master's murder'd:

Lady. Woe, alas!

What, in our House? —

Ban. Too cruel, any where.

Dear *Duff*, I prithee contradict thy self,

And say, it is not so.

Enter Macbeth, Lenox, and Rosse.

Macb. Had I but dy'd an hour before this chance,
I had liv'd a blessed time: For from this instant,
There's nothing serious in Mortality;
All is but Toys; Renown and Grace is dead;
The Wine of Life is drawn, and the mere Lees
Is left this Vault to brag of.

Enter Malcolme, and Donalbaine.

Don. What is amiss?

Macb. You are, and do not know't;

The Spring, the Head, the Fountain of your Blood
Is stopt; the very Source of it is stopt.

Macd. Your Royal Father's murder'd.

Mal. Oh, by whom? [don't;

Len. Those of his Chamber, as it seem'd, had
Their Hands and Faces were all badg'd with Blood,
So were their Daggers, which unwip'd, we found
Upon their Pillows; they star'd, and were distra-
cted;

No Mans Life was to be trusted with them.

Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them —

Macd,

Macd. Wherefore did you so ?

Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temp'rate,
and furious,
Loyal, and Neutral, in a moment? No Man.
The expedition of my violent Love
Out-run the pauser, Reason. Here lay *Duncan*,
His silver Skin, lac'd with his golden Blood,
And his gash'd Stabs, look'd like a Breach in Nature,
For Ruins wastful entrance; there the Murtherers,
Steep'd in the Colours of their Trade; their
Daggers refrain,
Unmannerly breech'd with gore: Who could
That had a Heart to love, and in that Heart,
Courage, to make's Love known?

Lady. Help me hence, ho! — [*Seeming to faint.*

Macd. Look to the Lady.

Mal. Why do we hold our Tongues,
That most may claim this Argument for ours?

Don. What should be spoken here,
Where our Fate hid within an awger-hole,
May rush, and seize us? Let's away,
Our Tears are not yet brew'd.

Mal. Nor our strong Sorrow
Upon the foot of Motion.

Ban. Look to the Lady:

[*Lady Macbeth is carried out.*

And when we have our naked Frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of Work,
To know it further. Fears and Scruples shake us.
In the great Hand of God I stand, and thence,
Against the un-divulg'd pretence I fight
Of treasonous Malice.

Macb. And so do I.

All. So all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i'th' Hall together

All.

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All. Well contented. [Exeunt.]

Mal. What will you do? Let's not consort with them:

To shew an unfelt Sorrow, is an Office
Which the false Man does easie. I'll to *England*.

Don. To *Ireland*, I; our separated Fortune;
Shall keep us both the safer; where we are,
There's Daggers in Mens Smiles; the near in Blood,
The nearer bloody.

Mal. This murtherous shaft that's shot;
Hath not yet lighted; and our safest way,
Is to avoid the aim. Therefore to Horse:
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away; there's warrant in that Theft,
Which steals it self, when there's no Mercy left.
[Exeunt.]

S C E N E I I.

Enter Rosse, with an Old Man.

Old M. Threescore and ten I can remember well,
Within the Volume of which time, I have seen
Hours dreadful, and things strange; but this fore
Hath trifled former knowings. [Night

Rosse. Ah, good Father, [Act,
Thou seest the Heavens, as troubled with Mans
Threatens his bloody Stage: By th' Clock 'tis Day,
And yet dark-Night strangles the travelling Lamp.
Is't Nights predominance, or the Days shame,
That darkness does the face of Earth intomb,
When living Light should kiss it?

Old M. 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed that's done. On *Tuesday* last,
A Faulcon towring in her pride of Place,
Was by a mousing Owlhawk't at, and kill'd.

Rosse. And *Duncans* Horses,

A thing most strange and certain!
 Beauteous and swift, the Minions of their Race,
 Turn'd wild in nature, broke their Stalls, flung out;
 Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would
 Make War with Mankind.

Old M. 'Tis said, they eat each other.

Rosse. They did so;
 To th'amazement of mine Eyes, that look'd upon't.

Enter Macduff.

Here comes the good *Macduff*.
 How goes the World, Sir, now?

Macd. Why see you not? [Deed?

Rosse. Is't known who did this more than bloody

Macd. Those that *Macbeth* hath slain.

Rosse. Alas the Day!

What good could they pretend?

Macd. They were suborn'd:

Malcolm, and *Donalbain*, the King's two Sons;
 Are stoln away and fled, which puts upon them
 Suspicion of the Deed.

Rosse. 'Gainst Nature still;
 Thriftless Ambition! that will raven upon
 Thine own lives means. Then 'tis most like
 The Sovereignty will fall upon *Macbeth*.

Macd. He is already nam'd, and gone to *Scone*
 To be invested.

Rosse. Where is *Duncans* Body?

Macd. Carried to *Colmeskill*;
 The Sacred Store house of his Predecessors;
 And Guardian of their Bones.

Rosse. Will you to *Scone*?

Macd. No, Cousin, I'll to *Fife*.

Rosse. Well, I will thither. [there; adieu.

Macd. Well, may you see things well done
 Lest our old Robes fit easier than our new.

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Rosse. Farewel, Father. [with those
 Old M. God's benison go with you, Sir, and
 That would make good of bad, and Friends of
 Foes. [Exeunt.



A C T. I I I.

SCENE I. *A Royal Apartment.*

Enter Banquo.

Banquo.

THOU hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
 As the weyward Women promis'd, and I fear
 Thou plaid'st most foully for't: Yet it was said
 It should not stand in thy Posterity,
 But that my self should be the Root, and Father
 Of many Kings. If there come truth from them,
 As upon thee, *Macbeth*, their Speches shine,
 Why by the Verities on thee made good,
 May they not be my Oracles as well,
 And set me up in hope? But hush, no more.

*Trumpets sound. Enter Macbeth as King, Lady
 Macbeth, Lenox, Rosse, Lords and
 Attendants.*

Macb. Here's our chief Guest.
Lady, If he had been forgotten,
 It had been as as a gap in our great Feast,
 And all things unbecoming.

Macb.

Macb. To-night we hold a solemn Supper, Sir,
And I'll request your presence.

Ban. Lay your Highness's
Command upon me, to the which, my Duties
Are with a most indissoluble tye
For ever knit.

Macb. Ride you this Afternoon?

Ban. Ay, my good Lord. [Advice,

Macb. We should have else desir'd your good
Which still hath been both grave and prosperous;
In this Days Council; but we'll take to Morrow.
Is't far you ride?

Ban. As far, my Lord, as will fill up the time
'Twi'th this and Supper: go not my Horse the better;
I must become a borrower of the Night,
For a dark hour or twain.

Macb. Fail not our Feast:

Ban. My Lord, I will not. [bestow'd

Macb. We hear, our bloody Cousins are
In *England*, and in *Ireland*, not confessing
Their cruel Parricide; filling their hearers
With strange Invention; but of that to Morrow;
When therewithal we shall have cause of State,
Craving us jointly. Hie you to Horse:
Adieu, 'till you return at Night.

Goes *Fleance* with you? [upon's.

Ban. Ay, my good Lord; our time does call

Macb. I wish your Horses swift, and sure of
Foot:

And so I do commend you to their Backs.

Farewel. [Exit Banquo.

Let every Man be master of his Time,

'Till seven at Night, to make Society

The sweeter welcome: We will keep our self

'Till Supper time alone: While then, God be
with you.

[Exeunt Lady Macbeth, and Lords.

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[To a Servant.]
 Sirrah, a word with you: Attend those Men
 Our pleasure? [Gate.]

Ser. They are, my Lord, without the Palace
Macb. Bring them before us. [Exit Servant.]

To be thus, is nothing,
 But to be safely thus: Our fears in *Banquo*
 Stick deep; and in his Royalty of Nature
 Reigns that which would be fear'd. 'Tis much
 he dares,

And to that dauntless temper of his Mind,
 He hath a Wisdom that doth guide his Valour,
 To act in safety. There is none but he,
 Whose being I do fear: And under him,
 My Genius is rebuk'd; as it is said

Mark Antonys was by *Cæsar*. He chid the Sisters,
 When first they put the Name of King upon me,
 And bad them speak to him; then Prophet like,
 They hail'd him Father to a line of Kings.

Upon my Head, they plac'd a fruitless Crown,
 And put a barren Scepter in my Gripe,
 Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal Hand,
 No Son of mine succeeding. If't be so,

For *Banquo's* Issue have I fil'd my Mind,
 For them, the gracious *Duncan* have I murther'd,
 Put Raucors in the Vessel of my Peace

Only for them, and mine Eternal Jewel
 Given to the common Enemy of Man;

To make them Kings, the Seed of *Banquo* Kings;
 Rather than so, come Fate into the List,
 And Champion me to th' utterance —

Who's there?

Enter Servant, and two Murtherers.

Now go to the Door, and stay there 'til we call.

[Exit Servant.]

Was

Was it not Yesterday we spoke together?

Mur. It was, so please your Highness.

Macb. Well then,

Now have you consider'd of my Speeches? Know
That it was he, in the times past, which held you
So under Fortune, which you thought had been
Our innocent self; this I made good to you,
In our last Conference; past in probation with you,
How you were born in hand, how crost, the
Instruments, [that might
Who wrought with them: And all things else
To half a Soul, and to a Notion craz'd,
Say, thus did *Banquo*.

Mur. You made it known to us.

Macb. I did so; and went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your Nature,
That you can let this go? Are you so Gospell'd
To pray for this good Man, and for his Issue,
Whose heavy Hand hath bow'd you to the Grave,
And beggar'd yours for ever?

Mur. We are Men, my Liege.

Macb. Ay, in the Catalogue ye go for Men;
As Hounds, and Greyhounds, Mungtels, Spa-
niels, Curs, [clipt
Showghes, Water-Rugs, and Demy-Wolves are
All by the Name of Dogs; the valued file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The House-Keeper, the Hunter, every one
According to the Gift, which bounteous Nature
Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the Bill,
That writes them all alike: and so of Men.
Now, if you have a station in the file,
And not in the worst rank of Manhood, say it;
And I will put the business in your Bosoms,
Whose Execution takes your Enemy off;

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Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our Health but sickly in his Life,
Which in his Death were perfect.

2 *Mur.* I am one, my Liege,
Whom the vile Blows and Buffets of the World
Have so incens'd that I am reckless what
I do, to spite the World.

1 *Mur.* And I another,
So weary with Disasters, tugg'd with Fortune,
That I would set my Life on any Chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.

Macb. Both of you
Know *Banquo* was your Enemy.

Mur. True, my Lord.

Macb. So is he mine; and in such bloody distance,
That every Minute of his being thrusts
Against my near't of Life; and though I could
With bare fac'd Power sweep him from my sight,
And bid my will avouch it; yet I must not,
For certain Friends that are both his, and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall,
Who I myself struck down: and thence it is,
That I to your assistance do make love,
Masking the business from the common Eye,
For sundry weighty Reasons.

2 *Mur.* We shall, my Lord,
Perform what you command us.

1 *Mur.* Though our Lives—

Macb. Your Spirits shine through you.
Within this Hour, at most,
I will advise you where to plant your selves,
Acquaint you with the perfect Spy o'th' time,
The moment on't, for't must be done to-night,
And something from the Palace: always thought,
That I require a clearness; and with him,
To leave no Rubs nor Botches in the Work,
Fleance, his Son, that keeps him company,

Who-

Whose absence is no less material to me,
Than is his Fathers, must embrace the fate
Of that dark Hour. Resolve your selves apart,
I'll come to you anon.

Mur. We are resolv'd, my Lord.

Macb. I'll call upon you straight; abide within.
It is concluded; *Banquo*, thy Souls flight;
If it find Heav'n, must find it out to-night.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Lady Macbeth, and a Servant.

Lady. Is *Banquo* gone from Court?

Serv. Ay, Madam, but returns again to-night.

Lady. Say to the King, I would attend his leisure,
For a few words.

Serv. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*]

Lady. Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:
'Tis safer, to be that which we destroy,
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter Macbeth.

How now, my Lord, why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest Fancies your Companions making?
Using those Thoughts, which should indeed have
dy'd

With them they think on; things without all remedy
Should be without regard; what's done, is done.

Macb. We have scorch'd the Snake, not kill'd
it: [*lice*]

She'll close, and be her self, whilst our poor Ma-
Remains in danger of her former Tooth.

But let the frame of things disjoint,

Both the Worlds suffer,

Ere we will eat our Meal in fear, and sleep

40 THE TRAGEDY

In the affliction of these terrible Dreams,
 That shake us nightly: Better be with the dead,
 Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,
 Than on the torture of the Mind to lie
 In restless extasie. *Duncan* is in his Grave;
 After Lives fitful Fever, he sleeps well:
 Treason has done his worst; nor Steel nor Poison,
 Malice Domestick, Foreign Levy, nothing
 Can touch him further.

Lady. Come on;

Gentle, my Lord, sleek o'er your rugged Looks,
 Be bright and jovial 'mong your Guests to-night.

Macb. So shall I, Love, and so I pray be you;
 Let your remembrance still apply to *Banquo*,
 Present him Eminence, both with Eye and
 Tongue: [nours

Unsafe the while, that we must lave our Ho-
 In these so flattering streams,
 And make our Faces Vizards to our Hearts,
 Disguising what they are.

Lady. You must leave this. [Wife!

Macb. O, full of Scorpions is my Mind dear
 Thou know'st, that *Banquo* and his *Fleance* lives.

Lady. But in them, Natures Copy's not eterne.

Macb. There's comfort yet, they are assailable:
 Then be thou jocund; ere the Bat hath flown
 His Cloyster'd flight, ere to black *Hecates* Sum-
 mons

The shard-born Beetle, with his drowsie hums,
 Hath rung Nights yawning Peal, there shall be done
 A deed of dreadful note.

Lady. What's to be done? [rest Chuck,

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dea-
 'Till thou applaud the deed: Come, sealing Night,
 Scarf up the tender Eye of pitiful Day,
 And with thy Bloody and invisible Hand
 Cancel and tear to pieces that great Bond,

Which

Which keeps me pale. Light thickens, and the
 Makes Wing to th' Rooky Wood: [Crow
 Good things of Day begin to droop, and drowze,
 Whiles Nights black Agents to their Preys do
 rowze.

Thou marvell'st at my words; but hold thee still:
 Things bad begun, make strong themselves by ill;
 So prithee go with me. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *A Park, the Castle at
 a Distance.*

Enter three Murtherers.

1 *Mur.* But who did bid thee join with us?

3 *Mur.* *Macbeth.* [livers

2 *Mur.* He needs not our mistrust, since he de-
 Our Offices, and what we have to do,
 To the direction just.

1 *Mur.* Then stand with us.
 The West yet glimmers with some streaks of Day.
 Now spurs the latest Traveller apace,
 To gain the timely Inn, and near approaches
 The subject of our Watch.

3 *Mur.* Hark, I hear Horses.

Banquo within. Give us a Light there, ho.

2 *Mur.* Then 'tis he:
 The rest, that are within the note of expectation,
 Already are i'th' Court.

1 *Mur.* His Horses go about.

3 *Mur.* Almost a Mile: but he does usually,
 So all Men do from hence to th' Palace Gate,
 Make it their walk.

Enter Banquo and Fleance, with a Torch.

2 *Mur.* A Light, a Light.

C 5

3 *Mur.*

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3 *Mur.* 'Tis he.

1 *Mur.* Stand to't.

Ban. It will be rain to-night.

1 *Mur.* Let it come down.

[*They fall upon Banquo and kill him; in the scuffle Fleance escapes.*]

Ban. O, Treachery!

Fly, good *Fleance*, fly; fly, fly,

Thou may'st revenge. O Slave! [Dies.]

3 *Mur.* Who did strike out the Light?

1 *Mur.* Was't not the way?

3 *Mur.* There's but one down; the Son is fled.

2 *Mur.* We have lost

Best half of our Affair.

1 *Mur.* Well, let's away, and say how much is done. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *A Room of State.*

A Banquet prepar'd. Enter Macbeth, Lady, Rosse, Lenox, Lords, and Attendants.

Macb. You know your own Degrees, sit down:
At first and last, the hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your Majesty.

Macb. Our self will mingle with Society,
And play the humble Host:

Our Hostess keeps her State, but in the best time
We will require her welcome. [They sit.]

Lady. Pronounce it for me, Sir, to all our Friends.
For my Heart speaks, they are welcome.

Macb. See they encounter thee with their Hearts
thanks,

Both sides are even; here I'll sit i'th' mid'st.

Be large in Mirth, anon we'll drink a Measure
The Table round.

En.

Enter first Murtherer.

There's Blood upon thy Face.

[*To the Mur.*

Mur. 'Tis *Banquo's* then.

Macb. 'Tis better thee without, than he within.
Is he dispatch'd? [for him.

Mur. My Lord, his Throat is cut, that I did

Macb. Thou art the best o'th' Cut-throats; yet
he's good,

That did the like for *Fleance*: if thou did'st it,
Thou art the Non-pareil.

Mur. Most Royal Sir,
Fleance is 'scap'd.

Macb. Then comes my Fit again:
I had else been perfect;

Whole as the Marble, founded as the Rock,

As broad, and general, as the casing Air:

But now I am cabin'd, crib'd, confin'd, bound in
To sawcy doubts and fears. But *Banquo's* safe?—

Mur. Ay, my good Lord: safe in a Ditch he
bides,

With twenty trenched gashes on his Head;
The least a Death to Nature.

Macb. Thanks for that
There the grown Serpent lyes, the Worm that's fled
Hath Nature, that in time will Venom breed,
No Teeth for th'present. Get thee gone, to morrow
We'll hear our selves again. [*Exit Murtherer.*

Lady. My Royal Lord,
You do not give the Cheer; the Feast is sold
That is not often vouched, while 'tis making:
'Tis given with welcome; to feed were best at home;
From thence, the Sawce to Meat is Ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.

Macb. Sweet Remembrancer!

Now

4 THE TRAGEDY

Now good Digestion wait on Appetite,
And Health on both.

Len. May't please your Highness, sit.

Macb. Here had we now our Countrys Honour,
roof'd,

Were the grac'd Person of our *Banquo* present;
Who may I rather challenge for Unkindness,
Than pity for Mischance. [place.

[The Ghost of Banquo rises and sits in Macbeth's
Rosse. His absence, Sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Pleas't your Highness
To grace us with your Royal Company?

Macb. The Table's full. Starting.

Len. Here is a place reserv'd, Sir.

Macb. Where?

Len. Here, my good Lord.

What is't that moves your Highness?

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good Lord?

Macb. Thou canst not say I did it: never shake
Thy goary Locks at me.

Rosse. Gentlemen rise, his Highness is not well.

Lady. Sit, worthy Friends, my Lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth. Pray you keep seat;
The fit is momentary, upon a thought

He will again be well. If much you note him

You shall offend him, and extend his Passion,

Feed, and regard him not. Are you a Man?

[To Macbeth.

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on
Which might appall the Devil. [that

Lady. O, proper stuff!

This is the very painting of your fear;

This is the Air-drawn-Dagger which you said

Led you to *Duncan*. O, these flaws and starts,

Impostors to true fear, would well become

A Womans story at a Winters Fire,

Authoriz'd by her Grandam: shame it self! —

Why

Why do you make such Faces? when all's done
You look but on a stool.

Macb. Prithee see there :
Behold! look! loe! how say you!

[*Pointing to the Ghost:*
Why, what care I, if thou canst nod, speak too.
If Charnel-Houses, and our Graves must send
Those that we bury, back; our Monuments
Shall be the Maws of Kites.

[*The Ghost vanishes:*
Lady. What? quite unmann'd in Folly?

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady. Fie for shame. [*time,*

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i'th' olden
Ere humane Statue purg'd the gentle Weal;
Ay, and since too, Murthers have been perform'd
Too terrible for the Ear. The times have been,
That when the Brains were out, the Man would die,
And there an end; But now they rise again
With twenty mortal Murthers on their Crowns,
And push us from our Stools. This is more strange
Than such a Murther is.

Lady. My worthy Lord,
Your Noble Friends do lack you.

Macb. I do forget—

Do not muse at me, my most worthy Friends;
I have a strange Infirmary, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, Love and Health
to all, [*full—*

Then I'll sit down: Give me some Wine, fill
I drink to th' general joy of the whole Table,
And to our dear Friend *Banquo*, whom we miss;
Would he were here; to all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all.

[*As he is drinking, the Ghost rises again
just before him.*

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Macb.

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Macb. Avant, and quit my fight, let the Earth hide thee:

Thy Bones are marrowless; thy Blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those Eyes,
Which thou dost glare with.

Lady. Think of this, good Peers,
But as a thing of Custom; 'tis no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What Man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged *Russian* Bear,
The arm'd Rhinoceros, or th' *Hyrcean* Tyger,
Take any shape but that, and my firm Nerves
Shall never tremble. Or be alive again,
And dare me to the Desert with thy Sword;
If trembling I inhabit, then protest me
The Baby of a Girl. Hence horrible Shadow;
Unreal Mock'ry hence. Why so, — being gone —
[*The Ghost vanishes.*

I am a Man again: pray you sit still.

[*The Lords rise.*

Lady. You have displac'd the Mirth, broke the
good Meeting,
With most admir'd disorder.

Macb. Can such things be,
And overcome us like a Summers Cloud
Without our special wonder? You make me stran-
Even to the disposition that I owe, [ge;
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural Ruby of your Cheeks,
When mine is blanch'd with fear.

Rosse. What sights, my Lord? [worse,

Lady. I pray you speak not; he grows worse and
Question engages him: at once; Good-night.
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Len. Good-night, and better Health
Attend his Majesty.

Lady. A kind Good-night to all.

[*Exeunt Lords.*

Macb. It will have Blood they say; Blood will
will have Blood: [*Speak;*
Stones have been known to move, and Trees to
Angures, that understood Relations, have
By Maggot-Pyes, and Choughs, and Rooks
brought forth

The secret'st Man of Blood. What is the Night?

Lady. Almost at odds with Morning, which
is which. [*his Person,*

Macb. How say'st thou, that *Macduff* denies
At our great bidding?

Lady. Did you send to him, Sir?

Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will send:
There's not a one of them, but in his House
I keep a Servant fee'd. I will to-morrow
(And betimes I will) to the wizard Sisters.
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know
By the worst means, the worst, for mine own
good;

All Causes shall give way, I am in Blood
Spent in so far, that should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er:
Strange things I have in Head, that will to Hand;
Which must be acted, e'er they may be scann'd

Lady. You lack the Season of all Natures, Sleep.

Macb. Come, we'll to Sleep; My strange and
self-abuse

Is the initiate Fear, that wants hard use:

We are yet but young indeed.

[*Exeunt.*



SCENE IV. *The Heath.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecate.

1 Wit. Why how now, *Hecate*, you look angrily?

Hec. Have I not reason, Beldams, as you are? Sawcy, and over-bold, how did you dare To trade and traffick with *Macbeth*, In Riddles, and Affairs of Death? And I the Mistress of your Charms, The close contriver of all harms, Was never call'd to bear my part, Or shew the glory of our Art. And which is worse, all you have done Hath been but for a wayward Son, Spightfull, and wrathful, who, as others do; Loves for his own ends, not for you. But make amends now; Get you gon, And at the Pit of *Acheron* Meet me i'th' Morning: thither he Will come, to know his Destiny. Your Vessels, and your Spells provide, Your Charms, and every thing beside: I am for th' Air: this Night I'll spend Unto a dismal, and a fatal End. Great business must be wrought ere Noon. Upon the Corner of the Moon Therè hangs a vap'rous drop, profound, I'll catch it e'er it come to ground; And that distill'd by Magick flights, Shall raise such Artificial Sprights, As by the strength of their Illusion, Shall draw him on to his Confusion.

He shall spurn Fate, scorn Death, and bear
His hopes 'bove Wisdom, Grace, and Fear:
And you all know, Security
Is Mortals chiefest Enemy.

[Musick, and a Song:

Hark; I am call'd; my little Spirit see
Sits in a foggy Cloud, and stays for me.

[Sing within. Come away, come away, &c.

I Wit. Come, let's make haste, she'll soon be
back again. [Exit:

S C E N E V.

Enter Lenox, and another Lord.

Len. My former Speeches have but hit your
Thoughts,
Which can interpret farther: Only I say
Things have been strangely born. The gracious
Duncan
Was pitied of *Macbeth*—may he was dead;
And the right valiant *Banquo* walk'd too late.
Whom you may say, if't please you, *Fleance*
kill'd;
For *Fleance* fled. Men must not walk too late.
Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous
It was for *Malcolm*, and for *Donalbane*
To kill their gracious Father? Damned Fact!
How it did grieve *Macbeth*? Did he not straight
In pious Rage, the two Delinquents tear,
That were the Slaves of Drink, and Thralls of
Sleep?
Was that not nobly done? ay, and wisely too;
For 'twould have anger'd any Heart alive
To hear the Men deny't. So that I say,
He has born all things well: and I do think,
That had he *Duncans* Sons under the Key,

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As , au't please Heav'n he shall not , they
should find

What 'twere to kill a Father: So should *Fleance*.
But Peace; for from broad words , and cause he fail'd
His presence at the Tyrants Feast , I hear
Macduff lives in disgrace. Sir , can you tell
Where he bestows himself?

Lord The Sons of *Duncan* ,
From whom this Tyrant holds the due of Birth ,
Live in the *English* Court , and are receiv'd
Of the most Pious *Edward* , with such grace ,
That the Malevolence of Fortune , nothing
Takes from his high respect. Thither *Macduff*
Is gone , to pray the Holy King ; upon his aid
To wake *Northumberland* , and warlike *Seyward* ,
That by the help of these , with him above
To ratifie the Work , we may again
Give to our Tables Meat , Sleep to our Nights ;
Free from our Feasts and Banquets bloody Knives ;
Do faithful Homage , and receive free Honours ,
All which we pine for now. And this report
Hath so exasperate the King , that he
Prepares for some attempt of War.

Len. Sent he to *Macduff* ?

Lord. He did ; and with an absolute , Sir , not I ,
The cloudy messenger turns me his Back ,
And hums , as who should say , you'll rue the time
That clogs me with this Answer.

Len. And that well might ,
Advise him to a caution , t'hold what distance
His Wisdom can provide. Some Holy Angel
Fly to the Court of *England* , and unfold
His Message ere he come , that a swift Blessing
May soon return to this our suffering Country ,
Under a Hand accurs'd.

Lord. I'll send my Prayers with him.

[*Exeunt.*
A C T.



A C T. I V.

SCENE I. *A dark Cave, in the middle a great Cauldron burning.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 Witch.

THrice the brinded Cat hath mew'd.

2 Wit. Thrice, and once the Hedge Pig whin'd.

3 Wit. Harpier crys, 'tis time, 'tis time.

1 Wit. Round about the Cauldron go,
In the poison'd Entrails throw.

[They march round the Cauldron, and throw in the several Ingredients for the Preparation of their Charm.

Toad, that under cold Stone,
Days and Nights has thirty one
Sweltred Venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i'th' charmed Pot.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and Cauldron bubble.

2 Wit. Fillet of a Fenny Snake,
In the Cauldron boil and bake,
Eye of Newt, and Toe of Frog,
Wool of Bat, and Tongue of Dog,
Adders Fork, and Blind-worms Sting,
Lizards Leg, and Howlets Wing,
For a Charm of powerful trouble,
Like a Hell-broth, boil and bubble.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble,

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Fire burn, and;Cauldron bubble.

3 *Wit.* Scale of Dragon, Tooth of Wolf,
Witches Mummy, Maw, and Gulf
Of the ravin'd salt Sea Shark,
Root of Hemlock, digg'd i'th' dark,
Liver of Blaspheming Jew,
Gall of Goat, and Slips of Yew
Sliver'd in the Moon's Eclipse,
Nose of Turk, and Tartars Lips;
Finger of Birth-strangled Babe,
Ditch deliver'd by a Drab,
Make the Gruel thick, and slab:
Add thereto a Tygers Chawdron,
For th'Ingredients of our Cauldron.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn, and Cauldron bubble.

2 *Wit.* Cool it with a Baboons Blood,
Then the Charm is firm and good.

Enter Hecate, and other three Witches.

Hec. O! well done! I commend your pains;
And every one shall share i'th gains:
And now about the Cauldron sing
Like Elves and Fairies in a Ring,
Inchanting all that you put in.

Musick and a Song.

*Black Spirits and White,
Blue Spirits and Gray,
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.*

2 *Wit.* By the the pricking of my Thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes:
Open Locks, whoever knocks.

Ex.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. How now, you secret, black and midnight
What is't you do? [Hags;

All. A deed without a Name.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profess,
How e'er you come to know it, answer me.
Though you untie the Winds, and let them fight
Against the Churches; though the yesty Waves
Confound and swallow Navigation up;
Though bladed Corn be lodg'd, and Trees blown
down,

Though Castles topple on their Warders Heads;
Though Palaces, and Pyramids do slope
Their Heads to their Foundations; though the
Treasure

Of Natures Germain, tumble altogether,
Even 'till destruction sicken; answer me,
To what I ask you.

1 *Wit.* Speak.

2 *Wit.* Demand.

3 *Wit.* We'll answer.

1 *Wit.* Say, if th'hadst rather hear it from our
Or from our Masters. [Mouths,

Macb. Call 'em: Let me see 'em.

1 *Wit.* Pour in Soves Blood, that hath eaten
Her nine Farrow: Grease that's sweaten
From the Murtherers Gibbet, throw
Into the Flame.

All. Come high or low:
Thy self and Office deftly show. [Thunder.

Apparition of an armed Head rises.

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown Power—

1 *Wit.* He knows thy thought;

D 3

Hear

54 THE TRAGEDY

Hear his Speech, but say thou nought.

*App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware
Macduff! ———*

Beware the *Thane of Fife* ——— dismiss me ———
Enough. [*Descends.*

Macb. What-e'er thou art, for thy good Cau-
tion, Thanks.

Thou hast harp'd my fear aright; but one word
more —

1 Wit. He will not be commanded; here's
another

More potent than the first. [*Thunder.*

Apparition of a bloody Child rises.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!

Macb. Had I three Ears, I'd hear thee.

App. Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh
to scorn

The power of Man; for none of Woman born
Shall harm *Macbeth.* [*Descends.*

Macb. Then live *Macduff*: What need I fear
of thee?

But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a Bond of Fate; thou shalt not live,
That I may tell pale-hearted Fear, it lyes;
And sleep in spite of Thunder. [*Thunder.*

*Apparition of a Child Crowned, with a Tree in his
Hand, rises.*

What is this,
That rises like the issue of a King,
And wears upon his Baby-brow, the round
And top of Sovereignty?

All. Listen, but speak not to't.

App. Be Lion metled, proud, and take no care,
Who chafes, who frets, or where Conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until

Great

of **MACBETH.** 55

Great *Birnam* Wood, to high *Dunfinane* Hill;
Shall come against him. [*Descends.*

Macb. That will never be:
Who can impress the Forest, bid the Tree
Unfix his Earth-bound Root? Sweet Boadments!
good!

Rebellious deed, rise never 'till the Wood
Of *Birnam* rise, and our high plac'd *Macbeth*
Shall live the Lease of Nature, pay his breath
To time, and mortal Custom. Yet my Heart
Throbs to know one thing: Tell me if your Art
Can tell so much: Shall *Banquos* Issue ever
Reign in this Kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfied. Deny me this,
And an eternal Curse fall on you: Let me know,
[*The Cauldron sinks into the Ground.*
Why sinks that Cauldron? and what noise is
this? [*Hoboy.*

1 *Wit.* Shew!

2 *Wit.* Shew!

3 *Wit.* Shew!

All. Shew his Eyes, and grieve his Heart;
Come like Shadows, so depart.

[*Eight Kings appear and pass over in order, and
Banquo last, with a Glass in his Hand.*

Macb. Thou art too like the Spirit of *Banquo*;
Down!

Thy Crown do's fear mine Eye-Balls. And thy Hair
Thou other Gold-bound brow, is like the first —
A third, is like the former — filthy Hags!

Why do you shew me this? — A fourth? —

Start Eye! [*Doom —*

What, will the Line stretch out to th' crack of
Another yet? — A seventh! — I'll see no
more —

And yet the eighth appears, who bears a Glass,
Whic,

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Which shews me many more; and some I see
That twofold Balls, and treble Scepters carry.
Horrible sight! Now I see 'tis true,
For the Blood-bolter'd *Banquo* smiles upon me,
And points at them for his. What is this so?

Wit. Ay Sir, all this is so. But why
Stands *Macbeth* thus amazedly?

Come Sisters, cheer we up his Sprights,
And shew the best of our Delights.

I'll charm the Air to give a sound,
While you perform your Antique round:
That this great King may kindly say,
Our Duties did his welcome pay.

Musick. The Witches dance, and vanish.

Macb. Where are they? Gone? — Let this
pernicious hour,
Stand ay accursed in the Kalender,
Come in, without there.

Enter Lenox.

Len. What's your Grace's Will?

Macb. Saw you the Wizard Sisters?

Len. No, my Lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

Len. No indeed, my Lord.

Macb. Infected be the Air whereon they ride,
And damn'd all those that trust them. I did hear
The galloping of Horse: Who was't came by?

Len. 'Tis two or three, my Lord, that bring
Macduff is fled to *England*. [you word,

Macb. Fled to *England*?

Len. Ay, my good Lord. [plots;

Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread Ex-
The flighty purpose never is o'er-took
Unless the deed go with it. From this moment,
The very firstlings of my Heart shall be

The

The firstlings of my Hand. And even now
To crown my Thoughts with Acts, be it
thought and done:

The Castle of *Macduff* I will surprize;
Seize upon *Fife*; give to th' edge o'the Sword
His Wife, his Babes, and all unfortunate Souls,
That trace him in his Line. No boasting like a
Fool,

This deed I'll do, before this purpose cool.
But no more, fights. Where are these Gentlemen?
Come, bring me where they are. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *Macduff's Castle.*

*Enter Lady Macduff, her Son, and
Rosse.*

L. Macd. What hath he done, to make him
fly the Land?

Rosse. You must have patience, Madam.

L. Macd. He had none:

His flight was Madness: when our Actions do not,
Our Fears do make us Traitors.

Rosse. You know not,
Whether it was his Wisdom, or his Fear.

L. Macd. Wisdom! to leave his Wife, to
leave his Babes,

His Mansion, and his Titles, in a place
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not.
He wants the natural Touch; for the poor Wren,
The most diminutive of Birds, will fight,
Her young Ones in her Nest, against the Owl.
All is the Fear, and nothing is the Love;
As little is the Wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.

Rosse. My dearest Coz,

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I pray you School your self ; but for your Husband ;
 He 's Noble , Wise , Judicious , and best knows
 The fits o' th' Season. I dare not speak much further ;
 But cruel are the times , when we are Traitors ,
 And do not know our selves : When we hold
 Rumour

From what we fear , yet know not what we fear ,
 But float upon a wild and violent Sea
 Each way , and move. I take my leave of you ;
 'T shall not be long but I'll be here again :
 Things at the worst will cease , or else climb
 upward

To what they were before. My pretty Cousin ,
 Blessing upon you. [*cherless.*

L. Macd. Father'd he is , and yet he's Fa-
Rosse. I am so much a Fool ; should I stay
 longer ,

It would be my Disgrace , and your Discomfort.
 I take my leave at once. [*Exit Rosse.*

L. Macd. Sirrah , your Father's dead ,
 And what will you do now ? How will you live ?

Son. As Birds do , Mother.

L. Macd. What , with Worms and Flies ?

Son. With what I get , and so do they.

L. Macd. Poor Bird !

Thoud' st never fear the Net , nor Line ,
 The Pit fall , nor the Gin ?

Son. Why should I , Mother ?

Poor Birds they are not set for.

My Father is not dead for all your saying.

L. Macd. Yes , he is dead ; how wilt thou do
 for a Father ?

Son. Nay , how will you do for a Husband ?

L. Macd. Why , I can buy me twenty at any
 Market.

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

L. Macd. Thou speak' st with all thy wit ,

And

And yet i'faith with wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my Father a Traitor, Mother?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a Traitor?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all Traitors that do so?

L. Macd. Every one that does so is a Traitor,
And must be hang'd. [lie?

Son. And must they all be hang'd that swear and

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

L. Macd. Why, honest Men.

Son. Then the Liars and Swearers are Fools;
for there are Liars and Swearers enow, to beat
the honest Men, and hang up them.

L. Macd. God help thee, poor Monkey:
But how wilt thou do for a Father?

Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him: If
you would not, it were a good Sign, that I should
quickly have a new Father.

L. Macd. Poor Prater, how thou talk'st.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Bless you, fair Dame, I am not to you
known,

Though in your state of Honour I am perfect.
I doubt some danger does approach you nearly:
If you will take a homely Mans advice,
Be not found here; hence with your little Ones.
To fright you thus, methinks I am too savage;
To do worse to you, were fell Cruelty, [you,
Which is too nigh your Person. Heav'n preserve
I dare abide no longer. [Exit Messenger.

L. Macd. Whither should I fly?

I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly World; where to do harm

Is

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Is often laudable; to do good sometime
Accounted dangerous Folly. Why then, alas!
Do I put up that womanly Defence, [Faces?
To say I had done no harm? — What are these

Enter Murtherers.

Mur. Where is your Husband?

L. Macd. I hope in no place so un sanctified,
Where such as thou may'st find him.

Mur. He's a Traitor.

Son. Thou ly'st, thou shag-card Villain.

Mur. What you Egg? [Stabbing him.
Young fry of Treachery?

Son. He has kill'd me, Mother,
Run away, I pray you. [Exit, crying Murther.

SCENE III. *The King of Eng- lands Palace.*

Enter Malcom and Macduff.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate Shade; and
Weep our sad Bosoms empty. [there

Macd. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal Sword; and like good Men,
Bestride our downfal'n Birthdom: Each new Morn,
New Widows howl, new Orphans cry, new Sor-
Strike Heaven on the Face that it resounds [rows
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out
Like Sillable of Dolour.

Mal. What I believe, I'll wail;
What know, believe; and what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend, I will.
What you have spoke, it may be so perchance.
This Tyrant, whose sole Name blisters our Tongues,
Was

Was once thought honest: You have lov'd him well;
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young, but
something

You may discern of him through me, and wisdom
To offer up a weak poor innocent Lamb,
T' appease an angry God.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But *Macbeth* is.

A good and virtuous Nature may recoil
In an imperial Charge. But I shall crave your Pardon:
That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose.
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell.
Though all things foul would bear the brows of
Yet Grace must still look so. [Grace,

Macd. I have lost my hopes. [my doubts.

Mal. Perchance, even there, where I did find
Why in that rawness left you Wife and Children;
Those precious Motives, those strong knots of
Without leave taking? I pray you, [Love,
Let not my Jealousies, be your Dishonours,
But mine own Safeties: You may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor Country,
Great Tyranny, lay thou thy Basis sure,
For Goodness dares not check thee: wear thou thy
wrongs,

The Title is afraid. Fare thee well, Lord;
I would not be the Villain that thou think'st,
For the whole space that's in the Tyrants Grasp,
And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended;
I speak not as in absolute fear of you:
I think our Country sinks beneath the Yoke,
It weeps, it bleeds, and each new Day a Gash
Is added to her Wounds. I think withal,
There would be hands up-lifted in my right:
And here from gracious *England* have I offer

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Of goodly thousands. But for all this,
 When I shall tread upon the Tyrants Head,
 Or wear it on my Sword; yet my poor Country
 Shall have more Vices than it had before,
 More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
 By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be?

Mal. It is my self I mean, in whom I know
 All the particulars of Vice so grafted,
 That when they shall be open'd, black *Macbeth*
 Will seem as pure as Snow, and the poor State
 Esteem him as a Lamb, being compar'd
 With my confineless harms.

Macd. Not in the Legions
 Of horrid Hell, can come a Devil more damn'd
 In Evils, to top *Macbeth*.

Mal. I grant him bloody,
 Luxurious, Avaricious, False, Deceitful,
 Sudden, Malicious, smoaking of every Sin
 That has a Name. But there's no bottom, none
 In my Voluptuousness: Your Wives, your Daugh-
 ters,

Your Matrons, and your Maids, could not fill up
 The Cistern of my Lust, and my Desire
 All continent Impediments would o'er-bear
 That did oppose my Will. Better *Macbeth*,
 Than such an one to reign.

Macd. Boundless Intemperance
 In Nature is a Tyranny; It hath been
 Th'untimely emptying of the happy Throne;
 And fall of many Kings. But fear not yet
 To take upon you what is yours: You may
 Convey your Pleasures in a spacious Plenty,
 And yet seem cold. The time you may so
 hoodwink,

We have willing Dames enough, there cannot be
 That Vulture in you, to devour so many

As

As will to Greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclin'd.

Mal. With this, there grows
In my most ill-compos'd Affection, such
A stanchless Avarice, that were I King,
I should cut off the Nobles for their Lands
Desire his Jewels, and this others House,
And my more having would be as a Sawce
To make me hunger more; that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the Good and Loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This Avarice
Sticks deeper, grows with more pernicious Root
Than Summer-seeming Lust; and it hath been
The Sword of our slain Kings: Yet do not fear,
Scotland hath foysons to fill up your Will
Of your mere Own. All these are portable,
With other Graces weigh'd. [ces,

Mal. But I have none, the King becoming Gra-
As Justice, Verity, Temp'rance, Stableness,
Bounty, Perseverance, Mercy, Lowliness,
Devotion, Patience, Courage, Fortitude;
I have no relish of them, but abound
In the Division of each several Crime, [should
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I
Pour the sweet Milk of Concord, into Hell,
Uproar the universal Peace; confound
All unity on Earth.

Macd. O *Scotland!* *Scotland!* —

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak:
I am as I have spoken. [tion miserable!

Macd. Fit to govern! No not to live. O Na-
With an untitled Tyrant, bloody Sceptred,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome Days again?
Since that the truest Issue of thy Throne
By his own Interdiction stands accurst,
And do's blaspheme his Breed. Thy Royal Father
Wa:

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Was a most sainted King; the Queen that bore
 thee,

Oftner upon her Knees, than on her Feet,
 Dy'd every Day she lived. Fare thee well,
 These Evils thou repeat'st upon thy self,
 Have banish'd me from Scotland. O my Breast;
 Thy hope ends here.

Mal. Macduff, this noble Passion
 Child of Integrity, hath from my Soul
 Wip'd the black Scruples, reconcil'd my Thoughts
 To thy good truth, and honour. Devilish *Mac-*
beth,

By many of these trains, hath sought to win me
 Into his Power; and modest Wisdom plucks me
 From over-credulous haste; but God above
 Deal between thee and me; for even now
 I put my self to thy direction, and
 Unspeak mine own detraction, here abjure
 The taints, and blames I laid upon my self,
 For strangers to my Nature. I am yet
 Unknown to Women, never was forsworn,
 Scarcely have coveted what was mine own,
 At no time broke my Faith, would not betray
 The Devil to his Fellow, and delight
 No less in Truth than Life. My first false
 speaking

Was this upon my self; what I am truly
 Is thine, and my poor Countrys to command:
 Whither indeed, before thy here approach,
 Old *Seyward* with ten thousand warlike Men,
 All ready at a point, was setting forth.
 Now we'll together, and the chance of goodness
 Be like our warranted Quarrel. Why are you si-
 lent? [at once,

Macd. Such welcome, and unwelcome things,
 'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well, more anon. Comes the King
forth, I pray you?

Doct. Ay Sir; there are a Crew of wretched Souls
That stay his Cure: Their Malady convinces
The great assay of Art: But at his touch,
Such sanctity hath Heaven given his Hand,
They presently amend. [*Exit.*

Mal. I thank you, Doctor.

Macd. What's the Disease he means?

Mal. 'Tis call'd the Evil;
A most miraculous work in this good King,
Which often since my here remain in *England*,
I have seen him do. How he solicits Heav'n,
Himself best knows; but strangely visited People,
All swoln and Ulcerous, pitiful to the Eye,
The mere despair of Surgery, he cures,
Hanging a Golden Stamp about their Necks,
Put on with Holy Prayers: and 'tis spoken,
To the succeeding Royalty he leaves
The healing Benediction. With this strange Virtue,
He hath a Heavenly Gift of Prophecy,
And sundry Blessings hang about his Throne,
That speak him full of Grace.

Enter Rosse.

Macd. See, who comes here.

Mal. My Country-man, but yet I know him not.

Macd. My ever gentle Cousin, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now. Good God betimes
remove

The means, that makes us Strangers.

Rosse. Sir, Amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?

E

Rosse.

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Rosse. Alas poor Country,
 Almost afraid to know it self. It cannot
 Be call'd our Mother, but our Grave; where
 nothing,
 But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile:
 Where Sighs and Groans, and Shrieks that rend
 the Air [seems
 Are made, not mark'd; where violent Sorrow
 A modern ecstasie: the Dead-man's Knell,
 Is there scarce ask'd for who; and good Mens lives
 Expire before the Flowers in their Caps,
 Dying or e'er they sicken.

Macd. Oh! Relation too nice, and yet too true.

Mal. What's the newest Grief?

Rosse. That of an hours Age doth hiss the Spea-
 Each minute teems a new one. [ker,

Macd. How does my Wife?

Rosse. Why, well.

Macd. And all my Children?

Rosse. Well too.

Macd. The Tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?

Rosse. No, they were well at peace when I did
 leave 'em. [goes it?

Macd. Be not a niggard of your Speech: how

Rosse. When I came hither to transport the
 Tidings

Which I have heavily born, there ran a Rumour
 Of many worthy Fellows that were out;

Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,
 For that I saw the Tyrants Power a-foot.

Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland
 Would create Soldiers, make our Women fight,
 To doff their dire distresses.

Mal. Be't their comfort

We are coming thither: Gracious *England* hath
 Lent us good *Seyward*, and ten thousand Men.
 An older, and a better Soldier, none

That

That Christendom gives out.

Rosse. Would I could answer
This comfort with the like. But I have words
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not catch them.

Macd. What, concern they
The general Cause? or is it a Fee grief
Due to some single Breast?

Rosse. No Mind that's honest
But in it shares some woe, though the main part
Pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

Rosse. Let not your Ears despise my Tongue
for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound,
That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Hum! I guess at it. [and Babes

Rosse. Your Castle is surpriz'd, your Wife
Savagely slaughter'd. To relate the manner,
Were, on the Quarry of these murder'd Deer,
To add the Death of you.

Mal. Merciful Heaven!
What Man ne'er pull your Hat upon your brows;
Give sorrow words; the grief that does not speak,
Whispers the o'er-fraught Heart, and bids it break.

Macd. My Children too! ———

Rosse. Wife, Children, Servants, all that could
be found. [too!

Macd. And I must be from thence! my Wife kill'd

Rosse. I have said.

Mal. Be comforted.

Let's make us Med'cines of our great Revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. He has no Children. All my pretty ones?
Did you say All? O Hell Kite! All!

What, All my pretty Chickins, and their Dam,

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At one fell swoop!

Mal. Dispute it like a Man.

Macd. I shall do so;

But I must also feel it as a Man.

I cannot but remember such things were, [on;
That were most precious to me. Did Heav'n look
And would not take their part? Sinful *Macduff*,
They were all struck for thee: Naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine
Fell slaughter on their Souls: Heav'n rest them now.

Mal. Be this the Whetstone of your Sword;
let grief

Convert to anger; blunt not the Heart, engage it.

Macd. O I could play the Woman with mine
Eyes,

And Braggart with my Tongue: But gentle' Heav'ns,
Cut short all intermission: Front to Front,
Bring thou this Fiend of *Scotland*, and my self;
Within my Swords length set him, if he 'scape,
Heav'n forgive him too.

Mal. This time goes manly:

Come, go we to the King, our Power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave: *Macbeth*
Is ripe for shaking, and the Powers above
Put on their Instruments. Receive what cheer you
may,

The Night is long that never finds the Day.

Exeunt.



A C T.



A C T. V.

SCENE I. *An Anti-chamber in
Macbeths Castle.*

*Enter a Doctor of Physick, and a Gentle-
woman.*

Doctor.

I Have two Nights watch'd with you, but can
perceive no truth in your report. When was it
she last walk'd?

Gent. Since his Majesty went into the Field, I
have seen her rise from her Bed, throw her Night-
Gown upon her, unlock her Closet, take forth
Paper, fold it, write upon't, read it, afterwards
Seal it, and again return to Bed; yet all this while
in a most fast sleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in Nature! to receive
at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects
of watching. In slumbry Agitation, besides her
walking, and other actual performances, what
at any time, have you heard her say?

Gent. That Sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may to me, and 'tis most meet you
should.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one, having no
witness to confirm my Speech.

Enter Lady Macbeth with a Taper.

Lo you! here she comes: This is her very guise,
E 3 and

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and upon my Life fast asleep ; observe her ; stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light ?

Gent. Why , it stood by her : she has light by her continually , 'tis her command.

Doct. You see her Eyes are open.

Gent. Ay , but their sense are shut.

Doct. What is it she do's now ?

Look how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustom'd action with her , to seem thus washing her hands : I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady. Yet here's a spot.

Doct. Hark , she speaks , I will set down what comes from her , to satisfie my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady. Out damned spot ; out I say ——— One , Two , why then 'tis time to do't — Hell is murky. Fie , my Lord , Fie , a Soldier , and afraid ; what need we fear ? who knows it , when none can call our Power to account ——— yet who would have thought the old Man to have had so much Blood in him ?

Doct. Do you mark that ?

Lady. The *Thane of Fife* , had a Wife ; where is she now ?

What will these Hands ne'er be clean ? — No more o' that : you marr all with starting.

Doct. Go to , go to ;

You have known what you should not :

Gent. She has spoke what she should not , I am sure of that : Heaven knows what she has known.

Lady. Here's the smell of Blood still : all the Perfumes of *Arabia* will not sweeten this little Hand. Oh ! oh ! oh !

Doct.

Doct. What a sigh is there ? The Heart is sorely charg'd.

Gent. I would not have such a Heart in my Bosome, for the Dignity of the whole Body.

Doct. Well, well, well —

Gent. Pray God it be, Sir.

Doct. This Disease is beyond my Practice: yet I have known those which have walkt in their sleep, who have died holily in their Beds.

Lady. Wash your Hands, put on your Night-Gown, look not so Pale — I tell you yet again, *Banquo's* buried; he cannot come out on's Grave.

Doct. Even so? [the Gate:

Lady. To Bed, to Bed; there's knocking at Come, come, come, come, give me your Hand: what's done, cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed. [Exit *Lady.*

Doct. Will she go now to Bed?

Gent. Directly. [deeds

Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad; unnatural Do breed unnatural Troubles. Infected Minds To their deaf Pillows will discharge their secrets; More needs she the Divine than the Physician: God, God forgive us all. Look after her, Remove from her the means of all annoyance, And still keep Eyes upon her; so good-night. My mind she has mated, and amaz'd my sight. I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good Night, Good Doctor. [Exit.



SCENE II. *A Field with a
Wood at Distance.*

Enter Menteth , Cathness , Angus , Lenox , *and* Soldiers.

Ment. The *English* Power is near , led on by
Malcolm ,
His Uncle *Seyward* , and the good *Macduff* .
Revenge burn in them : For their dear causes
Excite the mortified Man .

Ang. Near *Birnam* Wood
Shall we meet them , for that way are they coming .

Cath. Who knows if *Donalbaine* be with his
Brother ?

Len. For certain , Sir , he is not : I have a File
Of all the Gentry ; there is *Seywards* Son ,
And many unruff Youths , that even now
Protest their first of Manhood .

Ment. What does the Tyrant ?

Cath. Great *Dunsmine* he strongly fortifies ;
Some say he's mad : Others , that lesser hate him ,
Do call it valiant Fury ; but for certain ,
He cannot buckle his distemper'd Cause
Within the belt of Rule .

Ang. Now do's he feel
His secret Murthers sticking on his hands ,
Now minutely Revolts upraid his faith-breach :
Those he commands move only in command ,
Nothing in love : Now does he feel his Title
Hang loose about him , like a Giants Robe
Upon a Dwarfish Thief .

Ment. Who then shall blame
His pester'd Senses to recoyl , and stare ,
When all that is within him do's condemn

It self for being there.

Cath. Well, march we on,
To give Obedience where 'tis truly ow'd:
Meet we the Med'cine of the sickly Weal,
And with him pour we, in our Contrys purge,
Each drop of us.

Len. Or so much as it needs, [Weeds.
To dew the Sovereign Flower, and drown the
Make we our march towards *Birnam*. [Exeunt,

S C E N E I I I. *The Castle.*

Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more Reports, let them
fly all:

'Till *Birnam* Wood remove to *Dunfinane*,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the Boy, *Mal-*
colme? [know

Was he not born of Woman? The Spirits that
All mortal Consequences, have pronounc'd me
thus:

Fear not, *Macbeth*, no Man that's born of Woman
Shall e'er have power upon thee. Then fly fal-
se *Thanes*.

And mingle with the *English* Epicures:
The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never sag with doubt, nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The Devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd
Where got'st thou that Goose-Look [Lown:

Ser. There are ten thousand —

Macb. Geese, Villain?

Ser. Soldiers, Sir.

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Macb. Go, prick thy Face, and over-red thy
fear,

Thou lilly-liver'd Boy. What Soldiers, Patch?
Death of thy Soul, those Linnen Cheeks of thine
Are Counsellours to fear. What Soldiers, Whay-
face?

Ser. The *English* Force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence — *Seyton!* —

I'm sick at heart;

When I behold — *Seyton*, I say! — this push
Will cheer me ever, or disease me now.

I have liv'd long enough: My way of Life
Is fall'n into the Sear, the yellow Leaf;

And that which should accompany old Age,
As Honour, Love, Obedience, Troops of Friends,
I must not look to have: But in their stead,
Curses, not loud but deep, Mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor Heart would fain deny, and
dare not.

Enter Seyton.

Sey. What's your Gracious pleasure?

Macb. What News more?

Sey. All is confirm'd, my Lord, which was
reported. [is hackt.

Macb. I'll fight 'till from my Bones my Flesh
Give me my Armour.

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macb. I'll put it on:

Send out more Horses, skir the Country round;
Hang those that stand in fear. Give me mine Ar-
How do's your Patient, Doctor? [mour.

Doct. Not so sick, my Lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming Fancies,
That keep her from her rest.

Macb. Cure her from that:

Canst

Canst thou not minister to a Mind diseas'd,
Pluck from the Memory a rooted Sorrow,
Rase out the written troubles of the Brain,
And with some sweet oblivious Antidote,
Cleanse the stuff Bosome of that perillous stuff,
Which weighs upon the Heart?

Doct. Therein the Patient
Must minister unto himself. [of it.

Macb. Throw Physick to the Dogs, I'll none
Come, put my Armour on, give me my Staff.
Seyton, Send out ——— Doctor, the *Thanes* fly
from me —

Come, Sir, dispatch ——— If thou could'st,
Doctor, cast

The water off my Land, find her Disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine Health,
I would applaud thee to the very Echo,
That should applaud again. Pull't off, I say —
What Rhubarb, Senna, or what Purgative Drug,
Would scour these *English* hence: Hear'st thou
of them? [paration

Doct. Ay, my good Lord; Your Royal pre-
Makes us hear something.

Macb. Bring it after me;
I will not be afraid of Death and Baner,
'Til *Birnam* Forest come to *Dunsinane*.

Doct. Were I from *Dunsinane* away, and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A Wood.*

Enter Malcolme, Seyward, Macduff,
Seywards Son, Menteth, Cathness,
Angus, and Soldiers marching.

Mal. Cousin, I hope the days are near at hand,
That Chambers will be safe. *Ment.*

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Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Seyw. What Wood is this before us?

Ment. The Wood of *Birnam*.

Mal. Let every Soldier hew him down a Bough,
And bear't before him; thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our Host, and make discov'ry
Err in report of us.

Sold. It shall be done. [rant,

Seyw. We learn no other, but the confident Ty-
Keeps still in *Dunsmine*, and will endure
Our setting down before't.

Mal. 'Tis his main hope:
For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less have given him the Revolt,
And none serve with him, but constrained things,
Whose Hearts are absent too.

Macd. Set our best Censures
Before the true event, and put we on
Industrious Soldiership.

Seyw. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have, and what we owe:
Thoughts speculative, their unsure hopes relate,
But certain issue, strokes must arbitrate,
Towards which, advance the War.

[*Exeunt marching.*

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

*Enter Macbeth, Seyton, and Soldiers with
Drums and Colours.*

Macb. Hang out our Banners on the outward
Walls,
The Cry is still, they come: Our Castles strength
Will laugh a Siege to scorn. Here let them lye,
'Till Famine and the Ague eat them up:

We.

Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,
We might have met them darest, Beard to Beard,
And beat them backward home. What is that noise?

[*A cry within of Women.*

Sey. It is the cry of Women, my good Lord.

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of Fears:
The time has been, my Senses would have cool'd
To hear a night-shriek, and my Fell of Hair
Would at a dismal Treatise rouze, and stir
As Life were in't. I have sapt full with horrors:
Direness familiar to my slaughterous Thoughts
Cannot once start me. Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The Queen (my Lord) is dead.

Macb. She should have dy'd hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word.
To morrow, and to morrow, and to morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last Syllable of Recorded time:
And all our yesterdays have lighted Fools
The way to study death. Out, out, brief Candle,
Life's but a walking Shadow, a poor Player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the Stage,
And then is heard no more. It is a Tale
Told by an Idiot, full of sound and fury
Signifying nothing.

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy Tongue: thy story quickly.

Mes. My Gracious Lord,
I should report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do't.

Macb. Well, say, Sir.

Mes. As I did stand my Watch upon the Hill,
I look'd toward *Birnam*, and anon methought
The Wood began to move.

Macb. Liar, and Slave.

[*Striking him.*
Mes.

78 THE TRAGEDY

Mef. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so:
Within this three mile you may see it coming.
I say, a moving Grove.

Macb. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next Tree shalt thou hang alive
'Till Famine cling thee: If thy Speech be sooth,
I care not if thou do'st for me as much.
I pull in Resolution, and begin
To doubt the Equivocation of the Fiend,
That lies like truth. Fear not, 'till *Birnam* Wood
Do come to *Dunsinane*, and now a Wood
Comes toward *Dunsinane*. Arm, arm, and out;
If this which he avouches do's appear,
There is no flying hence, nor tarrying here;
I 'gin to be a weary of the Sun,
And with th' estate o' th' World were now undone.
Ring the alarm Bell, blow Wind, come wrack;
At least we'll die with Harnells on our back.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *Before Macbeths Castle.*

Enter Malcolme, Seyward, Macduff,
and their Army, with Boughs.

Mel. Now near enough: your Leavy Screens
throw down,
And shew like those you are: You, worthy Uncle,
Shall with my Cousin, your right Noble Son,
Lead our first Battel. Worthy *Macduff*, and we
Shall take upon's what else remains to do
According to our order.

Seyw. Fare you well:
Do we but find the Tyrants power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macd.

of **MACBETH.** 79

Macd. Make all our Trumpets speak, give them
all breath,
Those clamorous Harbingers of Blood and Death:

[*Exeunt.*

[*Alarums continued.*

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. They have ty'd me to a stake, I cannot fly
But Bear-like I must fight the course. What's he
That was not born of Woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter Young Seyward.

Yo Seyw. What is thy Name?

Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

Yo Seyw. No, though thou call'st thy self a
Than any is in Hell. [hotter Name

Macb. My Name's *Macbeth.* [a Title

Yo Seyw. The Devil himself could not pronounce
More hateful to mine Ear.

Macb. No nor more fearful.

Yo Seyw. Thou liest, thou abhorred Tyrant,
with my Sword I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

[*Fight, and Young Seyward's slain.*

Macb. Thou wast born of Woman;
But Swords I smile at, Weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandish'd by Man that's of a Woman born. [*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter Macduff.

Macd. That way the noise is: Tyrant, shew
thy Face:

If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,
My Wife and Childrens Ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched Kernes, whose arms
Are hir'd to bear their Sives; either thou

Macbeth,

Or

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Or else my Sword with an unbatter'd edge
I sheath again undecided. There thou should'st be;
By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruted. Let me find him, Fortune,
And more I beg not. [Exit. *Alarums*]

Enter Malcolme and Seyward.

Sey. This way, my Lord, the Castle's gently
ly rendered:

The Tyrants People, on both sides do fight,
The noble *Thanes* do bravely in the War,
The day almost it self professes yours,
And little is to do.

Mal. We have met with Foes
That strike beside us.

Sey. Enter, Sir, the Castle.

[*Exeunt. Alarums*]

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman Fool,
and die

On mine own Sword? whilst I see lives, the gashies
Do better upon them.

Enter Macduff.

Macd. Turn Hell-hound, turn.

Macb. Of all Men else I have avoided thee:
But get thee back, my Soul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.

Macd. I have no words,
My Voice is in my Sword, thou bloodier Villain
Than terms can give thee out. [*Fight. Alarm.*]

Macb. Thou lovest labour,
As easie may'st thou the intrenchant Air
With thy keen Sword impress; as make me bleed:
Let

Let fall thy blade on vulnerable Crests;
I bear a charmed Life, which must not yield
To one of Woman born.

Macd. Despair thy Charm,
And let the Angel whom thou still hast serv'd
Tell thee, *Macduff* was from his Mothers Womb
Untimely rip'd.

Macb. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so;
For it hath cow'd my better part of Man:
And be these Jugling Fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double sense,
That keep the word of promise to our Ear,
And break it to our Hope. I'll not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yield thee, Coward,
And live to be the shew, and gaze o'th' time.
We'll have thee, as our Rarer-Monsters are
Painted upon a Pole, and under-writ,
Here may you see the Tyrant.

Macb. I will not yield
To kiss the ground before young *Malcolms* Feet,
And to be baited with the Rabbles Curse.
Though *Birnam* Wood be come to *Dunfinane*,
And thou oppos'd, being of no Woman born,
Yet I will try the last. Before my Body,
I throw my Warlike Shield; Lay on *Macduff*,
And daran'd be him, that first cries hold, enough.
[*Exeunt fighting. Alarums.*]

Enter fighting, and Macbeth is slain.
Retreat and Flourish. Enter with Drum and Colours,
Malcome, Seyward, Rosse, Thanes, and Soldiers.

Mal. I would the Friends we miss, were safe
arriv'd.

Seyw. Some must go off: and yet by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Mal. *Macduff* is missing, and your noble Son.
F Rosse.

Rosse. Your Son, my Lord, has paid a Soldiers
 He only liv'd but 'till he was a Man, [Debt.
 The which no sooner had his Prowess confirm'd,
 In the unshrinking station where he fought,
 But like a Man he dy'd.

Seyw. Then he is dead? [cause of sorrow

Rosse. Ay, and brought off the Field. Your
 Mu't not be measur'd by his worth, for then
 It hath no end.

Seyw. Had he his hurts before?

Rosse. Ay, on the Front.

Seyw. Why then, Gods-Soldier be he:
 Had I as many Sons as I have Hairs,
 I would not wish them to a fairer death:
 And so his Knell is knoll'd.

Mal. He's worth more sorrow,
 And that I'll spend for him.

Seyw. He's worth no more:
 They say he parted well, and paid his score,
 And so God be with him. Here comes newer
 comfort.

Enter Macduff with Macbeths Head.

Macd. Hail, King! for so thou art. Behold,
 where stands
 Th' Usurpers Cursed Head; the time is free:
 I see thee compast with thy Kingdoms Peers,
 That speak my salutation in their Minds;
 Whose Voices I desire aloud with mine;
 Hail King of Scotland!

Ali. Hail, King of Scotland! [Flourish

Mal. We shall not spend a large expence of time,
 Before we reckon with your several loves,
 And make us even with you. My Thanes and
 Kinsmen

Henceforth be Earls, the first that ever Scotland

In such an Honour nam'd. What's more to do
Which would be planted newly with the time,
As calling home our exil'd Friends abroad,
That fled the Snares of watchful Tyranny;
Producing forth the cruel Ministers
Of this dead Butcher, and his Fiend-like Queen;
Who (as 'tis thought) by self and violent hands,
Took off her Life; This, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the Grace of Grace,
We will perform in Measure, Time and Place:
So Thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite, to see us Crown'd at Scone.

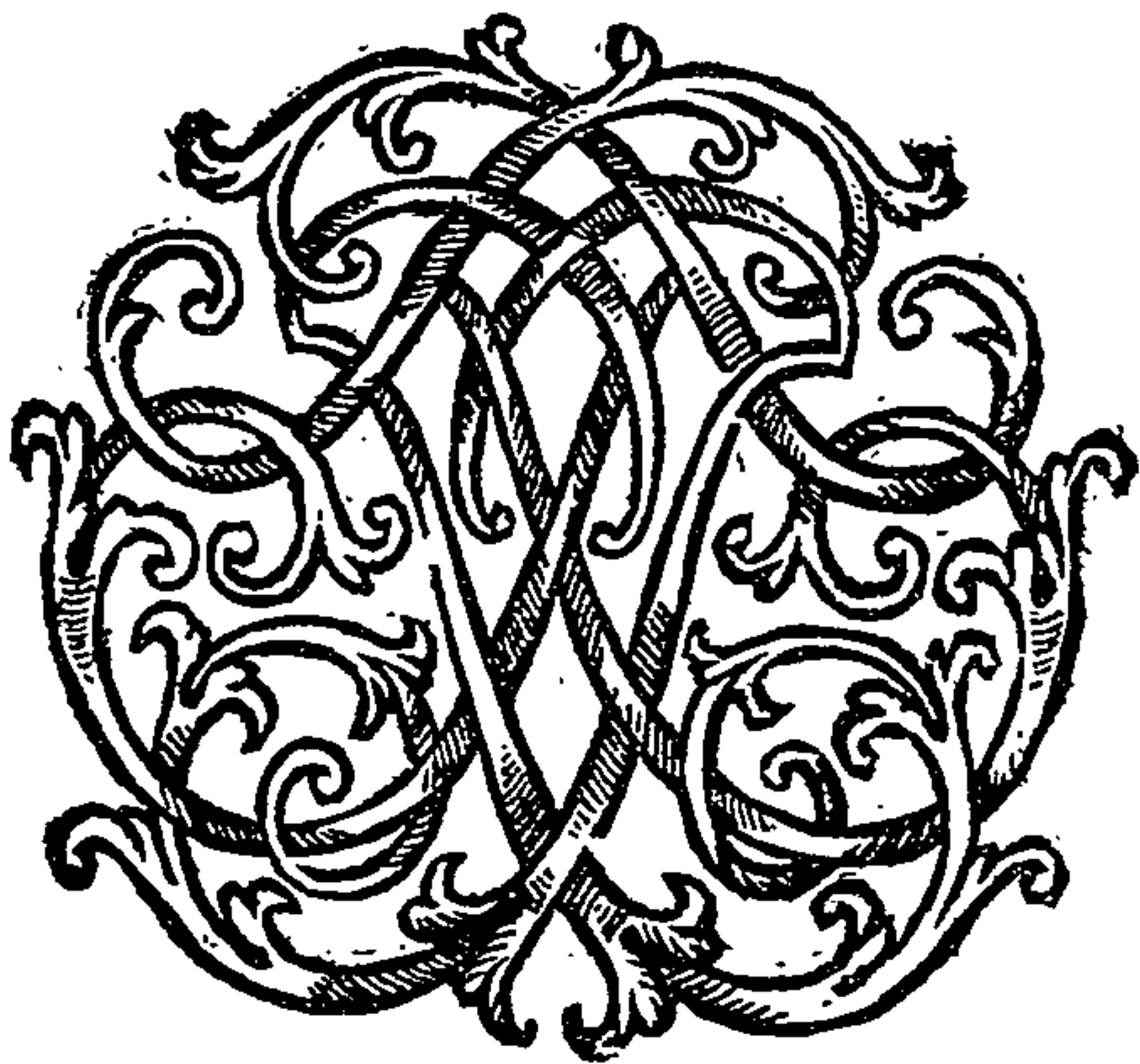
[Flourish. Exeunt omnes.]

F I N I S.

HAMLET,
PRINCE
OF
DENMARK.

A
TRAGEDY.

Written by
Mr. William SHAKESPEAR.



LONDON,
Printed in the Year 1710.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Claudius, *King of Denmark.*

Fortinbras, *Prince of Norway.*

Hamlet, *Son to the former, and Nephew to the present King.*

Polonius, *Lord Chamberlain.*

Horatio, *Friend to Hamlet.*

Laertes, *Son to Polonius.*

Voltimand,

Cornelius,

Rosencrans,

Guildenstern,

Osrick, *a Fop.*

Marcellus, *an Officer.*

Bernardo,

Francisco,

Reynoldo, *Servant to Polonius.*

Ghost of Hamlet's Father.

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

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

Ladies attending on the Queen.

Players, Grave-makers, Sailors, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE *ELSINOUR.*



H A M.



H A M L E T,
P R I N C E of
D E N M A R K.

A C T. I.

S C E N E I.

S C E N E *An open Place be-
fore the Palace.*

Enter Bernardo and Francisco, two Centinels.

Bernardo.

W Ho's there ?

Fran. Nay, answer me : Stand
and unfold your self.

Ber. Long live the King.

Fran. Bernardo ?

A 2

Ber.

4 Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

Ber. He.

Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.

Ber. 'Tis now struck Twelve, get thee to Bed,
Francisco.

Fran. For this relief, much thanks: 'tis bitter
cold,
And I am sick at Heart.

Ber. Have you had quiet Guard?

Fran. Not a Mouse stirring.

Ber. Well, good Night. If you do meet Ho-
ratio and Marcellus, the Rivals of my Watch,
bid them make haste.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Fran. I think I hear them. Stand; who's there?

Hor. Friends to this Ground.

Mar. And Liege-men to the Dane.

Fran. Give you good Night.

Mar. O, farewell, honest Soldier, who hath
reliev'd you?

Fran. Bernardo has my place: give you good
Night. [Exit Francisco.

Mar. Holla, Bernardo.

Ber. Say, what is Horatio there?

Hor. A piece of him.

Ber. Welcome, Horatio, welcome, good
Marcellus.

Mar. What, has this thing appear'd again to-
night?

Ber. I have seen nothing.

Mar. Horatio says, 'tis but our Phantasmie,
And will not let belief take hold of him,
Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us;
Therefore I have intreated him along,
With us, to watch the minutes of this Night:
That if again this Apparition come,

He

Hamlet, *Prince of Denmark.* §

He may approve our Eyes, and speak to it.

Hor. Tush, tush, 'twill not appear.

Ber. Sit down a while,
And let us once again assail your Ears,
That are so fortified against our story,
What we two Nights have seen.

Hor. Well, sit we down,
And let us hear *Bernardo* speak of this.

Ber. Last Night of all, (Pole,
When yon same Star, that's Westward from the
Had made his course t'illumine that part of Heav'n
Where now it burns, *Marcellus* and my self,
The Bell then beating one—

Mar. Peace, break thee off;
Look where it comes again.

Enter the Ghost.

Ber. In the same figure like the King that's dead.

Mar. Thou art a Scholar, speak to it, *Horatio.*

Ber. Looks it not like the King? Mark it, *Horatio.*

Hor. Most like: It harrows me with fear and
wonder.

Ber. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Question it, *Horatio.*

Hor. What art thou that usurp'st this time of Night,
Together with that fair and warlike form,
In which, the Majesty of buried *Denmark*
Did sometimes march? By Heav'n I charge
thee, speak.

Mar. It is offended.

Ber. See! It stalks away.

Hor. Stay; speak; speak: I charge thee, speak.
[*Exit Ghost.*

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Ber. How now, *Horatio*? You tremble and look pale:

6 Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

Is not this something more than Phantastic?
What think you on't?

Hor. Before my God, I might not this believe,
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own Eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the King?

Hor. As thou art to thy self.

Such was the very Armour he had on,
When he th' ambitious *Norway* combated:
So frown'd he once, when in an angry parle,
He smote the fledged Pole-axe on the Ice.

'Tis strange —

Mar. Thus twice before, and just at this same Hour,
With Martial stalk, hath he gone by our Watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work, I
know not:

But in the gross and scope of my opinion,
This boads some strange eruption to our State.

Mar. Good now sit down, and tell me, he
that knows,

Why this same strict and most observant Watch,
So nightly toils the subject of the Land?

And why such daily cast of Brazen Cannon

And foreign Mart for Implements of War?

Why such Impress of Shipwrights, whose sore Task
Does not divide the Sunday from the Week?

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

Who is't that can inform me?

Hor. That can I:

At least the Whisper goes so. Our last King,

Whose Image even but now appear'd to us,

Was, as you know, by *Fortinbras* of *Norway*,

(Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride)

Dar'd to the combat. In which, our valiant *Hamlet*,

(For so this side of our known World esteem'd him)

Did slay this *Fortinbras*: who by a seal'd Compact,

Well

Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. 7

Well ratified by Law, and Heraldry,
Did forfeit, with his Life, all those his Lands
Which he stood seiz'd on, to the Conqueror,
Against the which, a Moiety competent
Was gaged by our King; which had return'd
To the Inheritance of *Fortinbras*,
Had he been Vanquisher: as by the same Cov'nant
And carriage of the Article design'd,
His fell to *Hamlet*. Now Sir, young *Fortinbras*,
Of unimproved Mettle hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of *Norway*, here and there,
Shark'd up a List of Landleſs Resolutes,
For Food and Dyet; to some enterprize
That hath a Stomach in't: which is no other,
And it doth well appear unto our State,
But to recover of us by strong Hand
And terms compulsative, those foresaid Lands
So by his Father lost. And this, I take it,
Is the main motive of our Preparations,
The source of this our Watch, and the chief head
Of this post-haste, and rumage in the Land.

Ber. I think it be no other, but even so:
Well may it sort that this portentous Figure
Comes armed through our Watch so like the King,
That was, and is the Question of these Wars.

Hor. A Mote it is to trouble the mind's Eye.
In the most high and flourishing State of *Rome*,
A little e'er the mightiest *Julius* fell,
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted Dead
Did squeak and gibber in the *Roman* Streets;
Stars shon with trains of Fire, Dewes of Blood fell;
Disasters veil'd the Sun; and the moist Star,
Upon whose Influence *Neptune's* Empire stands,
Was sick almost to Dooms-day with Eclipse.
And even the like Precurse of fierce Events,
As Harbingers preceding still the Fates,
And Prologue to the Omen coming on,

8 Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

Have Heav'n and Earth together demonstrated
Unto our Climates and Country-men.

Enter Ghost again.

But soft, behold! Lo, where it comes again!
I'll cross it, though it blast me. Stay, Illusion!
[Spreading his Arms.

If thou hast any sound, or use of Voice,
Speak to me. If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do ease, and grace to me;
Speak to me.

If thou art privy to thy Country's Fate,
Which happily fore-knowing may avoid, Oh
Speak!—

Or, If thou hast uphoorded in thy Life
Extorted Treasure in the womb of Earth,

[Cock Crows.
For which, they say, you Spirits oft walk in Death,
Speak of it; Stay, and speak—Stop it, *Marcellus*—

Mar. Shall I strike at it with my Partizan?

Hor. Do, if it will not stand.

Ber. 'Tis here—

Hor. 'Tis here—

Mar. 'Tis gone.

[Exit Ghost.

We do it wrong, being so Majestical,
To offer it the shew of Violence;
For it is as the Air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows, malicious mockery.

Ber. It was about to speak, when the Cock crew.

Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful Summons. I have heard,
The Cock that is the Trumpet to the day,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the God of Day: and at his warning,
Whether in Sea, or Fire, in Earth, or Air,
Th' extravagant and erring Spirit hies

To

Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. 9

To his Confine. And of the truth herein,
This present object made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the Cock.
Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's Birth is celebrated,
The Bird of Dawning singeth all night long:
And then, they say, no Spirit dares walk abroad.
The Nights are wholesome then, no Planets strike,
No Fairy takes, no Witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd, and so gracious is the time.

Hor. So have I heard, and do in part believe it.
But look, the Morn in Russet-Mantle clad,
Walks o'er the Dew of yon high Eastern Hill;
Break we our Watch up, and by my advice,
Let us impart what we have seen to night
Unto young Hamlet: For upon my life,
This Spirit dumbs to us, will speak to him.
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
As needful in our Loves, fitting our duty?

Mar. Let's do't, I pray: and I this Morning know
Where we shall find him most conveniently. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E I I.

The Palace.

*Enter the King, Queen, Ophelia, Hamlet,
Polonius, Laertes, Voltimand,
Cornelius, Lords and Attendants.*

King.

Though yet of Hamlet our dear Brother's Death,
The Memory be green; and that it us befitted
To bear our Hearts in grief, and our whole Kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of woe;

A 5

Yet

To Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

Yet so far hath Discretion fought with Nature,
That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of our selves.
Therefore our sometime Sister, now our Queen,
Th' Imperial Jointress of this warlike State,
Have we, as 'twere, with a defeated joy,
With one Auspicious, and one dropping Eye,
With mirth in Funeral, and with Dirge in Marriage,
In equal Scale weighing Delight and Dole,
Taken to Wife. Nor have we herein barr'd
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
With this Affair along. For all our thanks.
Now follows, that you know young *Fortinbras*,
Holding a weak supposal of our worth;
Or thinking by our late dear Brother's death,
Our State to be disjoint, and out of frame,
Collogued with this Dream of his Advantage;
He hath not fail'd to pester us with Message,
Importing the surrender of those Lands
Lost by his Father, with all Bonds of Law
To our most valiant Brother. So much for him.
Now for our self, and for this time of meeting:
Thus much the Business is. We have here writ
To *Norway*, Uncle of young *Fortinbras*,
(Who impotent and bedrid, scarcely hears
Of this his Nephew's purpose) to suppress
His further gate herein: In that the Levies,
The Lists, and full Proportions are all made
Out of his Subjects. And we here dispatch
You, good *Cornelius*. And you *Voltimand*,
For bearing of this greeting to old *Norway*:
Giving to you no further personal Power
Of Treaty with the King, more than the scope
Of these dilated Articles allow.

Farewel, and let your haste commend your Duty.

Vol. In that, and all things, will we shew our Duty.

King.

Hamlet , Prince of Denmark. 11

King. We doubt in nothing , heartily farewell.

[*Exeunt Voltimand and Cornelius.*

And now *Laertes* , what's the News with you ?
You told us of some Suit ; What is't , *Laertes* ?
You cannot speak of Reason to the *Dane* ,
And lose your Voice. What wouldst thou beg, *Laertes* ,
That shall not be my Offer , not thy Asking ?
The Head is not more native to the Heart ,
The Hand more Instrumental to the Mouth ,
Than is the Throne of *Denmark* , to thy Father.
What wouldst thou have , *Laertes* ?

Laer. Dread my Lord ,
Your leave and favour to return to *France* ;
From whence , though willingly I came to *Denmark* ,
To shew my Duty in your Coronation :
Yet now I must confess , that Duty done ,
My Thoughts and Wishes bend again towards *France* ,
And bow them to your gracious Leave and Pardon.

King. Have you your Father's leave ? what says
Polonius ? (Leave ;

Pol. He hath , my Lord , wrung from me my flow
By laboursome Petition , and at last
Upon his Will I seal'd my hard Consent.
I do beseech you give him leave to go.

King. Take thy fair Hour , *Laertes* , time be thine ,
And thy best graces ; spend it at thy Will.

But now , my Cousin *Hamlet* , and my Son —

Ham. A little more than kin , and less than kind.

King. How is it that the Clouds still hang on you ?

Ham. Not so , my Lord , I am too much i'th' Sun.

Queen. Good *Hamlet* cast thy nightly colour off ,
And let thine Eye look like a Friend on *Denmark* .

Do not , for ever , with thy veiled Lids ,
Seek for thy noble Father in the dust.

Thou know'st 'tis common , all that live must die ,
Passing through Nature to Eternity.

Ham. Ay , Madam , it is common.

Queen.

Queen. If it be;

Why seems it so particular with thee?

Ham. Seems, Madam? Nay, it is; I know not Seems:
'Tis not alone my inky Cloak, good Mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn Black,
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the Eye,
Nor the dejected haviour of the Visage,
Together with all Forms, Moods, shews of Grief,
That can denote me truly. These indeed Seem,
For they are Actions that a Man might play;
But I have that within, which passeth show:
These, but the Trappings, and the Suits of woe.

King. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your Nature,
Hamlet,

To give these mourning Duties to your Father:
But you must know, your Father lost a Father,
That Father lost, lost his, and the Survivor bound
In filial Obligation, for some term
To do obsequious Sorrow. But to persevere
In obstinate Condolence, is a course
Of impious Stubbornness. 'Tis unmanly Grief:
It shews a Will most incorrect to Heav'n,
A Heart unfortified, a Mind impatient,
An Understanding simple, and unschool'd.
For what we know must be, and is as common,
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
Why should we, in our peevish Opposition,
Take it to Heart? Fie! 'Tis a fault to Heav'n,
A fault against the Dead, a fault to Nature,
To Reason most absurd, whose common Theme
Is death of Fathers, and who still hath cry'd,
From the first Coarse, 'till he that died to Day,
This must be so. We pray you throw to Earth
This unprevailing woe, and think of us,
As of a Father: For let the World take note,
You are the most immediate to our Throne;

And

And with no less Nobility of Love,
Than that which dearest Father bears his Son,
Do I impart towards you. For your intent
In going back to School to *Wittenberg*,
It is most retrograde to our Desire:

And we beseech you, bend you to remain
Here in the cheer and comfort of our Eye,
Our chiefest Courtier, Cousin, and our Son.

Queen. Let not thy Mother lose her Prayers, *Hamlet*;
I prithee stay with us? go not to *Wittenberg*.

Ham. I shall in all my best obey you, Madam.

King. Why 'tis a loving, and a fair Reply:
Be as our self in *Denmark*. Madam, come,
This gentle and unforc'd accord of *Hamlet*,
Sits smiling to my Heart; in grace whereof,
No jocund Health that *Denmark* drinks to Day,
But the great Cannon to the Clouds shall tell,
And the Kings Rowse, the Heav'n shall bruit again,
Re-speaking earthly Thunder. Come away.

[*Exeunt.*

Manet Hamlet.

Ham. O that this too too solid Flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve it self into a Dew;
Or that the Everlasting had not fixt
His Cannon 'gainst self slaughter. O God! O God!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seems to me all the uses of this World.

Fie on't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded Garden
That grows to Seed; things rank, and gross in Nature
Possess it meerly. That it should come to this;
But two Months dead; nay, not so much; not two, —
So excellent a King, that was, to this,
Hyperion to a *Satyr*: So loving to my Mother,
That he permitted not the Winds of Heav'n
Visit her Face too roughly. Heav'n and Earth!
Must I remember? — why she would hang on him,

As

14 Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

As if increase of Appetite had grown
By what it fed on; and yet within a Month? —
Let me not think on't — Frailty, thy Name is Wo-
man:

A little Month! — or e'er those Shooes were old;
With which she follow'd my poor Father's Body,
Like *Niobe*, all tears — Why she, even she, —
O Heav'n! A Beast that wants discourse of Reason
Would have mourn'd longer — Married with mine
Uncle,

My Father's Brother; but no more like my Father,
Than I to *Hercules*. Within a Month! —
E'er yet the salt of most unrighteous Tears
Had left the flushing of her gauled Eyes,
She married. O most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous Sheets:
It is not, nor it cannot come to good.
But break, my Heart, for I must hold my Tongue.

Enter Horatio, Bernardo, and Marcellus.

Hor. Hail to your Lordship.

Ham. I'm glad to see you well;
Horatio, or I do forget my self?

Hor. The same, my Lord, and your poor Ser-
vant ever.

Ham. Sir, my good Friend, I'll change that
Name with you:

And what make you from *Wittenberg*, *Horatio*?
Marcellus! —

Mar. My good Lord —

Ham. I am very glad to see you; good even, Sir.
But what, in faith, make you from *Wittenberg*?

Hor. A truant Disposition, good my Lord.

Ham. I would not have your Enemy say so;
Nor shall you do mine Ear that Violence,
To make it trust of your own report

Against

Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. 15

Against your self. I know you are no Truant;
But what is your Affair in *Elsinoor*?

We'll teach you to drink deep e'er you depart.

Hor. My Lord, I came to see your Father's Funeral.

Ham. I prithee do not mock me, Fellow Student;
I think it was to see my Mother's Wedding.

Hor. Indeed, my Lord, it follow'd hard upon't.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, *Horatio*: The Funeral bak'd
Meats

Did coldly furnish forth the Marriage Tables.

Would I had met my dearest Foe in Heav'n,

E'er I had ever seen that Day, *Horatio*.

My Father, — methinks I see my Father.

Hor. O where, my Lord?

Ham. In my Mind's Eye, *Horatio*.

Hor. I saw him once, he was a goodly King.

Ham. He was a Man, take him for all in all,

I should not look upon his like again.

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

Ham. Saw! Who? —

Hor. My Lord, the King your Father.

Ham. The King my Father!

Hor. Season your Admiration for a while
With an attent Ear; 'till I may deliver
Upon the witness of these Gentlemen,
This marvel to you.

Ham. For Heav'n's love, let me hear.

Hor. Two Nights together had these Gentlemen,
Marcellus and *Bernardo*, on their Watch,
In the dead waste and middle of the Night,
Been thus encountred. A figure like your Father,
Arm'd at all points exactly, *Cap a Pe*,
Appears before them, and with solemn March
Goes slow and stately: By them thrice he walk'd,
By their opprest and fear-surprized Eyes,
Within his Truncheon's length; whilst they, be-still'd
Almost to Jelly with the Act of fear,

Stand

16 Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

Stand dumb and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did;
And I with them the third Night kept the Watch,
Where, as they had deliver'd both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The Apparition comes. I knew your Father:
These Hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this? (watcht.

Mar. My Lord, upon the Platform where we

Ham. Did you not speak to it?

Hor. My Lord, I did;

But answer made it none: yet once methought
It lifted up its Head, and did address

It self to motion, like as it would speak:

But even then, the Morning-Cock crew loud;

And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,

And vanisht from our sight.

Ham. 'Tis very strange.

Hor. As I do live, my honourable Lord, 'tis true;
And we did think it writ down in our Duty
To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed, Sirs, but this troubles me:
Hold you the Watch to Night?

Both. We do, my Lord.

Ham. Arm'd, say you?

Both. Arm'd, my Lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

Both. My Lord, from head to foot.

Ham. Then saw you not his Face?

Hor. O yes, my Lord, he wore his Beaver up.

Ham. What, look'd he frowningly?

Hor. A Countenance more in Sorrow than in Anger.

Ham. Pale, or red?

Hor. Nay, very pale.

Ham. And fixt his Eyes upon you?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had been there.

Hor.

Hamlet, *Prince of Denmark.* 17

Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.

Ham. Very like, very like; staid it long?

Hor. While one with moderate haste might tell a

All. Longer; longer. (hundred.

Hor. Not when I saw't.

Ham. His Beard was grizzly?

Hor. It was, I have seen it in his Life,

A Sable silver'd. (again.

Ham. I'll watch to Night; perchance 'twill walk

Hor. I warrant you it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble Father's Person,

I'll speak to it, tho' Hell it self should gape,

And bid me hold my Peace. I pray you all;

If you have hitherto conceal'd this Sight;

Let it be treble in your silence still:

And whatsoever else shall hap to Night,

Give it an Understanding, but no Tongue:

I will requite your Loves: so, fare ye well.

Upon the Platform 'twixt eleven and twelve,

I'll visit you.

All. Our duty to your Honour. [Exeunt.

Ham. Your love, as mine to you: Farewel.

My Father's Spirit in Arms! All is not well;

I doubt some foul play; would the Night were come;

'Till then sit still, my Soul; foul Deeds will rise,

Tho' all the Earth o'erwhelm them to Mens Eyes.

[Exit.

Enter Laertes and Ophelia.

Laer. My Necessaries are imbark'd, farewel.

And Sister, as the Winds give benefit,

And Convoy is assistant; do not sleep;

But let me hear from you.

Oph. Do you doubt that?

Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favours,

Hold it a fashion and a toy in Blood,

A Violet in the youth of primy Nature,

Forward, not permanent, tho' sweet, not lasting

B

The

18 Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

The suppliance of a minute; no more.

Oph. No more but so ?

Laer. Think it no more:

For Nature crescent does not grow alone,
In Thews and Bulk; but as his Temple waxes,
The inward service of the Mind and Soul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps he loves you now,
And now no foil nor cautel doth besmerch
The virtue of his Mind: But you must fear,
His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own:
For he himself is subject to his Birth;
He may not, as unvalued Persons do,
Carve for himself; for, on his choice depends
The sanctity and health of the whole State.
And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd
Unto the voice and yielding of that Body,
Whereof he is the Head. Then if he says he loves you,
It fits your Wisdom so far to believe it,
As he in his peculiar Act and force
May give his saying deed; which is no further,
Than the main Voice of *Denmark* goes withal.
Then weigh that loss your Honour may sustain,
If with too credent Ear you list his Songs,
Or lose your Heart; or your chaste Treasure open
To his unmastered importunity.
Fear it, *Ophelia*; fear it, my dear Sister;
And keep within the rear of your Affection,
Out of the shot and danger of Desire.
The charest Maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her Beauty to the Moon.
Virtue it self scapes not calumnious strokes;
The Canker galls the infant of the Spring,
Too oft before the Buds be disclos'd:
And in the morn and liquid dew of Youth,
Contagious blastments are most imminent.
Be wary then, best safety lies in fear;
Youth to it self rebels, though none else near.

Oph.

Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. 19

Oph. I shall th' effect of this good Lesson keep,
As Watchmen to my Heart: But good my Brother,
Do not as some ungracious Pastors do,
Shew me the steep and thorny way to Heav'n;
Whilst like a puff and reckless Libertine,
Himself, the Primrose path of dalliance treads,
And reaks not his own read.

Laer. Oh, fear me not.

Enter Polonius.

I stay too long; but here my Father comes:
A double Blessing is a double Grace;
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

Pol. Yet here, *Laertes!* aboard, aboard for shame,
The Wind sits in the shoulder of your Sail,
And you are staid for there. My Blessing with you;
And these few Precepts in thy Memory,
See thou Character. Give thy Thoughts no Tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd Thought his Act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The Friends thou hast, and their adoption try'd,
Grapple them to thy Soul, with hoops of Steel:
But do not dull thy Palm, with Entertainment
Of each unhatch'd, unfledg'd Comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a Quarrel: But being in
Bear't that th' oppos'd may beware of thee.
Give every Man thine Ear; but few thy Voice.
Take each Man's censure; but reserve thy Judgment.
Costly thy Habit as thy Purse can buy;
But not exprest in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the Apparel oft proclaims the Man;
And they in *France* of the best Rank and Station,
Are most select and generous, chief in that.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;
For Loan oft loses both it self and Friend:
And borrowing dulls the edge of Husbandry.
This above all; to thine own self be true:
And it must follow, as the Night the Day,

20 Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

Thou canst not then be false to any Man.

Farewel; my blessing season this in thee.

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

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

Laer. Farewel, *Ophelia*, and remember well
What I have said to you.

Oph. 'Tis in my Memory lockt,
And you your self shall keep the Key of it.

Laer. Farewel.

Exit Laer.

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

Oph. So please you, something touching the

Pol. Marry, well bethought; (*Lord Hamlet.*
'Tis told me he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you; and you your self
Have of your Audience been most free and bounteous.
If it be so, as so it is put on me,

And that in way of caution, I must tell you,
You do not understand your self so clearly,
As it behooves my Daughter, and your Honour.
What is between you, give me up the Truth?

Oph. He hath, my Lord, of late, made many
Of his Affection to me. (*tenders*

Pol. Affection! puh! you speak like a green Girl,
Unfitted in such perilous Circumstance.

Do you believe his Tenders, as you call them?

Oph. I do not know, my Lord, what I should think.

Pol. Marry I'll teach you; think your self a Baby,
That you have ta'en his Tenders for true pay.
Which are not sterling. Tender your self more dearly;
Or not to crack the wind of the poor Phrase,
Roaming it thus, you'll tender me a Fool.

Oph. My Lord, he hath importun'd me with Love,
In honourable fashion.

Pol. Ay, fashion you may call it: go to, go to.

Oph. And hath given Countenance to his Speech,
With almost all the Vows of Heaven. (*my Lord,*

Pol. Ay, Springes to catch Woodcocks. I do know

When

When the Blood burns, how prodigal the Soul
 Gives the Tongue vows; these blazes, Daughter,
 Giving more light than heat, extinct in both,
 Even in their Promise, as it is a making,
 You must not take for Fire. For this time, Daughter,
 Be somewhat scatter of your Maiden presence,
 Set your Entreatments at a higher rate,
 Than at command to Parley. For Lord Hamlet,
 Believe so much in him, that he is young,
 And with a larger tether may he walk,
 Than may be given you. In few, *Ophelia*,
 Do not believe his Vows; for they are Brokers,
 Not of the dye which their Investments shew,
 But meet Implorators of unholy Suits,
 Breathing like sanctified and pious Bonds,
 The better to beguile. This is for all:
 I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
 Have you so slander any moments leisure,
 As to give words or talk with the Lord Hamlet:
 Look to't, I charge you: come your way.

Oph. I shall obey my Lord. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

The Platform before the Palace.

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

Ham. The Air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.

Hor. It is a nipping and an eager Air.

Ham. What hour now?

Hor. I think it lacks of twelve.

Mar. No, it has struck.

Hor. I heard it not: Then it draws near the Season,
 Wherein the Spirit held his wont to walk.

[*Noise of warlike Musick within.*

What does this mean, my Lord? (his rouse,

Ham. The King doth wake to Night, and takes
 Keeps wassel, and the swaggering upspring reels;
 And as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,

22 Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

The Kettle Drum and Trumper thus bray out
The triumph of his Pledge.

Hor. Is it a Custom?

Ham. Ay marry is't:

But to my mind, though I am native here,
And to the manner born, it is a Custom
More honour'd in the breach, than the observance.
This heavy-headed revel East and West
Makes us traduc'd and taxed of other nations:
They clepe us Drunkards, and with swinish phrase
Soil our addition: and indeed it takes
From our Achievements, though perform'd at
The pith and marrow of our attribute.
So oft it chanches in particular men,
That for some vicious mole of Nature in them,
As in their birth, wherein they are not guilty,
(Since Nature cannot choose his origen)
By their o're-growth of some complection,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason;
Or by some habit that too much o're-leavens
The form of plausible manners, that these men
Carrying I say the stamp of one defect,
Being Natures lively, or Fortunes star,
His Virtues else be they as pure as Grace,
As infinite as man may undergo,
Shall in the general Censure take corruption
From that particular fault: the dram of base
Doth all the noble substance of a doubt
To his own scandal.

Enter Ghost.

Hor. Look, my Lord, it comes.

Ham. Angels and Ministers of Grace defend us!
Be thou a Spirit of Health, or Goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee Airs from Heaven, or blasts from
Be thy Events wicked or charitable, (Hell,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee *Hamlet*,
King, Father, Royal Dane: Oh! Answer me?

Let

Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. 23

Let me not burst in Ignorance ; but tell
Why thy Canoniz'd Bones hearsed in Death,
Have burst their Cearments ? why the Sepulcher
Wherein we saw thee quietly Inurn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble Jaws,
To cast thee up again ? What may this mean ?
That thou dead Coarse again in compleat Steel,
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the Moon,
Making Night hideous ? and we Fools of Nature,
So horridly to shake our Disposition,
With Thoughts beyond the reaches of our Souls ?
Say, why is this ? wherefore ? what should we do ?
[Ghost beckons Hamlet.

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire,
To you alone.

Mar. Look with what courteous action
It wafts you to a more removed Ground :
But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means. [Holding Hamlet.

Ham. It will not speak ; then will I follow it.

Hor. Do not, my Lord.

Ham. Why, what should be the fear ?
I do not set my Life at a Pins fee ;
And for my Soul, what can it do to that ?
Being a thing immortal as it self.
It waves me forth again. — I'll follow it —

Hor. What if it tempt you toward the Flood, My lord,
Or to the dreadful Summit of the Cliff,
That beetles o'er his base into the Sea,
And there assume some other horrible Form,
Which might deprive your Sovereignty of Reason,
And draw you into madness ? think of it.

Ham. It wafts me still : Go on, I'll follow thee—

Mar. You shall not go, my Lord.

Ham. Hold off your Hands.

Hor. Be rul'd, you shall not go.

24 Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

Ham. My Fate cries out,
And makes each petty Artery in this Body,
As hardy as the Nemean Lion's Nerve:
Still am I call'd? Unhand me, Gentlemen —

[Breaking from them.

By Heav'n I'll make a Ghost of him that lets me —
I lay away — go on — I'll follow thee —

[Exeunt Ghost and Hamlet.

Hor. He waxes desperate with Imagination.

Mar. Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

Hor. Have after; to what issue will this come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the State of Denmark.

Hor. Heav'n will detect it.

Mar. Nay, let's follow him. [Exeunt.

Enter Ghost and Hamlet.

Ham. Where wilt thou lead me? speak; I'll go

Ghost. Mark me. (no further.

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting Flames
Must render up my self.

Ham. Alas poor Ghost.

Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.

Ham. Speak, I am bound to hear.

Ghost. So art thou to Revenge, when thou shalt

Ham. What? (hear.

Ghost. I am thy Father's Spirit;
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the Night;
And for the Day confin'd so fast in Fires,
'Till the foul Crimes done in my Days of Nature,
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid
To tell the Secrets of my Prison-house,
I could a Tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy Soul, freeze thy young Blood,
Make thy two Eyes like Stars, start from their Spheres,
Thy knotty and combined Locks to part,

And

And each particular Hair to stand an end
 Like Quills upon the fretful Porcupine:
 But this eternal Blazon must not be
 To ears of Flesh and Blood; list Hamlet! oh list!
 If thou dist ever thy dear Father love—

Ham. Oh Heaven!

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural Murther.

Ham. Murther?

Ghost. Murther most foul, as in the best it is;
 But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

Ham. Hasteme to know it, that I with Wings as
 As Meditation, or the thoughts of Love (swift
 May sweep to my Revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt;
 And duller shouldst thou be than the fat Weed
 That rots it self in ease on *Lethe's* Wharf,
 Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear:
 It's given out, that sleeping in my Orchard,
 A Serpent stung me. So the Whole ear of *Denmark*,
 Is by a forged Procefs of my Death
 Rankly abus'd: But know, thou noble Youth,
 The Serpent that did sting thy Father's Life,
 Now wears his Crown.

Ham. O my Prophetick Soul; mine Uncle?

Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate Beast,
 With Witchcraft of his Wit, and traiterous Gifts,
 (Oh wicked Wit, and Gifts, that have the Power
 So to seduce!) won to his shameful Lust
 The Will of my most seeming virtuous Queen.
 Oh Hamlet, what a falling off was there!
 From me, whose Love was of that Dignity,
 That it went hand in hand, even with the Vow
 I made to her in Marriage; and to decline
 Upon a Wretch, whose natural Gifts were poor
 To those of mine!

But Virtue, as it never will be moved,
 Though Lewdness court it in a Shape of Heaven;

26 Hamlet, *Prince of Denmark.*

So lust, though to a radiant Angel link'd,
Will fate it self in a Celestial Bed; and prey on Garbage.
But soft, methinks I scent the Morning's Air —
Brief let me be; sleeping within mine Orchard,
My Custom always in the Afternoon,
Upon my secure Hour, thy Uncle stole
With Juice of cursed Hebenon in a Viol,
And in the Porches of mine Ears did pour
The leperous Distilment; whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of Man,
That swift as Quick-silver it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the Body;
And with a sudden vigour it doth posset
And curd, like Eagle droppings into Milk,
The thin and wholesome blood: So did it mine
And a most instant Tetter bark'd about,
Most Lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
All my smooth Body.

Thus was I, sleeping, by a Brother's Hand,
Of Life, of Crown, and Queen at once dispatcht;
Cut off even in the Blossoms of my Sin,
Unouzzled, disappointed, unaneld;
No reckoning made, but sent to my Account
With all my imperfections on my Head.
Oh horrible! Oh horrible! most horrible!
If thou hast Nature in thee, bear it not;
Let not the Royal Bed of *Denmark*, be
A Couch for Luxury, and damn'd Incest.
But howsoever thou pursuest this Act,
Taint not thy Mind, nor let thy Soul contrive
Against thy Mother ought; leave her to Heav'n,
And to those Thorns that in her Bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once,
The Glow-worm shews the Matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual Fire.

Adieu, adieu, *Hamlet!* remember me. [Exit.

Ham. Oh all you Host of Heaven! Oh Earth!
what else? And

Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. 27

And shall I couple Hell? Oh fie! hold my Heart—
And you, my Sinews, grow not instant Old;
But bear me stiffly up; Remember thee—

Ay, thou poor Ghost, while Memory holds a seat
In this distracted Globe; Remember thee!

Yea, from the Table of my Memory,
I'll wipe away all trivial fond Records,
All saws of Books, all Forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there;
And thy Commandment all alone shall live
Within the Book and Volume of my Brain,
Unmixt with baser Matter. Yes, yes by Heav'n.
Oh most pernicious Woman!

Oh Villain, Villain, smiling damned Villain!
My Tables—meet it is I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a Villain;
At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmark. [*Writing.*
So Uncle, there you are; now to my word;
It is; Adieu, Adieu, Remember me. I have sworn't.

Hor. & Mar. within. My Lord, my Lord.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Mar. Lord Hamlet.

Hor. Heav'n secure him.

Mar. So be it.

Hor. Illo, ho, ho, my Lord.

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy; come bird, come.

Mar. How is't; my Noble Lord?

Hor. What News, my Lord?

Ham. Oh wonderful!

Hor. Good my Lord, tell it.

Ham. No; you'll reveal it.

Hor. Not I, my Lord, by Heav'n.

Mar. Nor I, my Lord.

Ham. How say you then, would Heart of Man once
But you'll be secret? [*think it?*

Both. Ay, by Heav'n, my Lord. [*mark,*

Ham. There's ne'er a Villain dwelling in all Den-

But

28 Hamlet , *Prince of Denmark*:

But he's an arrant Knave. [the Grave

Hor. There needs no Ghost, my Lord, come from
To tell us this.

Ham. Why, right, you are in the right;
And so without more Circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake Hands, and part;
You as your Business and Desires shall point you,
For every Man has Business and Desire,
Such as it is; and for mine own poor part,
Look you, I will go pray. (Lord,

Hor. These are but wild and hurling Words, my

Ham. I'm sorry they offended you, heartily;
Yes Faith, heartily.

Hor. There's no Offence, my Lord.

Ham. Yes, by *St. Patrick*, but there is my Lord,
And much Offence too. Touching this Vision here—
It is an honest Ghost, that let me tell you;
For your desire to know what is between us,
O'er-master't as you may. And now, good Friends,
As you are Friends, Scholars, and Soldiers,
Give me one poor request.

Hor. What is't, my Lord? we will. [night.

Ham. Never make known what you have seen to

Both. My Lord, we will not.

Ham. Nay, but swear't.

Hor. In faith, my Lord, not I.

Mar. Nor I, my Lord, in faith.

Ham. Upon my Sword.

Mar. We have sworn, my Lord, already.

Ham. Indeed, upon my Sword, indeed.

Ghost. Swear. [Ghost cries under the Stage.

Ham. Ah, ha Boy, say'st thou so? Art thou
there truepenny? Come on, you hear this Fellow
in the Celleridge. Consent to swear.

Hor. Propose my Oath, my Lord.

Ham. Never to speak of this that you have seen;
Swear by my Sword.

Swear

Hamlet, *Prince of Denmark.* 29

Ghost. Swear.

Ham. *Hic & ubique?* Then we'll shift for ground.
Come hither Gentlemen,
And lay your Hands again upon my Sword,
Never to speak of this that you have heard;
Swear by my Sword.

Ghost. Swear. (Ground so fast?)

Ham. Well said, old Mole, can't work i'th'
A worthy Pioneer; once more remove, good Friends.

Hor. Oh Day and Night! But this is wondrous
strange.

Ham. And therefore as a Stranger bid it welcome.
There are more things in Heaven and Earth, *Horatio*,
Than are dreamt of in our Philosophy. But come,
Here as before, never, so help you Mercy,
How strange or odd so e'er I bear my self,
As I perchance hereafter shall think meet
To put an Antick disposition on,
That you at such time seeing me, never shall
With Arms encumbred thus, or thus, head shake;
Or by pronouncing of some doubtful Phrase;
As well — we know — or, we could, if
we would —
Or, if we list to speak — or, there be, and if
there might —

Or such ambiguous giving out, to note
That you know ought of me; this not to do,
So Grace and Mercy at your most need help you,

Ghost. Swear. (Swear.)

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed Spirit; so, Gentlemen,
With all my Love I do commend me to you:
And what so poor a Man as *Hamlet* is,
May do t'express his Love and Friending to you,
God willing shall not lack. Let us go in together,
And still your Fingers on your Lips I pray.
The time is out of Joint; Oh cursed spight,

That

30 Hamlet, *Prince of Denmark.*

That ever I was born to set it right.

Nay, come, let's go together.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T. I I.

S C E N E I.

SCENE *An Apartment in Polonius's House.*

Enter Polonius, and Reynoldo.

Polonius.
GIVE him his Money, and those Notes, *Reynoldo.*

Rey. I will, my Lord.

Pol. You shall do marvellous wisely, good *Reynoldo.*
Before you visit him, make you Inquiry
Of his Behaviour.

Rey. My Lord, I did intend it.

Pol. Marry, well said;
Very well said. Look you, Sir,
Enquire me first what *Danskers* are in *Paris*;
And how, and who; what means, and where
they keep?

What Company, at what Expence? and finding
By this encompassment and drift of Question,
That they do know my Son; come you more near:
Then your particular Demands will touch it.
Take you, as 'twere some distant Knowledge
of him,

As thus — I know his Father and his Friends,
And in part him — Do you mark this, *Reynoldo*?

Rey. Ay, very well, my Lord.

Pol. And in part him — but you may say
— not well; But

But if't be he I mean, he's very wild;
Addicted so and so—and there put on him
What Forgeries you please; marry, none so rank,
As may dishonour him; take heed of that;
But, Sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips,
As are Companions noted and most known
To Youth and Liberty.

Rey. As Gaming, my Lord—

Pol. Ay, or Drinking, Fencing, Swearing,
Quarrelling, Drabbing—You may go so far.

Rey. My Lord, that would dishonour him.

Pol. Faith no, as you may season it in the Charge.
You must not put another scandal on him,
That he is open to Incontinency,
That's not my meaning; but breath his Faults so
quaintly,

That they may seem the Taints of Liberty;
The Flash and out-break of a fiery Mind,
A savageness in unreclaimed Blood
Of general Assault.

Rey. But, my good Lord—

Pol. Wherefore should you do this?

Rey. Ay, my Lord, I would know that?

Pol. Marry, Sir, here's my drift;
And I believe it is a fetch of Warrant.
You laying these slight sullies on my Son,
As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i'th' working,
Mark you your party in converse; he you would
found,

Having e'er seen, in the prenominate Crimes,
The youth you breath of, guilty, be assur'd
He closes with you in this Consequence;
Good Sir, or so, or Friend, or Gentleman,
According to the Phrase and the Addition,
Of Man and Country.

Rey. Very good, my Lord.

Pol. And then, Sir, do's he this?

32 Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

He do's — what was I about to say? By the Mass,
I was about to say something, where did I leave? —

Rey. At closes in the Consequence:
At Friend, or so; and Gentleman.

Pol. At closes in the Consequence — Ay marry,
He closes with you thus. I know the Gentleman,
I saw him yesterday, or t'other day, or then,
Or then, with such and such, and as you say,
There was he gaming, there o'ertook in's Rowse,
There falling out at Tennis, or perchance,
I saw him enter such at House of Sale,
Videlicet, a Brothel, or so forth — See you now;
Your bait of Falshood, takes this Carp of Truth.
And thus do we of Wisdom and of Reach,
With Windlaces, and with assays of byas,
By Indirections find Directions out.

So by my former Lecture and Advice

Shall you my Son: you have me, have you not?

Rey. My Lord, I have.

Pol. God b'w' you; fare you well.

Rey. Good my Lord —

Pol. Observe his Inclination in your self.

Rey. I shall, my Lord.

Pol. And let him ply his Musick.

Rey. Well, my Lord.

[*Exit Rey.*]

Pol. Farewel.

Enter Ophelia.

How now, *Ophelia*, what's the matter?

Oph. Alas, my Lord; I have been so affrighted.

Pol. With what, in the Name of Heav'n?

Oph. My Lord, as I was sowing in my chamber,
Lord *Hamlet* with his Doublet all unbrac'd,
No Hat upon his Head, his Stockings-foul'd,
Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his Ankle,

Pale

Pale as his Shirt; his Knees knocking each other,
And with a look so piteous in purport,
As if he had been loosed out of Hell,
To speak of Horrors; so he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy Love?

Oph. My Lord, I do not know:
But truly I do fear it.

Pol. What said he?

Oph. He took me by the wrist,
Then goes he to the length of all his Arm;
And with his other Hand, thus o'er his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my Face,
As he would draw it. Long staid he so;
At last, a little shaking of my Arm,
And thrice his Head thus waving up and down,
He rais'd a Sigh, so hideous and profound,
That it did seem to shatter all his Bulk,
And end his Being. That done, he lets me go,
And with his Head over his Shoulders turn'd,
He seem'd to find his way without his Eyes,
For out adoors he went without their help,
And to the last, bended their light on me.

Pol. Come, go with me, I will go seek the King,
This is the very Extasie of Love,
Whose violent Property foregoes it self,
And leads the Will to desperate Undertakings,
As oft as any Passion under Heaven,
That do's afflict our Natures. I am sorry;
What, have you given him any hard Words of late?

Oph. No, my good Lord; but as you did command
I did repell his Letters, and deny'd
His Access to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad.
I am sorry that with better heed and Judgment
I had not quoted him. I fear'd he did but trifle,
And meant to wrack thee; but beshrew my Jealousie;
It seems it is as proper to our Age,

34 Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

To cast beyond our selves in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack Discretion. Come, go we to the King.
This must be known, which being kept close,
might move
More grief to hide, than hate to utter Love. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E I I.

The Palace.

*Enter King, Queen, Rosencrans, Guilden-
stern, Lords and other Attendants.*

King.

Welcome dear Rosencrans and Guildenstern:
Moreover, that we much did long to see you,
The need we have to use you, did provoke
Our hasty sending. Something have you heard
Of Hamlet's Transformation; so I call it,
Since not th' exterior, nor the inward Man
Resembles that it was. What it should be
More than his Father's Death, that thus hath put him
So much from th' understanding of himself,
I cannot deem of. I intreat you both,
That being of so young days brought up with him,
And sith so neighbour'd to his Youth; and Haviour,
That you vouchsafe your rest here in our Court,
Some little time; so by your companies,
To draw him on to Pleasures, and to gather
So much as from Occasions you may glean,
If ought, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,
That open'd lies within our remedy.

Queen. Good Gentlemen he hath much talk'd
of you,

And

Hamlet, *Prince of Denmark.* 35

And sure I am, two Men there are not living,
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
To shew us so much gentry and good will,
As to expend your time with us a while,
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your Visitation shall receive such Thanks;
As fits a King's remembrance.

Ros. Both your Majesties
Might by the Sovereign Power you have of us,
Put your dread Pleasures, more into Command
Than to Entreaty.

Guil. But we both obey,
And here give up our selves, in the full bent,
To lay our Service freely at your Feet,
To be commanded.

King. Thanks, *Rosencrans*, & gentle *Guildenstern*;

Queen. Thanks, *Guildenstern*, & gentle *Rosencrans*;

And I beseech you instantly to visit
My too much changed Son. Go some of ye,
And bring the Gentlemen where *Hamlet* is.

Guil. Heav'ns make our Presence and our Practices
Pleasant and helpful to him.

[*Exeunt Ros. and Guil.*]

Queen. Amen.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. The Ambassadors from *Norway*, my good Lord;
Are joyfully return'd.

King. Thou still hast been the Father of good News.

Pol. Have I, my Lord? Assure you; my good Liege,
I hold my Duty, as I hold my Soul,
Both to my God, and to my gracious King;
And I do think, or else this Brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of Policy, so sure
As I have us'd to do, that I have found
The very cause of *Hamlet's* Lunacy.

C 2

King.

36 Hamlet, *Prince of Denmark.*

King. O speak of that, that I do long to hear.

Pol. Give first admittance to th' Ambassadors,
My News shall be the Fruit to that great Feast.

King. Thy self do Grace to them, and bring
them in. [*Ex. Pol.*

He tells me, my sweet Queen, that he hath found
The head and source of all your Son's Distemper.

Queen. I doubt it is no other, but the main,
His Father's Death, and our o'er-hasty Marriage.

Enter Polonius, Voltimand, and Cornelius.

King. Well, we shall sift him. Welcome,
my good Friends!

Say *Voltimand*, what from our Brother *Norway*?

Volt. Most fair return of Greetings, and Desires.
Upon our first, he sent out to suppress
His Nephew's Levies, which to him appear'd
To be a Preparation 'gainst the *Polak*.
But better look'd into, he truly found
It was against your Highness. Whereat grieved,
That so his Sickness, Age, and Impotence
Was falsely born in hand, sends out Arrests
On *Fortinbras*, which he, in brief, obeys,
Receives rebuke from *Norway*; and in fine,
Makes Vow before his Uncle, never more
To give th' assay of Arms against your Majesty.
Whereon old *Norway*, overcome with Joy,
Gives him three thousand Crowns in annual Fee,
And his Commission to imploy those Soldiers
So levied as before; against the *Polak*.
With an intreaty herein further shewn,
That it might please you to give quiet pass
Through your Dominions for his Enterprize:
On such regards of Safety and Allowance,
As therein are set down.

King. It likes us well:

And

Hamlet, *Prince of Denmark.* 37

And at our more consider'd time we'll read,
Answer, and think upon this Business.
Mean time we thank you, for your well-took labour.
Go to your rest, at night we'll feast together.
Most welcome home. [*Ex. Ambaf.*

Pol. This Business is well ended.
My Liege and Madam, to expostulate
What Majesty should be, what Duty is,
Why Day is Day, Night, Night, and Time is Time,
Were nothing but to waste Night, Day, and Time;
Therefore, since Brevity is the Soul of Wit,
And Tedioufness the Limbs and outward Flourishes,
I will be brief; your noble Son is mad.
Mad call I it; for to define true Madness,
What is't, but to be nothing else but mad.
But let that go.

Queen. More Matter, with less Art.

Pol. Madam, I swear I use no Art at all;
That he is mad 'tis true; 'tis true, 'tis pity,
And pity, it is true; a foolish Figure,
But farewell it, for I will use no Art.
Mad let us grant him then; and now remains
That we find out the Cause of this Effect;
Or rather say the cause of this Defect:
For this Effect defective, comes by cause.
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus —
Perpend —

I have a Daughter; have, whilst she is mine,
Who in her Duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this; now gather, and surmise.

He opens a Letter, and reads.

*To the Celestial, and my Soul's Idol, the most
beautified Ophelia.*

That's an ill Phrase, a vile Phrase, beautified is
a vile Phrase: but you shall hear — *These to her
excellent white Bosom, these —*

Queen. Came this from *Hamlet* to her?

38 Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

Pol. Good Madam stay a while, I will be faithful.
 Doubt that, the Stars are Fire, [Reading.
 Doubt, that the Sun doth move;
 Doubt Truth to be a Liar,
 But never doubt, I love.

O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these Numbers; I have
 not Art to reckon my Groans; but that I love thee
 best, oh most best, believe it. Adieu.

Thine evermore, most dear Lady, whilst
 this Machine is to him, Hamlet.

This in Obedience hath my Daughter shew'd me:
 And more above, hath his solicitings,
 As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
 All given to mine Ear.

King. But how hath she receiv'd his Love?

Pol. What do you think of me?

King. As of a Man, faithfull and honourable.

Pol. I would fain prove so. But what might
 you think?

When I had seen his hot Love on the Wing,
 As I perceived it, I must tell you that
 Before my Daughter told me, what might you
 Or my dear Majesty your Queen here, think,
 If I had play'd the Desk or Table-book,
 Or given my Heart a winking, mute and dumb,
 Or look'd upon this Love, with idle sight,
 What might you think? No, I went round to work,
 And my young Mistress thus I did bespeak;
 Lord Hamlet is a Prince out of thy Sphere,
 This must not be; and then, I Precepts gave her,
 That she should lock her self from his Resort,
 Admit no Messengers, receive no Tokens:
 Which done, she took the fruits of my Advice;
 And he repulsed, a short Tale to make,
 Fell into a Sadness, then into a Fast,
 Thence to a Watch, and thence into a Weakness,
 Thence to a Lightness, and by this declension

Into

Into the Madness wherein now he raves,
And all we wail for.

King. Do you think 'tis this?

Queen. It may be very likely.

Pol. Hath there been such a time, I'd fain
know that,

That I have positively said, 'tis so,
When it prov'd otherwise?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwise,
If Circumstances lead me, I will find
Where Truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the Center.

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. You know sometimes he walks four hours
together,

Here in the Lobby.

Queen. So he do's indeed.

Pol. At such a time I'll loose my Daughter to him,
Be you and I behind an Arras then,
Mark the Encounter: if he love her not,
And be not from his Reason fain thereon,
Let me be no Assistant for a State,
But keep a Farm and Carters.

King. We will try it.

Enter Hamlet reading.

Queen. But look where, sadly, the poor
Wretch comes Reading.

Pol. Away, I do beseech you, both away.
I'll board him presently.

[*Exeunt King and Queen.*

Oh give me leave. How does my good Lord Hamlet?

Ham. Well, God-a-mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my Lord?

Ham. Excellent, excellent well; y'are a Fishmonger?

40 Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

Pol. Not I, my Lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a Man.

Pol. Honest, my Lord?

Ham. Ay, Sir; to be honest as this World goes, is to be one pick'd out of two thousand.

Pol. That's very true, my Lord.

Ham. For if the Sun breed Maggots in a dead Dog, Being a good kissing Carrion—

Have you a Daughter?

Pol. I have, my Lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i'th' Sun; Conception is a Blessing, but not as your Daughter may conceive. Friend, look to't.

Pol. How say you by that? Still harping on my Daughter—yet he knew me not at first; he said I was a Fishmonger; he is far gone, far gone; and truly in my Youth, I suffered much extremity for Love; very near this. I'll speak to him again. What do you read, my Lord?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the Matter, my Lord?

Ham. Between whom?

Pol. I mean the Matter you read, my Lord.

Ham. Slanders, Sir: For the Satyrical Slave says here, that old Men have gray Beards; that their Faces are wrinkled; their Eyes purging thick Amber, or Plum-tree Gum; and that they have a plentiful lack of Wit, together with weak Hams. All which, Sir, though I most powerfully, and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down: For you your self, Sir, should be as old as I am, if like a Crab you could go backward.

Pol. Though this be madness, yet there's Method in't:

Will you walk out of the Air, my Lord?

Ham.

Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. 41.

Ham. Into my Grave?

Pol. Indeed that 's out o'th' Air :

How pregnant, sometimes, his replies are ?

A happiness that often Madness hits on,

Which Reason and Sanity could not

So prosperously be deliver'd of. I will leave him,

And suddenly contrive the means of meeting

Between him and my Daughter.

My honourable Lord, I will most humbly

Take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot, Sir, take from me any thing, that I will more willingly part withal, except my Life, my Life.

Pol. Fare you well, my Lord.

Ham. These tedious old Fools.

Pol. You go to seek my Lord Hamlet; there 'he is.

Enter Rosencrans and Guildenstern.

Ros. God save you, Sir.

Guild. Mine honour'd Lord!

Ros. My most dear Lord!

Ham. My excellent good Friends! How dost thou Guildenstern? Oh, Rosencrans, good Lads! How do ye both?

Ros. As the indifferent Children of the Earth.

Guild. Happy, in that we are not over-happy; on Fortune's Cap, we are not the very Button.

Ham. Nor the Soals of her Shooe?

Ros. Neither, my Lord.

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

Guild. Faith, in her privates we.

Ham. In the secret parts of Fortune? Oh, most true; she is a Strumpet. What's the News?

Ros. None; my Lord, but that the World's grown Honest.

42 Hamlet, *Prince of Denmark.*

Ham. Then is Dooms-day near : but your News is not true. Let me question more in particular : What have you , my good Friends , deserved at the hands of Fortune , that she sends you to Prison hither ?

Guild. Prison , my Lord ?

Ham. Denmark's a Prison.

Ros. Then is the World one.

Ham. A goodly one , in which there are many Confines , Wards , and Dungeons ; *Denmark* being one o'th' worst.

Ros. We think not so , my Lord.

Ham. Why then , 'tis none to you ; for there is nothing either good or bad , but thinking makes it so : To me it is a Prison.

Ros. Why then your Ambition makes it one : 'Tis too narrow for your Mind.

Ham. O God , I could be bounded in a Nut-shell , and count my self a King of infinite space ; were it not that I have bad Dreams.

Guild. Which Dreams indeed are Ambition ; for the very substance of the ambitious , is meerly the shadow of a Dream.

Ham. A Dream it self is but a Shadow.

Ros. Truly , and I hold Ambition of so airy and light a quality , that it is but a Shadow's Shadow.

Ham. Then are our Beggars Bodies , and our Monarchs , and out-streight Heroes , the Beggars Shadows. Shall we to th' Court ? For , by my fey , I cannot reason.

Both. We'll wait upon you.

Ham. No such matter. I will not fort you with the rest of my Servants : For , to speak to you like an honest Man , I am most dreadfully attended. But in the beaten way of Friendship. What make you at *Elsinore* ?

Ros.

Hamlet, *Prince of Denmark.* 43

Ros. To visit you, my Lord, no other Occasion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in Thanks; but I thank you; and sure, dear Friends, my Thanks are too dear a half-penny. Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free Visitation? Come, deal justly with me; come, come; nay, speak.

Guild. What should we say, my Lord?

Ham. Why, any thing, but to the Purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of Confession in your looks, which your Modesties have not craft enough to colour. I know the good King and Queen have sent for you.

Ros. To what end, my Lord?

Ham. That you must teach me; but let me conjure you by the rights of our Fellowship, by the consonancy of our Youth, by the Obligation of our ever-preserved Love, and by what more dear, a better proposer could charge you withal; be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for or no.

Ros. What say you?

Ham. Nay then I have an Eye of you: If you love me, hold not off.

Guild. My Lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the King and Queen, moult no Feather. I have of late, but wherefore I know not, lost all my Mirth, forgone all custom of Exercise; and indeed, it goes so heavily with my Disposition, that this goodly Frame, the Earth, seems to me a steril Promontory; this most excellent Canopy the Air, look you, this brave o'er-hanging, this Majestical Roof, fretted with golden Fire, why, it appears no other thing to me, than a foul and pestilent Congregation of Vapours. What a piece of Work

is

44 Hamlet, *Prince of Denmark.*

is a Man ! How Noble in Reason ! How infinite in Faculty ! In form and moving how express and admirable ! In action, how like an Angel ! In apprehension how like a God ! The Beauty of the World, the Paragon of Animals; and yet to me, what is this Quintessence of dust? Man delights not me : no, nor Woman neither, tho' by your smiling you seem to say so.

Ros. My Lord, there was no such Stuff in my Thoughts.

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

Ros. To think, my Lord, if you delight not in Man, what lenten Entertainment the Players shall receive from you; we accosted them on the way, and hither are they coming to offer you Service.

Ham. He that plays the King shall be welcome; his Majesty shall have Tribute of me; the adventurous Knight shall use his Foyle and Target; the Lover shall not sigh gratis; the humorous Man shall end his part in Peace; the Clown shall make those laugh, whose Lungs are tickl'd ath' sere; and the Lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank Verse shall halt for't. What Players are they?

Ros. Even those you were wont to take Delight in, the Tragedians of the City.

Ham. How chances it they travel? Their residence both in Reputation and Profit, was better both ways.

Ros. I think their Inhibition comes by the means of the late Innovation?

Ham. Do they hold the same Estimation they did when I was in the City? Are they so follow'd?

Ros. No indeed, they are not.

Ham. How comes it? Do they grow rusty?

Ros. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted
pace;

Hamlet, *Prince of Denmark.* 45

pace; but there is, Sir, an airy of Children, little Yases, that cry out on the top of question; and are most tyrannically clapt for't; these are now the Fashion, and so be-rattle the common Stages (so they call them) that many wearing Rapiers, are afraid of goose-quills, and dare scarce come thither.

Ham. What are they Children? Who maintains 'em? How are they escoted? Will they pursue the quality no longer than they can sing? Will they not say afterwards if they should grow themselves to common Players (as it is like most, if their Means are no better) their Writers do them wrong to make them exclaim against their own Succession.

Ros. Faith, there has been much to do on both sides; and the Nation holds it no Sin, to tarre them to controversie. There was for a while, no Mony bid for Argument, unless the Poet and the Player went to Cuffs in the question.

Ham. Is't possible?

Guild. Oh there has been much throwing about of Brains.

Ham. Do the Boys carry it away?

Ros. Ay, that they do, my Lord, *Hercules* and his load too.

Ham. It is not strange, for mine Uncle is King of *Denmark*; and those that would make mowes at him while my Father lived, give twenty, forty, an hundred Ducates a piece, for his Picture in little. There is something in this more than Natural, if Philosophy could find it out.

[*Flourish for the Players.*]

Guild. There are the Players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to *Elfinoor*; your Hands, come: the appurtenance of Welcome, is Fashion and Ceremony: let me comply
with

46 Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

with you in the Garbe, lest my extent to the Players (which I tell you must shew fairly outward) should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome; but my Uncle Father, and Aunt Mother are deceiv'd.

Guild. In what, my dear Lord?

Ham. I am but mad North, North-West: When the Wind is Southerly, I know a Hawk from a Handsaw.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you, Gentlemen.

Ham. Hark you, *Guildenstern*, and you too, at each ear a hearer; that great Baby you see there, is not yet out of his swathing Clouts.

Ros. Haply he's the second time come to them; for they say, an old Man is twice a Child.

Ham. I will Prophesie, he comes to tell me of the Players. Mark it, you say right, Sir; for on *Munday Morning* 'twas so indeed.

Pol. My Lord, I have News to tell you.

Ham. My Lord, I have News to tell you, When *Roscius* was an Actor in *Rome* —

Pol. The Actors are come hither, my Lord.

Ham. Buzze, buzze.

Pol. Upon mine Honour —

Ham. Then came each Actor on his Ass —

Pol. The best Actors in the World, either for Tragedy; Comedy, History, Pastoral, Pastoral-Comical, Historical-Pastoral, Tragical-Historical, Tragical-Comical-Historical-Pastoral, Scene undividable; or Poem unlimited. *Seneca* cannot be too heavy, nor *Plautus* too light, for the law of Wit, and the Liberty. These are the only Men.

Ham.

Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. 47

Ham. O *Jephtha*, Judge of *Israel*, what a Treasure hadst thou !

Pol. What a Treasure had he, my Lord ?

Ham. Why one fair Daughter, and no more, The which he loved passing well.

Pol. Still on my Daughter.

Ham. Am I not i'th' right, old *Jephtha* ?

Pol. If you call me *Jephtha*, my Lord, I have a Daughter that I love passing well.

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. What follows then, my Lotd ?

Ham. Why, as by lot, God wot — and then you know, it came to pass, as most like it was ; the first row of the Rubrick will shew you more. For look where my Abridgements come.

Enter four or five Players.

Y'are welcome Masters, welcome all. I am glad to see thee well ; welcome good Friends. Oh ! my old Friend ! Thy Face is valiant since I saw thee last : Com'st thou to beard me in *Denmark* ? What my young Lady and Mistress ? Betlady your Ladship is nearer Heaven, than when I saw you last, by the Altitude of a Choppine. Pray God your Voice, like a piece of uncurrent Gold, be not crack'd within the Ring. Masters, you are all welcome : we'll e'en to't like *French Faulconers*, fly at any thing we see : we'll have a speech straight. Come, give us a Taste of your Quality ; come, a passionate Speech.

I Play. What Speech, my Lord ?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a Speech once, but it was never acted ; or if it was, not above once ; for the Play I remember pleas'd not the Million : 'twas *Caviary* to the General ; but it was, as I received it, and others, whose Judgment in such Matters, cryed in the top of mine, an excellent Play ;

48. Hamlet, *Prince of Denmark*.

Play, well digested in the Scenes, set down with as much modesty, as cunning. I remember one said, there was no Sallets in the Lines, to make the Matter savoury; nor no Matter in the Phrase, that might indite the Author of Affectation; but call'd it an honest method, as whole some as sweet and by very much more handsome than fine. One chief Speech in it I chiefly lov'd, 'twas *Aeneas* Tale to *Dido*, and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of *Priam's* Slaughter. If it live in your Memory, begin at this Line, let me see, let me see —
The rugged *Pyrrhus*, like the *Hyrceanian* Beast. It is not so — it begins with *Pyrrhus*.

The rugged *Pyrrhus*, he whose Sable Arms
Black as his purpose, did the Night resemble.
When he lay couched in the ominous Horse,
Hath now his dread and black Complexion smear'd
With Heraldry more dismal; Head to Foot
Now is he total Geules; horridly trickt
With Blood of Fathers, Mothers, Daughters, Sons,
Bak'd and impasted, with the parching Streets,
That lend a tyrannous, and damned light
To these vile Murthers. Roasted in Wrath and Fire,
And thus o'ersized with coagulate Gore,
With Eyes like Carbuncles, the hellish *Pyrrhus*
Old Grandfire *Priam* seeks.

Pol. 'Fore God, my Lord, well spoken,
with good accent, and good Discretion.

1 Play. Anon he finds him,
Striking too short at *Greeks*. His antick Sword,
Rebellious to his Arm, lyes where it falls,
Repugnant to command. Unequal match,
Pyrrhus at *Priam* drives, in rage strikes wide;
But with the whiff and wind of his fell Sword,
Th'unnerved Father falls. Then senseless *Ilium*,
Seeming to feel his Blow, with flaming Top
Stoops to his Base, and with a hideous crash

Takes

Hamlet; *Prince of Denmark.* 49

Takes Prisoner *Pyrrhus* Ear. For lo, his Sword,
Which was declining on the milky Head
Of Reverend *Priam*, seem'd i'th' Air to stick.
So as a painted Tyrant *Pyrrhus* stood,
And like a Neutral to his Will and Nature,
Did Nothing.

But as we often see against some Storm,
A Silence in the Heav'ns, the Rack stand still,
The bold winds speechless, and the Orb below
As hush as Death: Anon the dreadful Thunder
Doth rend the Region. So after *Pyrrhus* pause,
A rowled Vengeance sets him new a work,
And never did the *Cyclops* Hammers fall
On *Mars* his Armour, forg'd for proof eterne,
With less remorse than *Pyrrhus* bleeding Sword
Now falls on *Priam*.

Out, out, thou Strumpet Fortune! All you Gods,
In general-Synod take away her Power;
Break all the Spokes and Fellies from her Wheel,
And bowl the round Nave down the Hill of Heav'n,
As low as to the Fiends.

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to the Barbers with your Beard.
Prethee say on; he's for a Jigg, or a tale of Bawdry,
or he sleeps.

Say on; come to *Hecuba*.

1 Play. But who, O who, had seen the Mobled Queen —

Ham. The Mobled Queen?

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

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

With Biffon Rheum; a Clout about that Head,
Where late the Diadem stood, and for a Robe
About her lank and all o'er-teamed Loyns,
A Blanket in th'alarm of fear caught up.

Who this had seen, with Tongue in Venom steep'd,

D

'Gainst

50 Hamlet, *Prince of Denmark.*

'Gainst Fortune's State, would Treason have
pronounc'd.

But if the Gods themselves did see her then,
When she saw *Pyrrhus* make malicious sport,
In mincing with his Sword her Husband's Limbs;
The instant Burst of Clamour that she made,
(Unless things mortal move them not all)
Would have made milch the burning Eyes of
Heav'n,

And Passion in the Gods.

Pol. Look where he has now turn'd his Colour,
and has Tears in's Eyes. Pray you, no more.

Ham. 'Tis well, I'll have thee speak out the
rest soon.

Good my Lord, will you see the Players well
bestow'd.

Do ye hear, let them be well us'd; for they are
the abstracts, and brief Chronicles of the time.
After your Death, you were better have a bad E-
pitaph, than their ill Report while you lived.

Pol. My Lord, I will use them according to
their Desert.

Ham. Gods bodikins Man, better, Use every
Man after his Desert, and who should scape
whipping? Use them after your own Honour and
Dignity. The less they deserve, the more Merit
is in your Bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come, Sirs.

[*Exit Polonius.*

Ham. Follow him, Friends: We'll hear a
Play to morrow.

Dost thou hear me, old Friend, can you play the
Murder of *Gonzago*?

Play. Ay, my Lord.

Ham. We'll ha't to morrow Night. You could
for a need study a speech of some dozen or sixteen
Lines, which I would set down, and insert in't?
Could ye not?

Play.

Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. 51

Play. Ay, my Lord.

Ham. Very well. Follow that Lord, and look you mock him not. My good Friends, I'll leave you 'till Night, you are welcome to *Elsinour*.

Ros. Good, my Lord. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Hamlet.

Ham. Ay so; good b'w'ye: now I am alone. O what a Rogue and Peasant Slave am I! Is it not monstrous that this Player here, But in a Fiction, in a Dream of Passion, Could force his Soul so to his whole Conceit, That from her working, all his Visage warm'd; Tears in his Eyes, Distraction in's aspect, A broken Voice, and his whole Function suiting With Forms, to his Conceit? And all for nothing! For *Hecuba*!

What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to *Hecuba*; That he should weep for her? What would he do, Had he the Motive and the Cue for Passion That I have? He would drown the Stage with Tears, And cleave the general Ear with horrid Speech; Make mad the Guilty, and appall the Free, Confound the Ignorant, and amaze indeed, The very faculty of Eyes and Ears. Yet I, A dull and muddy metled Rascal, peak Like *John-a-Dreames*, unpregnant of my Cause, And can say nothing: No, not for a King, Upon whose Property, and most dear Life, A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a Coward? Who calls me Villain, breaks my Pate a-cross, Plucks off my Beard, and blows it in my Face, Tweaks me by th'Nose, gives me the lye i'th' Throat, As deep as to the Lungs? Who does me this? Ha! Why should I take it? For it cannot be:

52 Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

But I am Pigeon-liver'd, and lack Gall
To make Oppression bitter; or e're this,
I should have fatt'd all the Region Kites
With this Slave's Offal. Bloody, bawdy Villain!
Remorseless, Treacherous, Lecherous, kindless Villain!
Oh Vengeance!

Why what an Ass am I? this is most brave,
That I, the Son of a dear Father murdered,
Prompted to my Revenge by Heav'n and Hell,
Must, like a Whore, unpack my Heart with Words,
And fall a cursing like a very Drab,
A Scullion— Fye on't! Foh! About my Brains!
I have heard, that guilty Creatures sitting at a Play,
Have by the very cunning of the Scene,
Been struck so to the Soul, that presently
They have proclaim'd their Malefactions.
For Murder, though it have no Tongue, will speak
With most miraculous Organ. I'll have these Players,
Play something like the Murder of my Father,
Before mine Uncle. I'll observe his looks,
I'll tent him to the Quick; if he but blench,
I know my Course. The Spirit that I have seen,
May be the Devil: and the Devil hath Power
T'assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps
Out of my Weakness, and my Melancholy,
As he is very Potent with such Spirits,
Abuses me to damn me. I'll have grounds
More relative than this: the Play's the thing,
Wherein I'll catch the Conscience of the King.
[Exit.]



A C T.

A C T. III.

S C E N E I.

S C E N E *The Palace.*

Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrans, Guildenstern and Lords.

King.

AND can you by no drift of Circumstance
Get from him why he puts on this Confusion,
Grating so harshly all his Days of quiet,
With turbulent and dangerous Lunacy?

Ros. He does confess he feels himself distracted;
But from what cause he will by no means speak.

Guild. Nor do we find him forward to be sounded;
But with a crafty Madness keeps aloof,
When we would bring him on to some Confession
Of his true State.

Queen. Did he receive you well?

Ros. Most like a Gentleman.

Guild. But with much forcing of his disposition.

Ros. Niggard of Question; but of our Demands
Most free in his reply.

Queen. Did you assay him to any pastime?

Ros. Madam, it so fell out, that certain Players
We o'er-took on the way; of these we told him,
And there did seem in him a kind of Joy
To hear of it. They are about the Court;
And (as I think) they have already order
This night to play before him.

D 3

Pol.

54 . Hamlet, *Prince of Denmark.*

Pol. 'Tis most true:
And he beseech'd me to intreat your Majesties
To hear and see the Matter.

King. With all my Heart, and it doth much
content me
To hear him so inclin'd. Good Gentlemen,
Give him a further edge, and drive his Purpose on
To these Delights.

Ros. We shall, my Lord. [*Exeunt.*

King. Sweet *Gertrude*, leave us too;
For we have closely sent for *Hamlet* hither,
That he, as 'twere by accident, may there
Affront *Ophelia*.

Her Father, and my self, lawful Espials,
Will so bestow our selves, that seeing & unseen
We may of their Encounter frankly judge,
And gather by him, as he is behaved,
If't be th' affliction of his Love, or no,
That thus he suffers for.

Queen. I shall obey you:
And for your part, *Ophelia*, I do wish
That your good Beauties be the happy cause
Of *Hamlet's* wildness. So shall I hope your Virtues
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your Honours.

Oph. Madam, I wish it may.

Pol. *Ophelia*, walk you here. Gracious, so please ye,
We will bestow our selves: Read on this Book,
That shew of such an exercise may colour
Your loneliness. We're oft to blame in this,
'Tis too much prov'd, that with Devotion's visage,
And pious Action, we do sugar o'er
The Devil himself.

King. Oh 'tis too true! (*Science!*
How smart a lash that Speech doth give my Con-
The Harlot's Cheek beautied with plastring art
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,
Than

Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. 55

Than is my Deed to my most painted word.
Oh heavy burthen !

Pol. I hear him coming, let's withdraw, my Lord.
[*Exeunt all but Ophelia.*]

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the Question:
Whether, 'tis nobler in the Mind, to suffer
The Stings and Arrows of outragious Fortune,
Or to take Arms against a Sea of Troubles,
And by opposing, end them. To dye, to sleep,
No more; and by a sleep, to say we end
The Heart-aches, and the thousand natural Shocks
That Flesh is Heir to; 'tis a Consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep —
To sleep, perchance to Dream; ay, there's the rub —
For in that sleep of Death, what Dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal Coil,
Must give us pause. There's the respect
That makes Calamity of so long Life:
For who would bear the Whips and Scorns of Time,
The Oppressors wrong, the poor Man's Contumely,
The pangs of despis'd Love, the Laws delay,
The insolence of Office, and the spurns
That patient Merit of the Unworthy takes,
When he himself might his *Quietus* make
With a bare Bodkin? Who would Fardels bear
To grunt and sweat under a weary Life,
But that the dread of something after Death,
The undiscover'd Country, from whose Born
No Traveller returns, puzzles the Will,
And makes us rather bear those Ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus Conscience does make Cowards of us all,
And thus the native hue of Resolution
Is sicklied o'er, with the pale cast of Thought;

D 4.

And

56 Hamlet ; *Prince of Denmark*;

And Enterprizes of great Pith and Moment ,
With this regard their Currents turn away ,
And lose the name of action. Soft you now ,

[*Seeing Oph.*

The fair *Ophelia* : Nymph , in thy Orisons
Be all my Sins remembered.

Oph. Good my Lord ,
How does your Honour for this many a Day ?

Ham. I humbly thank you ; well , well , well —

Oph. My Lord , I have remembrances of yours ,
That I have longed long to re-deliver.

I pray you now receive them.

Ham. No , no , I never gave you ought.

Oph. My honour'd Lord , I know right well
you did ,

And with them Words of so sweet Breath compos'd ,
As made the things more Rich : That perfume lost ,
Take these again ; for to the noble Mind
Rich Gifts wax poor , when Givers prove unkind.
There , my Lord.

Ham. Ha , ha ! Are you honest ?

Oph. My Lord —

Ham. Are you fair ?

Oph. What means your Lordship ?

Ham. That if you be honest and fair , your
Honesty should admit no Discourse to your Beauty.

Oph. Could Beauty , my Lord , have better
Commerce than with Honesty ?

Ham. Ay truly ; for the power of Beauty , will
sooner transform Honesty from what it is , to a
Bawd , than the force of Honesty can translate
Beauty into his likeness. This was sometime a
Paradox , but now the time gives it proof. I did
love you once.

Oph. Indeed , my Lord , you made me believe so.

Ham. You should not have believed me. For
Virtue cannot so inoculate our old Stock , but we
shall

shall relish of it. I loved you not.

Oph. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee to a Nunnery. Why wouldst thou be a breeder of Sinners? I am my self indifferent honest, but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better my Mother had not born me. I am very proud, revengefull, ambitious, with more Offences at my beck, than I have thoughts to put them in Imagination, to give them shape, or time to act them in. What should such Fellows as I do crawling between Heaven and Earth. We are arrant Knaves all, believe none of us — Go thy waysto a Nunnery — Where's your Father?

Oph. At home, my Lord.

Ham. Let the Doors be shut upon him, that he may play the Fool no where but in's own House. Farewel.

Oph. O help him, you sweet Heav'ns.

Ham. If thou dost Marry, I'll give thee this Plague for thy Dowry. Be thou as chaste as Ice, as pure as Snow, thou shalt not escape Calumny — Get thee to a Nunnery, Go — farewel — Or if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wise Men know well enough, what Monsters you make of them — To a Nunnery go — and quickly too. Farewel.

Oph. O heav'nly Powers restore him.

Ham. I have heard of your prating too, well enough. God has given you one pace, and you make your self another: You jig, you amble, you lisp and Nick-name God's Creatures, and make your wantonness yōur ignorance. Go, I'll no more on't, it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more Marriages. Those that are married already, all but one shall live, the rest shall keep as they are. To a Nunnery, go. [Exit Hamlet.

58 Hamlet, *Prince of Denmark.*

Oph. O what a noble Mind is here o'er-thrown!
The Courtiers, Soldiers, Scholars, Eye, Tongue,
Sword,

Th' expectancy and Rose of the fair State,
The glass of Fashion, and the mould of Form,
Th' observ'd of all observers, quite quite down.
I am of Ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the Honey of his Musick Vows.
Now see that Noble and most Sovereign Reason,
Like sweet Bells jangled out of tune, and harsh;
That unmatch'd Form and Feature of blown Youth,
Blasted with Extasie. Oh woe is me!
T' have seen what I have seen; see what I see.

Enter King, and Polonius.

King. Love! His Affections do not that way tend,
Nor what he spake, tho' it lack'd Form a little,
Was not like Madness. There's something in his Soul,
O'er which his Melancholy sits on brood:
And I do doubt the hatch, and the disclose
Will be some Danger; which how to prevent,
I have in quick Determination
Thus set it down. He shall with speed to *England*
For the demand of our neglected Tribute:
Haply the Seas and Countries different,
With variable Objects, shall expel
This something settled matter in his Heart;
Whereon his Brains still beating, puts him thus
From fashion of himself. What think you on't?

Pol. It shall do well. But yet do I believe
The Origin and Commencement of this Grief
Sprung from neglected Love. How now, *Ophelia*?
You need not tell us what Lord Hamlet said,
We heard it all. My Lord, do as you please,
But if you hold it fit after the Play,
Let his Queen Mother all alone intreat him

To

Hamlet, *Prince of Denmark.* 59

To shew his Griefs ; let her be round with him :
And I'll be plac'd, so please you, in the Ear
Of all their Conference. If she find him not,
To *England* lend him ; or confine him where
Your wisdom best shall think.

King. It shall be so :

Madness in great Ones must not unwatch'd go.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Hamlet, and two or three
of the Players*

Ham. Speak the Speech I pray you, as I pronounc'd it to you, trippingly on the Tongue. But if you mouth it, as many of our Players do, I had as lieve the Town Cryer had spoke my Lines: Nor do not saw the Air too much with your Hand thus, but use all gently ; for in the very Torrent, Tempest, and as I may say, the whirlwind of Passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O it offends me to the Soul, to see a robustous Perriwig-pated Fellow, rear a Passion to Tatters, to very Rags ; to split the Ears of the Groundlings, who, for the most part, are capable of nothing, but inexplicable dumb Shews, and Noise : I could have such a Fellow whipt for o'er doing Termagant ; it out-Herods Herod. Pray you avoid it.

Play. I warrant your Honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither ; but let your own Discretion be your Tutor. Sute the Action to the Word, the Word to the Action ; with this special observance, that you o'er-step not the Modesty of Nature : for any thing so overdone, is from the purpose of Playing, whose end both at the first and now, was and is, to hold as 'twere the Mirror up to Nature ; to shew Virtue her own

Fea-

60 Hamlet , *Prince of Denmark* :

Feature, Scorn her own Image, and the very Age and Body of the time, his Form and Pressure. Now, this over-done, or come tardy off, tho' it make the Unskilful laugh, cannot but make the Judicious grieve. The censure of which one, must in your allowance o'er-sway a whole Theatre of others. Oh, there be Players that I have seen Play, and heard others praise, and that highly, (not to speak it prophanely) that neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gate of Christian, Pagan, nor *Norman*, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of Nature's Journey-men had made Men, and not made them well; they imitated Humanity so abominably.

Play. I hope we have reform'd that indifferently with us, Sir.

Ham. O reform it altogether. And let those that play your Clowns, speak no more than is set down for them. For there be of them, that will of themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren Spectators to laugh too; though in the mean time, some necessary question of the Play be then to be considered: that's Villanous, and shews a most pitiful Ambition in the Fool that uses it. Go make you ready.

[*Exeunt Players.*

Enter Polonius, Rosencrans, and Guildenstern.

How now, my Lord?

Will the King hear this piece of Work?

Pol. And the Queen too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the Players make haste.

[*Exit Polonius.*

Will you two help to hasten them?

Both. We will, my Lord.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter

Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. 61.

Enter Horatio.

Ham. What ho, Horatio?

Hor. Here, sweet Lord, at your Service.

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a Man
As e'er my Conversation coap'd withal.

Hor. O my dear Lord—

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter:
For what Advancement may I hope from thee,
That no Revenue hast, but thy good Spirits
To feed and cloath thee. Why should the poor
be flatter'd?

No, let the candied Tongue lick absurd Pomp,
And crook the pregnant Hinges of the Knee,
Where thrift may follow feigning. Dost thou hear?
Since my dear Soul was Mistress of her choice,
And could of Men distinguish, her Election
Hath seal'd thee for her self. For thou hast been
As one in suffering all, that suffers nothing.
A Man that Fortunes buffets and rewards
Hath ta'en with equal Thanks. And blest are those,
Whose Blood and Judgment are so well co-mingled,
That they are not a Pipe for Fortune's Finger,
To sound what stop she please. Give me that Man,
That is not Passion's Slave, and I will wear him
In my Heart's Core: Ay, in my Heart of Heart,
As I do thee. Something too much of this.
There is a Play to night before the King,
One Scene of it comes near the Circumstance
Which I have told thee, of my Father's Death.
I prethee, when thou seest that Act a-foot,
Even with the very Comment of thy Soul
Observe mine Uncle: if his occulted guilt
Do not it self unkennel in one Speech,
It is a damned Ghost that we have seen:
And my Imaginations are as foul

As

62 Hamlet, Prince of Denmark

As *Vulcan's* Stythy. Give him heedful note,
For I mine Eyes will river to his Face;
And after we will both our Judgments join;
To censure of his seeming.

Hor. Well, my Lord,
If he steal ought the while this Play is playing,
And scape detecting, I will pay the Theft.

Enter King; Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosen-
crans, Guildenstern, and other Lords At-
tendants, with his Guard carrying Torches.

Danish March. Sound a Flourish.

Ham. They are coming to the Play; I must be
idle.

Get you a Place.

King. How fares my Cousin Hamlet?

Ham. Excellent i'faith, of the Camelion's Dish,
I eat the Air, promise-cramm'd, you cannot feed
Capous so.

King. I have nothing with this Answer, *Ham-
let*, these Words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine, now, my Lord. You
plaid once i'th' University, you say?

[To Polonius.

Pol. That I did, my Lord, and was accounted
a good Actor.

Ham. And what did you enact?

Pol. I did enact *Julius Cæsar*; I was kill'd i'th'
Capitol: *Brutus* kill'd me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him, to kill so
Capital a Calf there. Be the Players ready?

Ros. Ay, my Lord; they stay upon your pa-
tience.

Queen. Come hither; my good Hamlet; sit
by me.

Ham.

Hamlet ; *Prince of Denmark.* 63

Ham. No , good Mother , here's Mettle more attractive.

Pol. Oh ho , do you mark that ?

Ham. Lady , shall I lye in your Lap ?

[*Lying down at Ophelia's Feet.*

Oph. No , my Lord.

Ham. I mean , my Head upon your Lap ?

Oph. Ay , my Lord.

Ham. Do you think I meant Country matters ?

Oph. I think nothing , my Lord.

Ham. Thats a fair thought to lye between a Maid's Legs.

Oph. What is , my Lord ?

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry , my Lord.

Ham. Who I ?

Oph. Ay , my Lord.

Ham. Oh God , your only Jig-maker ; what should a Man do , but be merry : For look you how chearfully my Mother looks , and my Father dy'd within's two hours.

Oph. Nay , 'tis twice two Months , my Lord.

Ham. So long ? Nay then let the Devil wear black , for I'll have a Suit of Sables. Oh Heav'ns ! Dye two Months ago , and not forgotten yet ? Then there's hope , a great Man's Memory may out-live his Life half a Year : But by'r-lady he must build Churches then ; or else shall he suffer not thinking on , with the Hobby-horse ; whose Epitaph is , for o , for o , the Hobby-horse is forgot.

Hautboys play.

The dumb Shew enters.

Enter

64 Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

Enter a King and Queen, very lovingly; the Queen embracing him. She kneels; and makes shew of Protestation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his Head upon her Neck. Lays him down upon a Bank of Flowers. She seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a Fellow, takes off his Crown, kisses it, and pours Poison in the King's Ears, and Exit. The Queen returns, finds the King dead, and makes passionate Action. The Poisoner, with some two or three Mutes comes in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead Body is carried away: The Poisoner woes the Queen with Gifts, she seems loth and unwilling a while, but in the end accepts his Love. . . . [Exit.

Oph. What means this, my Lord?

Ham. Marry this is Miching Malicho, that means Mischiefe.

Oph. Belike this Shew imports the Argument of the Play?

Ham. We shall know by these Fellows: The Players cannot keep counsel, they'll tell all.

Oph. Will they tell us what this Shew meant?

Ham. Ay, or any Shew that you'll shew 'em. Be not you asham'd to shew, they'll not shame to tell you what it means.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught; I'll mark the Play.

Enter Prologue.

*For us, and for our Tragedy,
Here stooping to your Clemency;
We; beg your hearing patiently.*

Ham. Is this a Prologue, or the Poese of a Ring?

Oph.

Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. 65

Oph. 'Tis brief, my Lord:

Ham. As Woman's love.

Enter King and Queen, Players.

King. Full thirty times hath *Phœbus* Car gon round
Neptune's salt Wash, and *Tellus* orb'd Ground:
And thirty dozen Moons with borrowed sheen,
About the World have twelve times thirty been,
Since Love our Hearts, and *Hymen* did our Hands
Unite commutual, in most sacred Bands.

Queen. So many Journeys may the Sun and Moon
Make us again count o'er, e'er love be done.
But woe is me, you are so sick of late,
So far from Cheer, and from your former state,
That I distrust you: yet though I distrust,
Discomfort you, my Lord, it nothing must;
For Womens' Fear and Love, hold quantity,
In neither ought, or in extremity;
Now what my Love is, proof hath made you know,
And as my Love is fix'd, my Fear is so.

King. Faith I must leave thee, Love, and shortly too;
My operant Powers my Functions leave to do:
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
Honour'd, belov'd, and haply, one as kind
For Husband shalt thou—

Queen. Oh confound the rest!
Such Love must needs be Treason in my Breast.
In second Husband let me be accurst;
None wed the second, but who kill'd the first.

Ham. Wormwood, Wormwood.

Queen. The instances that second Marriage move;
Are base respects of Thrift, but none of Love.
A second time, I kill my Husband dead,
When second Husband kisses me in Bed.

King. I do believe you think what now you speak;
But what we do determine, oft we break.

66 Hamlet, Prince of Denmark

Purpose is but the Slave to Memory,
Of violent birth, but poor validity:
Which now like Fruits unripe stick on the Tree,
But fall unshaken, when they mellow be.
Most necessary 'tis that we forget
To pay our selves, what to our selves is Debt.
What to our selves, in Passion we propose,
The Passion ending, doth the purpose lose.
The Violence of either Grief or Joy,
Their own enactors with themselves destroy:
Where Joy most revels, Grief doth most lament;
Grief joys, Joy grieves on slender accident.
This World is not for aye, nor 'tis not strange
That even our Loves should with our Fortunes change;
For 'tis a Question left us yet to prove,
Whether Love lead Fortune, or else Fortune Love.
The great Man down, you mark his Favourite flies,
The poor advanc'd makes Friends of Enemies:
And hitherto doth Love on Fortune tend,
For who not needs, shall never lack a Friend:
And who in Want a hollow Friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his Enemy.
But orderly to end where I begun,
Our Wills and Fates do so contrary run,
That our Devices still are overthrown,
Our Thoughts are ours, their Ends none of our own.
So think thou wilt no second Husband wed,
But die thy thoughts, when thy first Lord is dead.
Queen. Nor Earth to give me Food, nor
Heaven Light,
Sport and repose lock from me Day and Night;
To Desperation turn my trust & hope,
And Anchors cheer in prison be my Scope;
Each opposite that blanks the Face of Joy,
Meet what I would have well, and it destroy:
But here, and hence, pursue me lasting Strife,
If once a Widow, e're I be Wife.

Ham. If she should break it now.

King.

Hamlet ; Prince of Denmark. 67

King. 'Tis deeply sworn ; sweet , leave me here a while ,
My Spirits grow dull , and fain I would beguile
The tedious Day with sleep. [*Sleeps.*
Queen. Sleep rock thy Brain ,
And never come mischance between us twain. [*Exit.*

Ham. Madam , how like you the Play ?

Queen. The Lady protests too much , methinks.

Ham. Oh but she'll keep her word.

King. Have you heard the Argument , is there no Offence in't ?

Ham. No , no , they do but jest , poison in jest ; no Offence i'th' World.

King. What do you call the Play ?

Ham. The Mouse-trap ; Marry how ? Tropically. This Play is the Image of a Murther done in *Vienna* ; *Gonzago* is the Duke's Name , his Wife *Baptista* ; you shall see anon , 'tis a Knavish piece of Work ; but what o' that ? Your Majesty , and we that have free Souls , it touches us not ; let the gall'd Jade winch , our withers are unwrung.

Enter Lucianus.

This is one *Lucianus* , Nephew to the King.

Oph. You are a good Chorus , my Lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you and your Love ;

If I could see the Puppets dallying.

Oph. You are keen , my Lord , you are keen.

Ham. It would cost you a groaning , to take off my Edge.

Oph. Still worse and worse.

Ham. So you mistake Husbands.

Begin Murtherer. Pox , leave thy damnable Faces ;
and begin.

68 Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

Come, the croaking Raven doth bellow for Revenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, Hands apt, Drugs fit,
and Time agreeing;

Confederate Season, else no Creature seeing;

Thou Mixture rank, of Midnight-Weeds collected,
With *Hecate's* Bane, thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thy natural Magick, and dire property,
On wholesome Life, usurp immediately.

[Pours the Poison in his Ears.]

Ham. He poysons him i'th' Garden for's Estate;
his Name's *Gonzago*; the Story is extant, and writ
in choice *Italian*. You shall see anon how the
Murderer gets the Love of *Gonzago's* Wife.

Oph. The King rises.

Ham. What, frightened with false Fire?

Queen. How fares my Lord?

Pol. Give o'er the Play.

King. Give me some Light. Away.

All. Lights, Lights, Lights. [Exeunt.]

Manent Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. Why let the stricken Deer go weep,
The Heart ungalled play:
For some must watch, whilst some must sleep?
So runs the World away.

Would not this, Sir, and a Forest of Feathers;
if the rest of my Fortunes turn *Turk* with me;
with two Provincial Roses on my raz'd Shooes,
get me a Fellowship in a cry of Players, Sir.

Hor. Half a Share.

Ham. A whole one I.

For thou dost know, oh *Damon* dear,
This Realm dismantled was
Of *Jove* himself, and now reigns here.

A very very Pajock.—

Hor. You might have rim'd.

Ham.

Hamlet, *Prince of Denmark.* 69

Ham. Oh good *Horatio*, I'll take the Ghost's word for a thousand Pounds. Didst perceive?

Hor. Very well, my Lord.

Ham. Upon the Talk of the Poisoning?

Hor. I did very well note him.

Enter Rosencrans and Guildenstern.

Ham. Oh, ha! Come some Musick. Come the Recorders,
For if the King like not the Comedy;
Why then belike he likes it not perdy.
Come, some Musick.

Guild. Good my Lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole History.

Guild. The King, Sir —

Ham. Ay Sir, what of him?

Guild. Is in his retirement, marvellous distemper'd —

Ham. With Drink, Sir?

Guild. No, my Lord, rather with Choler.

Ham. Your Wisdom should shew it self more rich to signifie this to his Doctor; for me to put him to his Purgation, would perhaps plunge him into far more Choler.

Guild. Good my Lord, put your Discourse into some Frame, and start not so wildly from my Affair.

Ham. I am tame, Sir, pronounce.

Guild. The Queen your Mother, in most great affliction of Spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guild. Nay, good my Lord, this Courtesie is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholsom Answer, I will do your Mother's Commandment; if not, your Pardon, and

70 Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

my return shall be the end of my Business.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guild. What, my Lord?

Ham. Make you a wholesome Answer; my Wit's diseas'd. But, Sir, such Answers as I can make, you shall command; or rather you say, my Mother—therefore no more but to the matter—my Mother, you say—

Ros. Then thus she says; your Behaviour hath struck her into amazement, and admiration.

Ham. Oh wonderful Son, that can so astonish a Mother. But is there no sequel at the Heels of this Mother-admiration?

Ros. She desires to speak with you in her Closet e're you go to Bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our Mother. Have you any further Trade with us?

Ros. My Lord, you once did love me.

Ham. So I do still, by these pickers and stealers.

Ros. Good my Lord, what is your Cause of Distemper? You do freely bat the Door of your own Liberty, if you deny your Grievs to your Friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack Advancement.

Ros. How can that be, when you have the Voice of the King himself, for your Succession in Denmark?

Ham. Ay, but while the Grass grows, the Proverb is something musty.

Enter one with a Recorder.

O the Recorders, let me set one. To withdraw with you—why do you go about to recover the Wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

Guild.

Hamlet, *Prince of Denmark.* 71

Guild. O my Lord, if my Duty be too bold, my Love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this Pipe?

Guild. My Lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guild. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

Guild. I know no touch of it, my Lord.

Ham. 'Tis as easie as lying; govern these Ven-tiges with your Finger and Thumb, give it Breath with your Mouth, and it will discourse most excellent Musick.

Look you, these are the stops.

Guild. But these cannot I command to any utterance of Harmony, I have not the Skill.

Ham. Why look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me; you would play upon me, you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the Heart of my Mystery, you would sound me from my lowest Note, to the top of my Compass; and there is much Musick, excellent Voice, in this little Organ, yet cannot you make it. Why do you think, that I am easier to be plaid on than a Pipe? Call me what Instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me. God bless you, Sir.

Enter Polonius.

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

Ham. Do you see that Cloud, that's almost in shape like a Camel?

Pol. By th' Mass, and it's like a Camel indeed.

Ham. Methinks it is like a Wezel.

Pol. It is back'd like a Wezel.

72 Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

Ham. Or like a *Whale*?

Pol. Very like a *Whale*.

Ham. Then will I come to my Mother by
and by ;

They fool me to the top of my Bent.

I will come by and by.

Pol. I will say so.

[Exit.

Ham. By and by is easily said. Leave me, friends:

[Exeunt.

'Tis now the very witching time of Night,
When Church-yards yawn, and Hell it self breaths out
Contagion to this World. Now could I drink hot
Blood ,

And do such bitter Business as the Day

Would quake to look on. Soft, now to my Mother —

Oh Heart, lose not thy Nature ; let not ever

The Soul of *Nero* enter this firm Bosom ;

Let me be cruel, not unnatural :

I will speak Daggers to her, but use none.

My Tongue and Soul in this be Hypocrites ;

How in my words some ever she be shent,

To give them Seals, never my Soul consent.

[Exit.

Enter King, Rosencrans, and Guildenstern.

King. I like him not, nor stands it safe with us,
To let his Madnels range. Therefore prepare you ;
I your Commission will forthwith dispatch,
And he to *England* shall along with you,
The Terms of our Estate may not endure
Hazard so dangerous, as doth hourly grow
Out of his Lunacies.

Guild. We will our selves provide ;
Most holy and religious Fear it is,
To keep those many Bodies safe, that live
And feed upon your Majesty.

Ros.

A C T. I V.

S C E N E I.

A Royal Apartment.

Enter King, and Queen.

King.

THere's matters in these sighs, these profound heaves;

You must translate, 'tis fit we understand them.

Where is your Son?

Queen. Ah, my good Lord, what have I seen to night?

King. What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?

Queen. Mad as the Sea, and Winds, when both contend

Which is the mightier; in his lawless fit

Behind the Arras, hearing something stir,

He whips his Rapier out, and cries a Rat, a Rat,

And in his brainish apprehension, kills

The unseen good old Man.

King. Oh heavy deed!

It had been so with us, had we been there.

His Liberty is full of threats to all,

To you your self, to us, to every one.

Alas, how shall this bloody deed be answer'd?

It will be laid to us, whose providence

Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt,

This mad young Man. But so much was our love,

We would not understand what was most fit,

84 Hamlet; Prince of Denmark:

But like the Owner of a foul Disease,
To keep it from divulging, lets it feed
Even on the pith of Life. Where is he gone?

Queen. To draw apart the Body he hath kill'd,
O'er whom his very Madness, like some Ore
Among a Mineral of Metals base,
Shews it self pure. He weeps for what is done.

King. Oh *Gertrude*, come away:
The Sun no sooner shall the Mountains touch,
But we will ship him hence; and this vile deed,
We must, with all our Majesty and Skill,
Both countenance, and excuse. Ho! *Guildenstern!*

Enter Rosencrans and Guildenstern.

Friends both, go join you with some further aid:
Hamlet in madness hath *Polonius* slain,
And from his Mother's Closet hath he dragg'd him.
Go seek him out, speak fair, and bring the Body
Into the Chappel. I pray you haste in this.

[*Ex.* *Ros.* and *Guild.*

Come, *Gertrude*, we'll call up our wisest Friends,
To let them know both what we mean to do,
And what's untimely done. Oh come away,
My Soul is full of discord and dismay. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Safely stowed.

Gentlemen within. Hamlet! Lord Hamlet!

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

Enter Rosencrans and Guildenstern.

Ros. What have you done, my Lord, with
the dead Body?

Ham.

Hamlet; *Prince of Denmark.* 85

Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis kin.

Ros. Tell us where 'tis, that we may take it thence,
And bear it to the Chappel.

Ham. Do not believe it.

Ros. Believe what?

Ham. That I can keep your Counsel, and not
mine own. Besides, to be demanded of a Sponge,
what replication should be made by the Son of a King.

Ros. Take you me for a Sponge, my Lord?

Ham. Ay, Sir, that sokes up the King's Coun-
tenance, his Rewards, his Authorities; but such
Officers do the King best service in the end; he keeps
them as an Ape does an appel in the corner of his Jaw,
first mouth'd to be last swallowed; when he needs
what you have glean'd, it is but squeezing you,
and Spunge you shall be dry again.

Ros. I understand you not, my Lord.

Ham. I am glad of it; a knavish Speech sleeps in
a foolish Ear.

Ros. My Lord, you must tell us where the Body
is, and go with us to the King.

Ham. The Body is with the King, but the King
is not with the Body. The King, is a thing—

Guild. A thing, my Lord?

Ham. Of nothing? bring me to him, hide Fox,
and all after. [*Exeunt.*

Enter King.

King. I have sent to seek him, and to find the Body.
How dangerous is it that this Man goes loose!
Yet must not we put the strong Law upon him;
He's lov'd of the distracted Multitude,
Who like not in their Judgment, but their Eyes:
And where 'tis so, th' Offender's scourge is weigh'd,
But never the Offence. To bear all smooth, and even,
This sudden sending him away, must seem

86 Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

Deliberate pause : Diseases desperate grown ,
By desperate appliance are relieved ,
Or not at all.

Enter Rosencrans.

How now ? what hath befall'n ?

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

King. But where is he ?

Ros. Without , my Lord , guarded to know your
Pleasure.

King. Bring him before us.

Ros. Ho , *Guildenstern* ! bring in my Lord.

Enter Hamlet , and Guildenstern.

King. Now , *Hamlet* , where's *Polonius* ?

Ham. At Supper.

King. At Supper ? Where ?

Ham. Not where he eats , but where he is eaten ;
a certain Convocation of Worms ate e'en at him.
Your Worm is your only Emperor for diet. We
fat all Creatures else to fat us , and we fat our selves
for Maggots. Your fat King and your lean Beggar
is but variable Service , two Dishes , but to one
Table ; that's the end.

King. Alas Alas !

Ham. A man may fish with the worm that hath
eat of a King , & eat of the fish that hath fed of
that worm.

King. What dost thou mean by this ?

Ham. Nothing but to shew you how a King may
go a Progress through the gut of a Beggar.

King. Where is *Polonius* ?

Ham. In Heav'n , send thither to see. If your
Messenger find him not there , seek him i'th' other
place your self ; but indeed , if you find him not
this Month , you shall Nose him as you go up the
Stairs into the Lobby.

King. Go seek him there.

Ham.

Hamlet ; *Prince of Denmark.* 87

Ham. He will stay 'till ye come.

King. Hamlet ; this Deed of thine , for thine
especial safety

Which we do tender , as we dearly grieve
For that which thou hast done , must send thee hence
With fiery quickness ; therefore prepare thy self ,
The Bark is ready , and the Wind at help ,
Th' Associates tend , and every thing at bent
For *England*.

Ham. For *England* ?

King. Ay , Hamlet.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it , if thou knew'st our Purposes.

Ham. I see a Cherub that sees them ; but come ,
For *England*. Farewel , dear Mother.

King. Thy loving Father , Hamlet.

Ham. My Mother : Father and Mother is Man
and Wife ; Man and Wife is one Flesh , and so my
Mother. Come , for *England*. [Exit.

King. Follow him at foot , tempt him with speed
aboard :

Delay it not , I'll have him hence to night.
Away , for every thing is seal'd and done
That else leans on th' *Affair* ; pray you make haste.
And *England* , if my Love thou hold'st at ought ,
As my great Power thereof may give thee sense ,
Since yet thy Cicatrice looks raw and red
After the *Danish* Sword , and thy free awe
Pays homage to us ; thou may'st not coldly set
Our Sovereign Procces , which imports at full ,
By Letters conjuring to that effect ,
The present Death of Hamlet. Do it *England* ,
For like the Hectick in my Blood he rages ,
And thou must cure me ; 'till I know 'tis done ,
How-e'er my Haps , my Joys were ne'er begun.

[Exit.

S C E N E II.

*A Camp.**Enter Fortinbras with an Army.**Fortinbras.*

Go, Captain, from me to the *Danish King*,
 Tell him that by his License, *Fortinbras*
 Claims the Conveyance of a promis'd March
 Over his Kingdom. You know the Rendevouz;
 If that his Majesty would ought with us,
 We shall express our Duty in his Eye,
 And let him know so.

Capt. I will do't, my Lord.

For. Go softly on.

[*Exit Fortinbras*]

Enter Hamlet, Rosencrans, &c.

Ham. Good Sir, whose Powers are these?

Capt. They are of *Norway*, Sir.

Ham. How propos'd, Sir, I pray you?

Capt. Against some part of *Poland*.

Ham. Who commands them, Sir?

Capt. The Nephew of old *Norway*, *Fortinbras*.

Ham. Goes it against the main of *Poland*, Sir,
 Or for some Frontier?

Capt. Truly to speak, and with no Addition,
 We go to gain a little patch of Ground
 That hath in it no profit, but the Name
 To pay five Duckets, five I would not farm it,
 Nor will it yield to *Norway* or the *Pole*
 A ranker Rare, should it be sold in Fee.

Ham. Why then the *Pollack* never will defend it.

Capt.

Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. 89

Capt. Nay, 'tis already garrison'd.

Ham. Two thousand Souls, and twenty thousand Duckets

Will not debate the Question of this Straw;
This is th' imposthume of much Wealth and Peace,
That inward breaks, and shews no cause without
Why the Man dies. I humbly thank you, Sir.

Capt. God b'w'ye, Sir.

Ros. Wil't please you go, my Lord?

Ham. I'll be with you straight, go a little before.

[*Exeunt.*]

Manet Hamlet.

How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull Revenge? What is a Man,
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed? a Beast, no more.
Sure he that made us with such large Discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and God-like reason
To rust in us unus'd. Now whether it be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven Scruple
Of thinking too precisely on th' event, [dom,
(A thought which quarter'd hath but one part wis-
And ever three parts coward) I do not know
Why yet I live to say this thing's to do,
Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means
To do't. Examples gross as Earth exhort me;
Witness this Army of such mass and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender Prince,
Whose Spirit with divine Ambition puff'd
Makes Mouths at the invisible Event,
Exposing what is mortal and unsure
To all that Fortune, Death, and Danger dare,
Even for an Egg-shell. Rightly to be great
Is not to stir without great Argument;
But greatly to find quarrel in a Straw,

90 Hamlet, *Prince of Denmark.*

When Honour's at the Stake. How stand I then,
That have a Father kill'd, a Mother stain'd,
Excitements of my Reason and my Blood,
And let all sleep? while to my Shame I see
The eminent Death of twenty thousand Men,
That for a fantasie and trick of Fame
Go to their Graves like Beds, fight for a Plot
Whereon the Numbers cannot try the Cause,
Which is not tomb enough and continent
To hide the slain in? O from this time forth,
My Thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth.

S C E N E I I I.

A Palace.

Enter Queen, Horatio, and Attendants.

Queen.

I will not speak with her.

Hor. She is importunate,
Indeed distract; her mood will needs be pitied.

Queen. What would she have?

Hor. She speaks much of her Father; says she hears
There's tricks i'th' World, and hems, and beats
her Heart,

Spurns enviously at straws, speaks things in doubt,
That carry but half Sense: Her Speech is nothing,
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move

The Hearers to Collection; they aim at it,
And botch the words up fit to their own Thoughts;
Which as her winks, and nods, and gestures yield
them,

Indeed would make one think there would be
Thoughts

Though

Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. 91

Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

Queen. 'Twere good she were spoke with, for
she may strow.

Dangerous Conjectures in ill-breeding Minds.
Let her come in.

To my sick Soul, as Sin's true nature is,
Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss;
So full of artless Jealousie is Guilt,
It spills it self in fearing to be spilt.

Enter Ophelia distracted.

Oph. Where is the beauteous Majesty of Den-
Queen. How now, Ophelia? (mark?)

Oph. How should I your true Love know, from
another one? [Singing.

By his cockle Hut and Staff, and his sandal Shoon.

Queen. Alas, sweet Lady; what imports this

Oph. Say you? nay, pray you mark. (Song?)

*He is dead and gone, Lady, he is dead and gone,
At his Head a Grass-green Turf, at his Heels a Stone.*

Enter King.

Queen. Nay, but Ophelia.—

Oph. Pray you mark.

White his Shroud as the Mountain-Snow.

Queen. Alas, look here, my Lord.

Oph. Larded with sweet Flowers:

*Which bewept to the Grave did not go,
With True-love showers.*

King. How do ye, pretty Lady?

Oph. Well, God dil'd you. They say the Owl
was a Baker's Daughter. Lord, we know what
we are, but know not what we may be. God
be at your Table.

King. Conceit upon her Father.

Oph.

92 Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

Oph. Pray you let us have no words of this ;
but when they ask you what it means , say you this :
*To morrow is St. Valentine's Day , all in the morn betime ,
And I a Maid at your Window , to be your Valentine .
Then up he rose , and don'd his Cloths , and dupt the
Chamber-door ;*

Let in a Maid , that out a Maid never departed more .

King. Pretty Ophelia! (end on't.

Oph. Indeed la , without an Oath , I'll make an

By Gus , and by S. Charity ;

Alack , and fie for shame ,

Young Men will do't , if they come to't ,

By Cock they are to blame .

Quoth she , before you tumbled me ,

You promis'd me to wed :

So would I ha' done , by yonder Sun ,

And thou hadst not come to my Bed .

King. How long hath she been thus ?

Oph. I hope all will be well. We must be pa-
tient , but I cannot chuse but weep , to think they
should lay him i'th' cold Ground ; my Brother shall
know of it , and so I thank you for your good
Counsel. Come , my Coach ; goodnight , Ladies ;
goodnight , sweet Ladies ; goodnight , goodnight.
[Exit.

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

Oh this is the Poison of deep Grief , it springs
All from her Father's death. Oh Gertrude , Ger-
trude!

When Sorrows come , they come not single Spies ,
But in Battalions. First , her Father slain ,
Next your Son gone , and he most violent Author
Of his own just Remove ; the People muddied ,
Thick and unwholsome in their Thoughts and Whis-
pers ,

For good Polonius death ; and we have done but greenly ,
In

In hugger mugger to inter him. Poor Ophelia
 Divided from her self, and her fair Judgment;
 Without the which we are Pictures, or mere Beasts.
 Last, and as much containing as all these,
 Her Brother is in secret come from France,
 Feeds on this wonder, keeps himself in Clouds,
 And wants not Buzzers to infect his Ear
 With pestilent Speeches of his Father's Death;
 Where in necessity, of matter beggar'd,
 Will nothing stick out Persons to arraign
 In Ear and Ear. O my dear Gertrude, this,
 Like to a murdering Piece in many places,
 Gives me superfluous Death. [*A Noise within.*

Enter a Messenger.

Queen. Alack, what Noise is this?

King. Where are my *Switzers*? Let them guard
 the Door.

What is the matter?

Mes. Save your self, my Lord,
 The Ocean, over-peering of his List,
 Eats not the Flats with more impetuous haste,
 Than young *Laertes*, in a riotous Herd,
 O'er-bears your Officers; the Rabble call him Lord:
 And as the World were now but to begin,
 Antiquity forgot, Custome not known,
 The ratifiers and props of every word,
 They cry, chuse we *Laertes* for our King.
 Caps, Hands, and Tongues, applaud it to the Clouds,
Laertes shall be King, *Laertes* King.

Queen. How cheatfully on the false Trail they cry,
 Oh this is Counter, you false *Danish* Dogs.

[*Noise within.*

Enter Laertes.

King. The Doors are broke.

Laer.

94 Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

Laer. Where is the King? Sirs, Stand you all without.

All. No, let's come in.

Laer. I pray you, give me leave?

All. We will, we will.

Laer. I thank you; Keep the Door.

O thou vile King, give me my Father.

Queen. Calmly, good *Laertes*.

Laer. That drop of Blood that calms; proclaims me Bastard:

Crys Cuckold to my Father, brands the Harlot
Even here between the chaste unsmitted Brows
Of my true Mother.

King. What is the Cause, *Laertes*,
That thy Rebellion looks so Giant-like?
Let him go, *Gertrude*; do not fear our Person:
There's such Divinity doth hedge a King,
That Treason can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of his Will. Tell me, *Laertes*,
Why art thou thus incens'd? Let him go, *Gertrude*.
Speak Man.

Laer. Where's my Father?

King. Dead.

Queen. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be juggl'd with:
To Hell Allegiance; Vows to the blackest Devil;
Conscience and Grace, to the profoundest Pit;
I dare Damnation; to this point I stand,
That both the Worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes; only I'll be reveng'd
Most thoroughly for my Father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My Will, not all the World.

And for my means, I'll husband them so well,
They shall go far with little.

King. Good *Laertes*,

Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. 95

If you desire to know the certainty
Of your dear Father's death, if 'tis not writ in your
Revenge,

That Soop-stake you will draw both Friend and Foe,
Winner and Loser.

Laer. None but his Enemies.

King. Will you know them then? (Arms,

Laer. To his good Friends thus wide I'll ope my
And like the kind life-rendring Pelican,
Repast them with my Blood.

King. Why now you speak
Like a good Child, and a true Gentleman.
That I am guiltless of your Father's death,
And am most sensible in Grief for it,
It shall as level to your Judgment pierce,
As Day does to your Eye. [A Noise within.
How now? what noise is that? Let her come in.

*Enter Ophelia, fantastically drest with Straws and
Flowers.*

Laer. O heat dry up my Brains, tears seven
times salt,
Burn out the sense and virtue of mine Eye.
By Heav'n thy madness shall be paid by weight,
'Till our Scale turns the Beam. O Rose of May,
Dear Maid, kind Sister, sweet Ophelia!
O Heav'n's, is't possible, a young Maid's wits,
Should be as mortal as an old Man's Life?
Nature is fine in love, and where 'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance of it self
After the thing it loves.

Oph. They bore him bare-fac'd on the Beer.
Hey non noney, noney, hy noney:
And on his Grave rains many a Tear,
Fare you well, my Dove.

Laer.

96 Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst perswade
Revenge, It could not move thus.

Oph. You must sing, down a down and you call
him a down-a. O how the Wheels become it? It
is the false Steward that stole his Master's Daughter.

Laer. This nothing's more than matter.

Oph. There's Rosemary, that's for remem-
brance;
Pray Love remember; and there's Pancies; that's
for Thoughts.

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

Oph. There's Fennel for you, and Columbines;
there's Rue for you, and here's some for me. We
may call it Herb-Grace a *Sundays*: O you must
wear your Rue with a difference. There's a Daisie,
I would give you some Violets, but they withered
all when my Father dyed: They say, he made a
good end;

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.

Laer. Thought, and Affliction, Passion, Hell
it self,
She turns to favour, and to prettiness.

Oph. And will he not come again?

And will he not come again?

*No, no; he is dead, go to thy Death-bed,
He never will come again.*

His Beard as white as Snow;

All Flaxen was his Pole:

*He is gone, he is gone; and we cast away mone,
Gramercy on his Soul.*

And of all Christian Souls, I pray God.

God b'w'ye.

[Exit Ophelia.]

Laer. Do you see this, you Gods?

King. Laertes, I must commune with your Grief,
Or you deny me right: Go but a-part;

Make choice of whom your wisest Friends you will,
And

Hamlet, *Prince of Denmark.* 97

And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me.
If by direct or by collateral hand
They find us touch'd, we will our Kingdom give,
Our Crown, our Life, and all that we call ours,
To you in satisfaction. But if not,
Be you content to lend your Patience to us;
And we shall jointly labour with your Soul,
To give it due content.

Laer. Let this be so:

His means of Death, his obscure Burial;
No Trophy, Sword, nor Hatchment o'er his Bones,
No noble Rite, nor formal Ostentation,
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from Heav'n to Earth;
That I must call in question.

King. So you shall:

And where th' offence is, let the great Ax fall.

I pray you go with me.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Horatio, with an Attendant.

Hor. What are they that would speak with me?

Ser. Sailors, Sir, they say they have Letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in,

I do not know from what part of the World
I should be greeted, if not from Lord Hamlet.

Enter Sailor.

Sail. God bless you, Sir.

Hor. Let him bless thee too.

Sail. He shall, Sir, an't please him. There's a
Letter for you, Sir: It comes from th' Ambassa-
dor that was bound for *England*; if your Name be
Horatio; as I am let to know it is.

98. Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

Reads the Letter.

HOratio, when thou shalt have overlook'd this, give these Fellows some means to the King: They have Letters for him. E're we were two Days old at Sea, a Pirate of very Warlike appointment gave us Chace. Finding our selves too slow of Sail, we put on a compelled Valour. In the Grapple, I boarded them: On the instant they got clear of our Ship, so I alone became their Prisoner. They have dealt with me, like Thieves of Mercy, but they knew what they did: I am to do a good turn for them. Let the King have the Letters I have sent, and repair thou to me with as much haste as thou wouldst fly Death. I have words to speak in your Ear, will make thee dumb; yet are they much too light for the bore of the Matter. These good Fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosencrans and Guildenstern hold their course for England. Of them I have as much to tell thee, Farewel.

He that thou knowest thine, Hamlet.

Come, I will give you way for these your Letters, And do't the speedier, that you may direct me To him, from whom you brought them.

[Exeunt.]

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now must your Conscience my Acquittance seal,
And you must put me in your Heart, for Friend,
Sith

Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. 99

Sith you have heard, and with a knowing Ear,
That he which hath your noble Father slain,
Pursued my Life.

Laer. It well appears. But tell me,
Why you proceeded not against these feats,
So crimeful and so capital in Nature,
As by your Safety, Wisdom, all things else,
You mainly were stirr'd up?

King. O for two special Reasons,
Which may to you, perhaps, seem much unfinew'd;
And yet to me they are strong. The Queen, his
Mother,
Lives almost by his Looks; and for my self,
My Virtue or my Plague, be it either which,
She's so conjunctive to my Life and Soul,
That as the Star moves not but in his Sphere,
I could not but by her. The other Motive,
Why to a publick count I might not go,
Is the great Love the general Gender bear him,
Who dipping all his Faults in their Affection,
Would like the Spring that turneth Wood to Stone;
Convert his Gyves to Graces. So that my Arrows
Too slightly timbred for so loud a Wind,
Would have reverted to my Bow again,
And not where I had aim'd them.

Laer. And so have I a noble Father lost,
A Sister driven into desperate Terms,
Whose worth, if praises may go back again,
Stood Challenger on mount of all the Age
For her Perfections. But my revenge will come.

King. Break not your sleeps for that; you must
not think
That we are made of stuff so flat and dull,
That we can let our Beard be shook with danger,
And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more:
I lov'd your Father, and we love your self,
And that I hope will teach you to imagine —

100 Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

Enter Messenger.

How now? What News?

Mes. Letters, my Lord, from *Hamlet*. This to your Majesty: This to the Queen.

King. From *Hamlet*? Who brought them?

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

King. *Laertes*, you shall hear them:
Leave us. [*Exit Messenger.*

High and Mighty, you shall know I am set naked on your Kingdom. To Morrow shall I beg leave to see your Kingly Eyes. When I shall, first asking you Pardon thereunto, recount th'occasions of my sudden, and more strange return. *Hamlet.*

What should this mean? Are all the rest come back? Or is it some abuse? Or no such thing?

Laer. Know you the Hand?

King. 'Tis *Hamlet's* Character: naked! and in a Postscript here he says alone! Can you advise me?

Laer. I'm lost in it, my Lord but let him come, It warms the very sickness in my Heart, That I shall live and tell him to his Teeth, Thus diddest thou.

King. If it be so, *Laertes*, as how should it be so? — How otherwise? — will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. If so you'll not o'er-rule me to a Peace.

King. To thine own Peace: If he be now return'd, As checking at his Voyage, and that he means No more to undertake it; I will work him To an Exploit now ripe in my Device, Under the which he shall not chuse but fall: And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe, But even his Mother shall uncharge the practice, And call it accident.

Laer. My Lord, I will be rul'd,

The

Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. 101

The rather if you could devise it so
That I might be the Instrument.

King. It falls right:

You have been talkt of since your Travel much,
And that in *Hamlet's* hearing, for a quality
Wherein they say you shine. Your sum of parts
Did not together pluck such envy from him,
As did that one; and that in my regard
Of the unworthiest Siege.

Laer. What part is that, my Lord?

King. A very Feather in the Cap of Youth,
Yet needful too, for Youth no less becomes
The light and careless Livery that it wears,
Than settled Age his Sables, and his Weeds,
Importing Health and Graveness. Two Months since
Here was a Gentleman of *Normandy*;
I've seen my self and serv'd against the *French*,
And they ran well on Horse-back; but this Gallant
Had witchcraft in't, he grew into his Seat;
And to such wondrous doing brought his Horse,
An he had been encorps'd and demy-natur'd
With the brave Beast; so far he past my thought,
That I in forgery of Shapes and Tricks,
Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman was't?

King. A Norman.

Laer. Upon my Life, Lamound.

King. The very same.

Laer. I know him well, he is the broach indeed,
And Gem of all the Nation.

King. He made confession of you,
And gave you such a masterly report,
For art and exercise in your defence;
And for your Rapier most especially,
That he cry'd out, 'twould be a sight indeed,
If one could match you. This Report of his
Did *Hamlet* so envenom with his Envy,

102 Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

That he could nothing do but wish and beg,
Your sudden coming over to play with him;
Now out of this —

Laer. Why out of this, my Lord?

King. *Laertes*, was your Father dear to you?
Or are you like the painting of a Sorrow,
A Face without a Heart?

Laer. Why ask you this?

King. Not that I think you did not love your Father,
But that I know Love is begun by Time;
And that I see in Passages of proof,
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it:
There lives within the very flame of Love
A kind of wick or snuff that will abate it,
And nothing is at a like Goodness still;
For Goodness growing to a Pleurisie,
Dies in his own too much. That we would do,
We should do when we would; for this world
charges;

And hath abatements and delays as many
As there are Tongues, are Hands are Accidents:
And then this *Should* is like a Spend-thrift-sigh,
That hurts by easing. But to the quick of th' Ulcer,
Hamlet comes back, What would you undertake,
To shew your self your Father's Son indeed,
More than in words?

Laer. To cut his Throat i'th' Church.

King. No place indeed should Murder sanctuarise;
Revenge should have no bounds; but, good *Laertes*,
Will you do this? keep close within your Chamber:
Hamlet return'd, shall know you are come home:
We'll put on those shall praise your Excellence,
And set a double Varnish on the fame
The *Frenchman* gave you; bring you in fine together,
And wager on your Heads. He being remiss,
Most generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse the Foils; so that with ease,

Or with a little shuffling, you may chuse
A Sword unbaited, and in a Pass of Practice,
Requite him for your Father.

Laer. I will do't;

And for that purpose I'll anoint my Sword:
I bought an Uction of a Mountebank,
So mortal, that but dip a Knife in it,
Where it draws Blood, no Cataplastm so rare,
Collected from all Simples that have Virtue
Under the Moon, can save the thing from death,
That is but scratch'd withal: I'll touch my point,
With this contagion, that if I gall him slightly,
It may be death.

King. Let's further think of this,
Weigh what convenience both of time and means
May fit us to our shape. If this should fail,
And that our drift look'd through our bad perfor-
mance,

'Twere better not assay'd; therefore this Project
Should have a back, or second, that might hold,
If this should blast in proof. Soft — let me see —
We'll make a solemn Wager on your Cunning,
That — when in your Motion you are hot and dry,
As make your bouts more violent to the end,
And that he calls for drink, I'll have prepar'd him
A Chalice for the nonce; whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd Tuck,
Our purpose may hold there. How now, sweet Queen?

Enter Queen.

Queen. One Woe doth tread upon another's Heel,
So fast they follow: Your Sister's drown'd, *Laertes.*

Laer. Drown'd! O where?

Queen. There is a Willow grows aslant a Brook,
That shews his hoary leaves in the glassie Stream:
There with fantastick Garlands did she come,

104 Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

Of Crow-flowers, Nettles, Daisies, and long Purples,
That liberal Shepherds give a grosser name to,
But our cold Maids do dead Men's Fingers call them:
There on the pendant boughs, her Coronet Weeds
Clambring to hang, an envious siver broke;
When down the weedy Trophies, and her self,
Fell in the weeping Brook; her Cloaths spread wide,
And Mermaid-like, a while they bear her up,
Which time she chaunted snatches of old Tunes,
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a Creature Native, and deduced
Unto that element: But long it could not be,
'Till that her Garments heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor Wretch from her melodious lay,
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas then, is she drown'd?

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of Water hast thou, poor Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my Tears: But yet
It is our trick, Nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will; when these are gone,
The Woman will be out: Adieu, my Lord,
I have a speech of fire that fain would blaze,
But that this folly drowns it. [Exit.

King. Let's follow, Gertrude:

How much I had to do to calm his Rage?

Now fear I this will give it start again,

Therefore let's follow. [Exeunt.



A C T.

A C T. V.

S C E N E I.

S C E N E *A Church.*

Enter two Clowns, with Spades and Mattocks.

1 Clown.

IS she to be buried in Christian Burial, that wilfully seeks her own Salvation?

2 Clown. I tell thee, she is, and therefore make her Grave straight; the Crowner hath fate on her, and finds it Christian Burial.

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

2 Clown. Why 'tis found so.

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

2 Clown. Nay, but hear you Goodman Delves.

1 Clown. Give me leave; here lyes the Water, good: here stands the Man, good: If the Man go to this Water, and drown himself, it is will he, nill he, he goes; mark you that: But if the Water come to him, and drown him; he drowns not himself. Argal, he that is not guilty of his own Death, shortens not his own Life.

2 Clown. But is this Law?

1 Clown. Ay marry is't, Crowner's Quest Law.

G 5

2 Clown.

106 Hamlet, *Prince of Denmark.*

2 *Clown.* Will you ha' the truth on't: if this had not been a Gentlewoman, she should have been buried out of Christian burial.

1 *Clown.* Why there thou say'st. And the more pity that great Folk should have countenance in this World to drown or hang themselves, more than other Christians. Come, my Spade; there is no ancient Gentlemen but Gardiners, Ditchers and Grave-makers; they hold up *Adam's* profession.

2 *Clown.* Was he a Gentleman?

1 *Clown.* He was the first that ever bore Arms.

2 *Clown.* Why, he had none.

1 *Clown.* What, art a Heathen? how dost thou understand the Scripture? the Scripture says, *Adam* digg'd; could he dig without Arms? I'll put another Question to thee; if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thy self—

2 *Clown.* Go to.

1 *Clown.* What is he that builds stronger than either the Mason, the Ship-wright, or the Carpenter?

2 *Clown.* The Gallows-maker, for that Frame out-lives a thousand Tenants.

1 *Clown.* I like thy wit well in good faith, the Gallows does well; but how does it well? it does well to those that do ill; now thou dost ill to say the Gallows is built stronger than the Church; Argal, the Gallows may do well to thee. To't again, Come.

2 *Clown.* Who builds stronger than a Mason, a Ship-wright or a Carpenter?—

1 *Clown.* Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

2 *Clown.* Marry, now I can tell.

1 *Clown.* To't.

2 *Clown.* Mass, I cannot tell.

Enter

Hamlet , Prince of Denmark. 107

Enter Hamlet and Horatio at a distance.

1 Clown. Cudgel thy Brains no more about it ; for your dull Ass will not mend his pace with beating ; and when you are ask'd this question next , say a Grave-maker : the Houses that he makes , last 'till Doom's-day : go , get thee to *Yaughan* , fetch me a stoup of Liquor. [*Exit 2 Clown.*

He digs and Sings.

*In Youth when I did love , did love ,
Methought it was very sweet ,
To contract O the time for a my behove ,
O methought there was nothing meet.*

Ham. Has this Fellow no feeling of his business , that he sings at Grave-making ?

Hor. Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

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

Clown sings.

*But Age with his stealing steps ,
Hath caught me in his clutch :
And hath shipped me intill the Land.
As if I never had been such.*

Ham. That Scull had a tongue in it , and could sing once : how the Knave jowles it to the ground , as if it were *Cain's* Jaw-bone , that did the first murder : It might be the Pate of a Politician which this Ass o'er-reaches ; one that could circumvent God , might it not ?

Hor.

108 Hamlet, *Prince of Denmark.*

Hor. It might, my Lord.

Ham. Or of a Courtier, which could say, Good Morrow, sweet Lord; how dost thou, good Lord? This might be my Lord such a one, that prais'd my Lord such a ones Horse, when he meant to beg it; might it not?

Hor. Ay, my Lord.

Ham. Why e'en so: and now 'tis my Lady *Werm's*, Chapless, and knockt about the *Maz-zard* with a *Sexton's* Spade. Here's fine Revolution, if we had the trick to see't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at *Loggers* with 'em? mine ake to think on't.

Clown sings.

*A Pick-axe and a Spade, a Spade,
For and a shrowding sheet!
O a Pit of Clay for to be made;
For such a Guest is meet.*

Ham. There's another: why might not that be the Scull of a Lawyer? where be his *Quiddits* now? his *Quillets*? his *Cases*? his *Tenures*, and his *Tricks*? why does he suffer this rude Knave now to knock him about the *Sconce* with a dirty Shovel, and will not tell him of his *Action of Battery*? hum. This Fellow might be in's time a great buyer of Land, with his *Statutes*, his *Recognizances*, his *Fines*, his *double Vouchers*, his *Recoveries*: Is this the fine of his *Fines*, and the recovery of his *Recoveries*, to have his fine *Pate* full of fine *Dirt*? Will his *Vouchers* vouch him no more of his *Purchases*, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of *Indentures*? The very conveyances of his *Lands* will hardly lye in this *Box*; and must the *Inheritor* himself have no more? ha?

Hor.

Hamlet, *Prince of Denmark.* 109

Hor. Not a jot more; my Lord.

Ham. Is not Parchment made of Sheep skins?

Hor. Ay my Lord, and of Calve-skins too.

Ham. They are Sheep and Calves that seek our assurance in that. I will speak to this Fellow: whose Grave's this, Sir?

Clown. Mine, Sir—

O a pit of Clay for to be made,
For such a Guest is meet.

Ham. I think it be thine indeed: for thou liest in't.

Clown. You lie out on't, Sir, and therefore it is not yours; for my part I do not lie in't, and yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lie in't, to be in't, and say 'tis thine; 'tis for the dead, and not for the quick; therefore thou ly'st.

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

Ham. What Man dost thou dig it for?

Clown. For no Man, Sir.

Ham. What Woman then?

Clown. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clown. One that was a Woman, Sir; but rest her Soul, she's dead.

Ham. How absolute the Knave is? we must speak by the Card, or equivocation will follow us. By the Lord, *Horatio*; these three years I have taken note of it, the Age is grown so picked, and the toe of the Peasant comes so near the heel of our Courtier, he galls his Kibe. How long hast thou been a Grave-maker?

Clown. Of all the days i'th' Year I came to't that day that our last King *Hamlet* oc'rcame *Fottinbras*.

Ham. How long is that since?

Clown.

110 Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

Clown. Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that. It was the very day that young *Hamlet* was born: he that was mad and sent into *England*.

Ham. Ay marry, why was he sent into *England*?

Clown. Why, because he was mad; he shall recover his Wits there; or if he do not it's no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

Clown. 'Twill not be seen in him, there the Men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

Clown. Very strangely, they say.

Ham. How strangely?

Clown. Faith e'en with losing his Wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

Clown. Why, here in *Denmark*. I have been Sexton here, Man and Boy, thirty Years.

Ham. How long will a Man lie i'th' Earth e'er he rot?

Clown. I'faith, if he be not rotten before he dye, (as we have many pocky Coarces now adays, that will scarce hold the laying in) he will last you some eight year, or nine year. A Tanner will last you nine years.

Ham. Why he, more than another?

Clown. Why Sir, his Hide is tann'd with his Trade, that he will keep out water a great while: And your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here's a Scull now: this Scull has lain in the Earth three and twenty Years.

Ham. Whose was it?

Clown. A whoreson mad Fellow's it was; Whose do you think it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

Clown. A Pestilence on him for a mad Rogue, a pour'd a Flagon of Rhenish on my Head once. This same Sull, Sir, this same Scull, was
Yorick's

Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. III

Yorick's Skull, the King's Jester.

Ham. This?

Clown. E'en that.

Ham. Let me see. Alas poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio, a Fellow of infinite Jest; of most excellent fancy, he hath born me on his back a thousand times: And how abhorred my imagination is now, my gorge rises at it. Here hung those Lips that I have kiss'd I know not how oft. Where be your Gibes now? Your Gambals? Your flashes of Merriment that were wont to set the Table on a Roar? No one now to mock your own Jeering? Quite chop fall'n? Now get you to my Lady's Chamber, and let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; Make her laugh at that. Prithee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that, my Lord?

Ham. Dost thou think Alexander look'd o'this fashion it'th' Earth?

Hor. E'en so.

Ham. And smelt so? Puh! [Smelling to the Skull.]

Hor. E'en so, my Lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may return, Horatio, Why may not imagination trace the noble Dust of Alexander, 'till we find it stopping a bung-hole?

Hor. 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

Ham. No faith, not a jot. But to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it; as thus, Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returned into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make Lome, and why of that Lome whereto he was converted, might they not stop a Beer barrel?

Imperial Caesar, dead and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.

Oh, that that Earth, which kept the World in awe,
Should

112 Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

Should patch a Wall; t'expel the Winter's flaw.
But soft! but soft! aside— here comes the King.

*Enter King, Queen, Laertes, and a Coffin, with
Lords and Priests Attendant.*

The Queen, the Courtiers. What is't that they
follow,

And with such maimed Rites? This doth betoken,
The Coarse they follow, did with desperate hand
Fore-do it's own Life; 'twas of some Estate.
Couch we a while, and mark.

Laer. What Ceremony else? (Mark—

Ham. That is *Laertes*, a very noble Youth:

Laer. What Ceremony else?

Priest. Her Obsequies have been as far enlarg'd,
As we have warrant; her death was doubtful,
And but that great command o'er-sways the order,
She should in ground un sanctified have lodg'd,
'Till the last Trumpet. For charitable Prayer,
Shards, Flints; and Pebbles, should be thrown
on her;

Yet here she is allowed her Virgin Rites,
Her Maiden strewments, and the bringing home
Of Bell and Burial.

Laer. Must there no more be done?

Priest. No more be done:

We should prophane the service of the dead,
To sing sage *Requiem*, and such rest to her
As to peace-parted Souls.

Laer. Lay her i'th' earth,
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh,
May Violets spring. I tell thee, churlish Priest,
A Ministring Angel shall my Sister be,
When thou liest howling.

Ham. What, the fair *Ophelia*!

Queen. Sweets to the sweet, farewell;

Hamlet , *Prince of Denmark.* 113

I hop'd thou woul'dst have been my *Hamlet's* Wife ;
I thought thy Bride bed to have deck'd , sweet Maid ,
And not t'have strew'd thy Grave.

Laer. O terrible wooer !

Fall tentimes treble woes on that curs'd head ,
Whose wicked deed , thy most ingenious sense
Depriv'd thee of. Hold off the Earth a while ,
'Till I have caught her once more in my arms :

[*Laertes leaps into the Grave.*

Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead ,
'Till of this flat a mountain you have made ,
T' o'er-top old *Pelion* , or the skyish head
Of blue *Olympus*.

Ham. What is he , whose griefs
Bear such an Emphasis ? whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wandring Stars , and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers ? This is I ,
Hamlet the Dane. [*Hamlet leaps into the Grave.*

Laer. The Devil take thy Soul.

[*Grappling with him.*

Ham. Thou pray'st not well :
I prithee take thy fingers from my throat —
Sir , though I am not spleenative and rash ,
Yet have I something in me dangerous ,
Which let thy wiseness fear. Away thy hand.

King. Pluck them asunder —

Queen. *Hamlet , Hamlet* —

Hor. Good my Lord be quiet.

[*The Attendants part them.*

Ham. Why , I will fight with him upon his
Theme ,

Until my Eye-lids will no longer wag.

Queen. Oh my Son ! what Theme ?

Ham. I lov'd *Ophelia* ; forty thousand Brothers
Could not , with all their quantity of love ,
Make up my Sum. What wilt thou do for her ?

H

King.

114 Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

King. Oh he is mad, *Laertes.*

Queen. For love of God forbear him.

Ham. Come shew me what thou'lt do.

Woo't weep? woo't fight? woo't tear thy self?
Woo't drink up *Esile*, eat a Crocodile?
I'll do't. Do'st thou come hither but to whine;
To out-face me with leaping in her Grave?
Be buried quick with her; and so will I;
And if thou prate of Mountains, let them throw
Millions of Acres on us; 'till our ground
Sindging his pate against the burning Zone,
Make *Ossa* like a wart. Nay, an thou'lt mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou.

King. This is mere madness;
And thus a while the fit will work on him:
Anon as patient as the female Dove,
When that her golden Cuplets are disclos'd,
His silence will sit drooping.

Ham. Hear you Sir —
What is the reason that you use me thus?
I lov'd you ever; but it is no matter —
Let *Hercules* himself do what he may,
The Cat will mew, and Dog will have his day.
[Exit.

King. I pray you good *Horatio*, wait upon him.
Strengthen your patience in our last Nights Speech
[To *Laertes*

We'll put the matter to the present push.
Good *Gertrude* set some watch over your Son.
This Grave shall have a living Monument.
An Hour of quiet shortly shall we see;
'Till then in patience our proceeding be.

[Exeunt.

S C E N E I I.

A Hall.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Hamlet.

So much for this, Sir ; now let me see the other,
You do remember all the circumstance.

Hor. Remember it, my Lord?

Ham. Sir, in my Heart there was a kind of fighting,
That would not let me sleep ; methought I lay
Worse than the mutineers in the Bilboes ; rashly,
(And prais'd be rashness for it) let us know
Our Indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
When our dear Plots do pall ; and that should teach us,
There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

Hor. That is most certain.

Ham. Up from my Cabin,
My Sea-Gown scarf'd about me, in the dark,
Grop'd I to find out them ; had my desire,
Finger'd their Packet, and in fine withdrew
To mine own Room again ; making so bold,
My Fears forgetting Manners, to unseal
Their grand Commission, where I found, *Horatio,*
Oh Royal knavery ! an exact command,
Larded with many several sorts of reasons,
Importing *Denmark's* Health, and *England's* too,
With hoo, such Buggs and Goblins in my life,
That on the supervize, no leisure bated,
No not to stay the grinding of the Axe,
My Head should be struck off.

Hor. Is't possible?

H 2

Ham.

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Ham. Here's the Commission, read it at more leisure;

But wilt thou hear now how I did proceed?

Hor. I beseech you. (Lays,

Ham. Being thus benetted round about with Villains, ere I could make a Prologue to my Brains, they had begun the Play. I sate me down, devis'd a new Commission, wrote it fair: I once did hold it as our Statists do, a baseness to write fair, and labour'd much, how to forget that learning; But, Sir, now it did me Yeoman's service; wilt thou know the effects of what I wrote?

Hor. Ay, good my Lord.

Ham. An earnest Conjuraton from the King, As *England* was his faithful Tributary, As love between them, as the Palm should flourish, As Peace should still her wheaten Garland wear, And stand a Comma 'tween their amities, And many such like *As's* of great charge, That on the view and know of these contents, Without debatement further, more or less, He should the bearers put to sudden death, No shiving time allowed.

Hor. How was this seal'd?

Ham. Why even in that was Heaven ordinate; I had my Father's Signet in my Purse, Which was the Model of that *Danish* Seal: I folded the Writ up in form of the other, Subscrib'd it, gave th' Impression, plac'd it safely, The Changeling never known: Now, the next day Was our Sea-fight, and what to this was sequent, Thou know'st already.

Hor. So, *Guildenstern* and *Rosencrans*, go to't.

Ham. Why Man, they did make love to this employment;

They are not near my Conscience; their debate

Doth

Doth by their own insinuation grow:
'Tis dangerous when baser nature comes
Between the pass, and fell incensed points
Of mighty opposites.

Hor. Why, what a King is this!

Ham. Does it not, think'st thou, stand me now
upon?

He that hath kill'd my King, and whor'd my Mother,
Popt in between th' election and my hopes,
Thrown out his Angle for my proper life,
And with such cozenage! is't not perfect Conscience,
To quit him with his arm? And is't not to be damn'd,
To let this Canker of our Nature come
In further evil?

Hor. It must be shortly known to him from *England*,
What is the issue of the business there.

Ham. It will be short.

The *Interim's* mine, and a Man's Life's no more
Than to say one. But I am very sorry, good *Horatio*,
That to *Laertes* I forgot my self;
For by the Image of my cause I see
The Pourtraiture of his. I'll court his favours:
But sure the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a tousing Passion.

Hor. Peace, who comes here?

Enter Ofrick.

Ofr. Your Lordship is right welcome back to
Denmark.

Ham. I humbly thank you, Sir. Dost know
this water-fly?

Hor. No, my good Lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious; for 'tis a
Vice to know him: he hath much Laud, and fer-
tile: let a Beast be Lord of Beasts, and his Crib
shall stand at the King's Messe; 'tis a Chough;

118 Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

but as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt.

Ofr. Sweet Lord, if your friendship were at leisure, I should impart a thing to you from his Majesty.

Ham. I will receive it with all diligence of Spirit; put your Bonnet to his right use, 'tis for the Head.

Ofr. I thank your Lordship, 'tis very hot.

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

Ofr. It is indifferent cold, my Lord, indeed.

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

Ofr. Exceedingly, my Lord, it is very sultry, as 'twere, I cannot tell how. But, my Lord, his Majesty bid me signifie to you, that he has laid a great wager on your head: Sir, this is the matter —

Ham. I beseech you remember.

Ofr. Nay in good faith, for mine eale in good faith: Sir, you are not ignorant of what excellence *Laertes* is at his weapon.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Ofr. Rapier and Dagger.

Ham. That's two of his Weapons; but well.

Ofr. The King, Sir, has wag'd with him six *Barbary* Horses, against the which he impon'd, as I take it, six *French* Rapiers and Poinards, with their Assigns, as Girdle, Hangers, or so: Three of the carriages in faith are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the Carriages?

Ofr. The Carriages, Sir, are the Hangers.

Ham. The Phrase would be more germane to the matter, if we could carry Cannon by our sides; I would it might be Hangers till then; but on, six *Barbary* Horses, against six *French* Swords, their Assigns,

Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. 119

Assigns, and three liberal conceited carriages, that's the French; but against the Danish, why is this impon'd, as you call it?

O/r. The King, Sir, hath said, that in a dozen Passes between you and him, he shall not exceed you three Hits; He hath laid on twelve for nine, and that would come to immediate trial, if your Lordship would vouchsafe the Answer.

Ham. How if I answer no?

O/r. I mean, my Lord, the Opposition of your Person in trial.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the Hall; if it please his Majesty, 'tis the breathing time of day with me; let the Foils be brought, the Gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpose; I will win for him if I can: if not, I'll gain nothing but my shame, and the odd hits.

O/r. Shall I redeliver you e'en so?

Ham. To this effect, Sir, after what flourish your nature will.

O/r. I commend my duty to your Lordship. [*Exit.*]

Ham. Yours, yours: he does well to commend it himself, there are no tongues else for's turn.

Hor. This Lapwing runs away with the shell on his Head.

Ham. He did so with his Dug before he suck'd it: thus has he and nine more of the same Beavy that I know the droffie Age dotes on, only got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter; a kind of yesty Collection, which carries them through and through the most foud and winnowed Opinions: and do but blow them to their Trials, the Bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My Lord, his Majesty commended him

120 Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

to you by young *Osrick*, who brings back to him that you attend him in the Hall; he sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with *Laertes*, or that you will take longer time!

Ham. I am constant to my purposes, they follow the King's pleasure; if his fitness speaks, mine is ready, now or whensoever, provided I be so able as now. (down.

Lord. The King and Queen and all are coming

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The Queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to *Laertes*, before you go to play.

Ham. She well instructs me.

Hor. You will lose this Wager, my Lord.

Ham. I do not think so; since he went into *France*, I have been in continual Practice; I shall win at the odds. But thou wouldest not think how all's here about my Heart: but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my Lord.

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gaingiving as would perhaps trouble a Woman.

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

Ham. Not a whit, we defie Augury; there's a special Providence in the fall of a Sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come: if it be not to come, it will be now: if it be not now, yet it will come; the readiness is all; since no Man has ought of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes?

Enter King, Queen, Laertes and Lords, with other Attendants with Foils, and Gantlets, a Table and Flagons of Wine on it.

King. Come, *Hamlet*, come, and take this Hand from me.

Ham. Give me your pardon, Sir, I've done you wrong;
[To *Laert.*
But

But pardon't, as you are a Gentleman.

This Presence knows, and you must needs have heard
How I am punished with sore distraction.

What I have done

That might, your Nature, Honour, and Exception
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness:

Was't *Hamlet* wrong'd *Laertes*? Never *Hamlet*.

If *Hamlet* from himself be ta'en away,

And when he's not himself, do's wrong *Laertes*;

Then *Hamlet* do's it not, *Hamlet* denies it:

Who does it then? His madness. If't be so,

Hamlet is of the Faction that is wrong'd,

His madness is poor *Hamlet*'s Enemy,

Sir, in this Audience,

Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil,

Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,

That I have shot mine Arrow o'er the House,

And hurt my Mother.

Laer. I am satisfied in Nature,

Whose Motive, in this case, should stir me most

To my Revenge. But in my terms of Honour

I stand aloof, and will no reconciliation,

'Till by some elder Masters of known honour,

I have a Voice, and president of peace

To keep my Name ungorg'd. But 'till that time,

I do receive your offer'd love like love,

And will not wrong it.

Ham. I do embrace it freely,

And will this Brother's Wager frankly play.

Gives us the Foils: Come on.

Laer. Come one for me.

Ham. I'll be your Foil, *Laertes*, in mine ignorance,

Your skill shall like a Star i'th' brightest Night,

Stick fiery off indeed.

Laer. You mock me, Sir.

Ham. No, by this Hand.

King. Give the Foils, young *Osrick*.

122 Hamlet, *Prince of Denmark.*

Cousin Hamlet, you know the Wager.

Ham. Very well, my Lord;
Your Grace hath laid the odds o'th' weaker side.

King. I do not fear it, I have seen you both:
But since he is better'd, we have therefore odds.

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

Ham. This likes me well;
These Foils have all a length? [Prepare to Play.

Ofr. Ay, my good Lord.

King. Set me the Stopes of Wine upon that Table:
If Hamlet give the first, or second hit,
Or quit in answer of a third exchange,
Let all the Battlements their Ordnance fire.
The King shall drink to Hamlet's better breath;
And in the Cup an Union shall he throw
Richer than that, which four successive Kings
In Denmark's Crown have worn. Give me the Cups,
And let the Kettle to the Trumpets speak,
The Trumpets to the Canoneer without,
The Canons to the Heav'ns, the Heav'n to Earth,
Now the King drinks to Hamlet. Come, begin,
And you the Judges bear a wary Eye.

Ham. Come on, Sir.

Laer. Come on, Sir. [They play.

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Judgment.

Ofr. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laer. Well — again —

King. Stay, give me drink. Hamlet, this Pearl
is thine,

Here's to thy health. Give him the Cup.

[Trumpet sound, Shot goes off.

Ham. I'll play this bout first, set it by a while.
Come — another hit — what say you?

[They Play again.

Laer.

Hamlet , *Prince of Denmark.* 123

Laer. A touch , a touch , I do confess.

King. Our Son shall win.

Queen. He's fat , and scant of breath.

Here's a Napkin , rub thy brows ,

The Queen carouses to thy fortune , *Hamlet.*

Ham. Good Madam —

King. Gertrude , do not drink.

Queen. I will , my Lord ; I pray you pardon me.

King. It is the poison'd Cup ; it is too late. [*Aside.*

Ham. I dare not drink yet , Madam , by and by.

Queen. Come , let me wipe thy Face.

Laer. My Lord , I'll hit him now.

King. I do not think't.

Laer. And yet it is almost against my Conscience.

[*Aside.*

Ham. Come , for the third. *Laertes* , you but dally ,
I pray you pass with your best violence ,
I am afraid you make a wanton of me.

Laer. Say you so ? Come on.

[*Play.*

Osr. Nothing neither way.

Laer. Have at you now.

[*Laertes wounds Hamlet , then in scuffling they change
Rapiers , and Hamlet wounds Laertes.*

King. Part them , they are incens'd.

Ham. Nay , come again —

Osr. Look to the Queen there ; ho !

Hor. They bleed on both sides. How is't , my
Lord ?

Osr. How is't *Laertes* ?

Laer. Why , as a Woodcock to my own Sprindge ,
Osrick ;

I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

Ham. How does the Queen ?

King. She swoons to see them bleed.

Queen. No , no , the drink , the drink —

Oh my dear *Hamlet* , the drink , the drink , —

I am poison'd —

[*Queen dies.*

Ham.

124 Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

Ham. Oh Villany! How? Let the door be lock'd:
Treachery! seek it out —

Laer. It is here, *Hamlet*. *Hamlet*, thou art slain,
No Medicine in the World can do thee good.
In thee there is not half an hour of life;
The treacherous Instrument is in thy hand,
Unbated and envenom'd: the foul practice
Hath turn'd it self on me. Lo, here I lye,
Never to rise again; thy Mother's poison'd;
I can no more — the King, the King's to blame.

Ham. The point envenom'd too,
Then venom do thy work. [*Stabs the King.*

All. Treason, Treason.

King. O yet defend me, Friends, I am but hurt.

Ham. Here thou incestuous, murd'rous, damned
Dane,

Drink off this Potion: Is thy Union here?

Follow my Mother. [*King dies.*

Laer. He is justly serv'd.

It is a poison temper'd by himself.

Exchange forgiveness with me, Noble *Hamlet*;
Mine and my Father's Death come not upon thee,
Nor thine on me. [*Dies.*

Ham. Heav'n make thee free of it, I follow thee,
I am dead, *Horatio*; wretched Queen, adieu.
You that look pale and tremble at this chance,
That are but Mutes or audience at this Act,
Had I but time, (as this fell Serjeant Death
Is strict in his Arrest) oh I could tell you,
But let it be — *Horatio*, I am dead,
Thou liv'st, report me and my causes right
To the unsatisfied.

Hor. Never believe it.

I am more an antique *Roman* than a *Dane*;
Here's yet some Liquor left.

Ham. As th'art a Man, give me the Cup.
Let go, by Heav'n I'll hav't.

Oh,

Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. 125

Oh, good *Horatio*, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me?
If thou didst ever hold me in thy Heart,
Absent thee from felicity a while,
And in this harsh World draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story.

What warlike noise is this?

[*March afar off, and shout within.*

Enter Osrick.

Os. Young *Fortinbras*, with Conquest come
from *Poland*,
To th' Ambassadors of *England* gives this Warlike
Volley.

Ham. O, I die, *Horatio*:

The potent poison quite o'er-grows my Spirit,
I cannot live to hear the News from *England*.
But I do prophesie th' Election lights
On *Fortinbras*, he has my dying Voice,
So tell him with the occurrents more or less,
Which have solicited. — The rest is silence, O,
O, O. [Dies.

Hor. Now cracks a noble Heart; good Night,
sweet Prince;

And flights of Angels sing thee to thy rest.
Why do's the Drum come hither?

*Enter Fortinbras and English Ambassador; with
Drum, Colours, and Attendants.*

Fort. Where is the fight?

Hor. What is it you would see?

If fought of woe or wonder, cease your search.

Fort. This quarry cries on Havock. Oh proud
death!

What Feast is toward in thine eternal Cell;
That thou so many Princes at a shot,

So

126 Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

So bloodily hast struck ?

Amb. The sight is dismal,
And our Affairs from *England* come too late,
The Ears are senseless that should give us hearing ;
To tell him his Command'ment is fulfill'd,
That *Rosencrans* and *Guildestern* are dead:
Where should we have our thanks ?

Hor. Not from his mouth,
Had it th' ability of life to thank you :
He never gave Command'ment for their Death.
But since so jump upon this bloody question,
You from the *Polack* Wars, and you from *England*
Are here arriv'd ; give order that these Bodies
High on a Stage be placed to the view ;
And let me speak to th' yet unknowing World,
How these things came about. So shall you hear
Of cruel, bloody, and unnatural acts,
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters,
Of Deaths put on by cunning, and forc'd cause,
And in this upshot, purposes mistook,
Fall'n on the Inventors Heads. All this can I
Truly deliver.

Fort. Let us haste to hear it,
And call the Noblest to the Audience.
For me, with sorrow, I embrace my Fortune,
I have some rights of Memory in this Kingdom,
Which now to claim, my vantage doth invite me.

Hor. Of that I shall have also cause to speak,
And from his mouth whose Voice will draw no more:
But let this same be presently perform'd,
Even whiles Mens minds are wild, lest more mis-
chance

On plots, and errors happen.

Fort. Let four Captains
Bear *Hamlet* like a Soldier off the Stage,
For he was likely, had he been put on,

To

Hamlet, *Prince of Denmark.* 127.

To have prov'd most royally: and for his passage,
The Soldiers Musick, and the rites of War
Speak loudly for him.

Take up the Body: Such a sight as this,
Becomes the Field, but here shews much amiss.
Go, bid the Soldiers shoot.

[*Exeunt Marching: after which, a Peal of Ord-
nance are shot off.*

F I N I S.



OTHELLO,

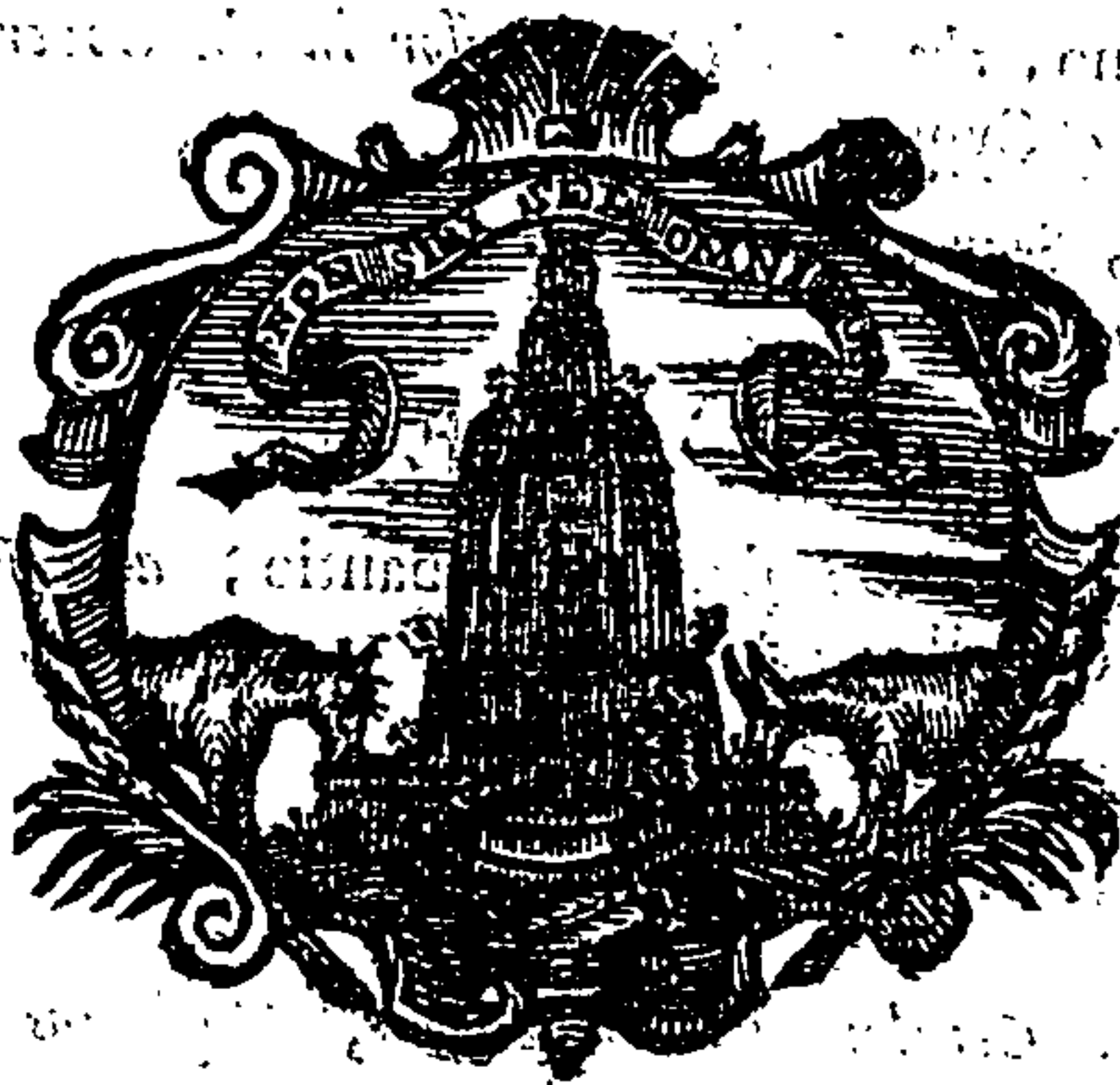
THE

MOOR OF VENICE.

A

TRAGEDY.

Written by Mr. W. SHAKESPEAR.



LONDON.

Printed in the Year 1710.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

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.

*Roderigo, a foolish Gentleman, in Love with Des-
demona.*

*Montano, the Moor's Predecessor in the Government
of Cyprus.*

Clown, Servant to the Moor.

Herald.

WOMEN.

*Desdemona, Daughter to Brabantio, and Wife to
Othello.*

Æmilia, Wife to Jago.

Bianca, a Courtesan, Mistress to Cassio.

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

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



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.

Rodorigo.



Ever 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.

A 2

Rod.

Rod. Thou toldst 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,
Off' 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 stuf't 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-lce'd, and calm'd
By Debitor, and Creditor: This Counter-caster,
He, in good time, must his Lieutenant be,
And I, 'Sir, bles the mark, his Moor ship's Ancient.

Rod. By Heav'n, I rather would have been his Hangman.

Jago. 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.

Jago.

THE MOOR OF VENICE. 5

Jago. O, Sir, content you ;
I follow him to serve my turn upon him.
We cannot all be Masters ; nor all Masters
Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark
Many a dutious 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,
Casseer'd,

Whip me such honest Knaves. Others there are
Who trimm'd in Forms and Visages of Duty,
Keep yet their Hearts attending on themselves ;
And throwing but shows of Service on their Lords,
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 *Roderigo*,
Were I the Moor, I would not be *Jago* :
In following him, I follow but my self.
Heav'n is my Judge, not I, for Love and Duty,
But seeming so, for my peculiar end :
For when my outward Action doth demonstrate
The native Act and Figure of my Heart
In Complement 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 ?

Jago. Call up her Father,
Rouse him, make after him, poison his Delight.
Proclaim him in the Streets, incense her Kinmen.
And tho' he in a fertile Climate dwell,
Plague him with Flies : Tho' that his Joy be Joy,
Yet throw such Chances of Vexation on't,
As it may lose some Colour.

6 O T H E L L O,

Rod. Here is her Father's House, I'll call aloud.

Jago. Do, with like timorous Accent, and dire yell,

As when, by Night and Negligence, the Fire
Is spied in populous Cities.

Rod. What ho! *Brabantio!* Signior *Brabantio!* ho!

Jago. Awake! What ho! *Brabantio!* 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?

Jago. Are your Doors lock'd?

Bra. Why? Wherefore ask you this?

Jago. Sir, you are robb'd; for shame put on your
Gown,

Your Heart is burst, you have lost half your Soul;
Even now, now, very now, an old black Ram
Is Topping 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

THE MOOR OF VENICE. 7

Being full of Supper, and distemp'ring 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 grave *Brabantio*,
In simple and pure Soul, I come to you.

Jago. Sir, you are one of those that will not serve
God, if the Devil bid you. Because we come to do
you Service, and you think we are Russians, you'll
have your Daughter cover'd with a Barbary Horse,
you'll have your Nephews neigh to you, you'll have
Coursers for Cousins, and Gennets for *Germans*.

Bra. What profane Wretch art thou?

Jago. I am one, Sir, that comes to tell you, your
Daughter and the Moor are making the Beast with
two Backs.

Bra. Thou art a Villain.

Jago. 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 *Gundalier*,
To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor:
If this be known to you, and your Allowance,
We then have done you bold and sawcy Wrongs.

3 O T H E L L O,

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.

Bras. Strike on the Tinder, ho!
Give me a Taper... call up all my People...
This Accident is not unlike my Dream,
Belief of it oppresses me already.

Light, I say, light?

Jago. Farewel; for I must leave you.
It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place
To be produc'd, as if I stay, I shall,
Against the Moor. For I do know the State,
However this may gall him with some check,
Cannot with safety cast him. For he's embark'd
With such loud reason to the *Cyprus Wars*,
Which 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 farewel. [*Exit.*

Enter

THE MOOR OF VENICE.

*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 naught but bitterness. Now, *Rodorigo*,
Where didst thou see her? Oh unhappy Girl! . . .
With the Moor saist thou? Who would be a Father?
How didst thou know 'twas she! Oh she deceives me
Past thought. . . what said she to you? Get more
Tapers. . .

Raise all my Kindred. . . Are they Married, think
you?

Rod. Truly I think they are.

Bra. Oh Heav'n! How got 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
Maybe 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 I I.

The Street.

*Enter Othello, Jago, and Attendants,
with Torches.*

Jago.

T'Ho' in the Trade of War I have slain Men,
Yet do I hold it very stuffo' 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 Ribs.

Oth. 'Tis better as it is.

Jago. Nay, but he prated,
And spoke such scurvy and provoking Terms
Against your Honour, that with the little Godliness
I have,

I did full hard forbear him. But I pray you, Sir,
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, unbonnetted, to as proud a Fortune
As this that I have reach'd. For know, *Jago,*

But

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 *Janus*, I think no.

Oth. The Servants of the Duke, and my Lieutenant:
 The Goodness of the Night upon you, Friends,
 What is the News ?

Cas. The Duke does greet you, General,
 And he requires your haste, post-haste appearance,
 Even on the instant.

Oth. What is the matter, think you ?

Cas. Something from *Cyprus*, as I may divine:
 It is a Business of some heat. The Gallies
 Have sent a dozen sequent Messengers
 This very Night, at one anothers Heels :
 And many of the Consuls, rais'd and met,
 Are at the Duke's already. You have been hotly
 call'd for,

When being not at your Lodging to be found,
 The Senate 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. [*Ex.* Othello.

Cas. Ancient, what makes he here ?

Jago. Faith, he to Night hath boarded a Land
 Carrac,

If it prove lawful Prize, he's made for ever.

Cas. I do not understand.

Jago. He's married.

Cas. To whom?

Jago. Marry to... Come, Captain, will you go?

Enter Othello.

Oth. Have with you.

Cas. Here comes another Troop to seek for you.

Enter Brabantio, Rodorigo, with Officers and Torches.

Jago. It is *Brabantio*; General be advis'd,
He comes to bad intent.

Oth. Holla! Stand there.

Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.

Bra. Down with him, Thief.

[*They draw on both sides.*]

Jago. You *Rodorigo*! Come, Sir, I am for you...

Oth. Keep up your bright Swords, for the Dew
will rust 'em.

Good Signior, you shall more command with Years,
Than with your Weapons.

Bra. 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

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 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 , 'til 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 ?

Offi. '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.*

SCENE

S C E N E I I I.

*The Senate House.**Entre 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.

Off. 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'im-

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 all Confidence he's not for *Rhodes*.
Offi. Here is more News.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The *Ottomites*, Reverend, and gracious,
 Steering with due Course toward the Isle of *Rhodes*,
 Have there injoin'd them with an after Fleet...

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

Mes. Of thirty Sail; and now they do re-stem
 This backward Course, bearing with frank appearance

Their purposes toward *Cyprus*. Signior *Montano*,
 Your trusty and most valiant Servitor,
 With his free Duty, recommends you thus,
 And prays you to believe him.

Duke. '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

*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 verry sorry for't.

Duke.

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 Conjuraton, 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,

B

Without

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, even 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 vaste, and Desarts wilde,

Rough

THE MOOR OF VENICE. . . . 19

Rough Quarries, Rocks and Hills whose Heads
touch Heaven,

It was my hint to speak: such was my Proceſs;
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 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 ſpoke,
She lov'd me for the Dangers I have paſt,
And I lov'd her, that ſhe did pity them.
This is the only 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

Good *Brabantio*, take up this mangled matter at
the best;

Men do their broken Weapons rather use,
Than their bare Hands.

Bra. I pray you hear her speak;
If she confess that she was half the Wooer,
Destruction on my Head, if my bad blame
Light on the Man. Come hither, gentle Mistress;
Do you perceive, in all this noble Company,
Where 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.

Bra. God be with you: I have done:
Please it your Grace, on to the State Affairs:
I had rather to adopt a Child than get it.
Come hither, Moor.

I here do give thee that with all my Heart,
Which, but thou hast already, with 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 Mischief that is past and gone,
Is the next way to draw new Mischief on.

What

What cannot be preserv'd when Fortune takes,
 Patience her Injury a mockery makes.
 The robb'd that smiles, steals something from the
 Thief,

He robs himself that spends a bootless Grief.

Bra. So let the *Turk* of *Cyprus* us beguile,
 We lose it not so long as we can smile;
 He bears the Sentence well, that nothing bears,
 But the free Comfort which from thence he hears.
 But he hears both the Sentence, and the Sorrow,
 That to pay Grief, must of poor Patience borrow.
 These Sentences to Sugar, or to Gall,
 Being strong on both sides, are equivocal.
 But words are words; I never yet did hear,
 That the bruiz'd Heart was pierced through the Ear.
 I Humbly beseech you proceed to th' affairs of State.

Duke. The *Turk*, with a most mighty preparation,
 makes for *Cyprus*: *Othello*, the Fortitude of the place
 is best known to you. And though we have there a
 Substitute of most allowed sufficiency; yet Opinion,
 a more Sovereign Mistress of Effects, throws a more
 safe Voice on you; you must therefore be content to
 stubber the gross of your new Fortunes, with this
 more 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 effects
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.

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 *Jago*,
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. Jago.

Jago. What sayest thou, noble Heart?

Rod. What will I do, thinkest thou?

Jago. Why, go to bed and sleep.

Rod. I will incontinently drown my self.

Jago. If thou dost, I shall never love thee after.
Why, thou silly Gentleman?

Rod. It is silliness to live, when to live is a
torment;

torment; and then have we a prescription to dye, when Death is our Physician.

Jago. 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 *Guiney-Hen*, I would change my Humanity with a Baboon.

Rod. What should I do, I confess it is my shame to be so fond, but it is not in my virtue to amend it.

Jago. 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 Wills. 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 Sycn.

Rod. It cannot be.

Jago. It is meerly a Lust of the Blood, and a Permission of the Will. Come, be a Man: Drown thy self? drown Cats and blind Puppies. I have profest me thy Friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving, with cables of perdurable toughness. I could never better steed thee than now. Put Mony in thy Purse; follow thou these Wars, defeat thy Favour, with an usurped Beard; I say, put Mony in thy Purse. It cannot be long that *Desdemona* should continue her Love to the Moor. Put Mony in thy Purse ... nor be his to her. It was a violent Com-
mencement

mencement in her, and thou shalt see an answerable Sequestration, but put Mony in thy Purse. These Moors are changeable in their Wills; fill thy Purse with Mony. The Food that to him, now, is as luscious as Locusts, shall 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 Mony in thy Purse. If thou wilt needs damn thy self, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the Mony thou canst. If Sanctimony and a frail Vow betwixt an erring *Barbarian* and super-subtle *Venetian* be not too hard for my Wits, and all the Tribe of Hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make Money. A pox of drowning thy self, it is clean out of the way. Seek thou rather to be hang'd in compassing thy Joy, than to be drown'd, and go without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the Issue?

Jago. Thou art sure of me: Go make Mony. I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor. My Cause is hearted; thine hath no less reason. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him. If thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thy self a Pleasure, me a Sport. There are many Events in the womb of Time, which will be delivered. Traverse, go, provide thy Mony. We will have more of this to morrow. Adieu.

Rod. Where shall we meet i'th' Morning?

Jago. At my Lodging.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.

Jago. Go to, farewell. Do you hear, *Rodorigo*?

Rod. I'll sell all my Land. [Exit.

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 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?... Let's see...
 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 engendred... Hell and Night
 Must bring this monstrous Birth to the World's light.



A C T I I.

S C E N E I.

S C E N E *The Capital City
 of Cyprus.*

Enter Montano, and Gentleman.

Montano.

WHat from the Cape, can you discern at Sea?
1 Gent. Nothing at all, it is a high wrought
 Flood;

I cannot 'twixt the Heaven 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 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 enchain'd Flood.

Mont. If that the *Turkish* Fleet,
Be not in shelter'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 *Veronessa*, *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,

Tou-

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 *Osbello*,
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. His Bark is stoutly timber'd, and his Pilot
Of very expert and approv'd Allowance;
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to Death,
Stand in bold Cure.

Within.] A Sail, a Sail, a Sail:

Cas. What Noise?

Gent. The Town is empty; on the brow o'th' Sea
Stand ranks of People, and they cry, a Sail.

Cas. My hopes do shape him for the Governor.

Gent. They do discharge their shot of courtesie;
Our Friends at least.

Cas. I pray you, Sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 'tis that is arrived.

Gent. I shall.

[*Exit.*

Mont. But, good Lieutenant, is your General
wiv'd?

Cas.

THE MOOR OF VENICE. 29

Cas. Most fortunately, he hath atchiev'd a Maid
That paragon's description, and wild Fame:
One that excels the Quirks of blazoning Pens,
And in th'essential Vesture of Creation,
Do's bear an Excellency...

Enter Gentleman.

How now? Who has put in?

Gent. 'Tis one *Jago*, Ancient to the General.

Cas. H'as had most favourable and happy speed;
Tempests themselves, high Seas, and howling Winds,
The gutter'd Rocks, and congregated Sands,
Traitors ensteep'd, to clog the guiltless Keel,
As having Sense of Beauty do omit
Their mortal Natures, letting go safely by
The divine *Desdemona*.

Mont. What is she?

Cas. She that I spake of, our great Captain's
Captain;
Left in the Conduct of the bold *Jago*,
Whose Footing here anticipates our thoughts,
A 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 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.

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 the Cittadel:
This likewise is a Friend.

Cas. See for the News:

Good Ancient, you are welcome. Welcome, Mistrefs.
[To *Æmilia*.

Let it not gall your Patience, good *Jago*,
That I extend my Manners. 'Tis my Breeding
That gives me this bold shew of 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 Ladiship, 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 Kitchens,
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. You shall not write my praise.

Jago. No, let me not.

Des.

THE MOOR OF VENICE. 31

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

worst best. But what Praise could thou bestow on a deserving Woman indeed ? One, that in the authority of her Merit, did justly put on the vouch of very Malice it self.

Jago. She that was ever fair, and never proud,
Had Tongue at will, and yet was never loud;
Never lackt Gold, and yet went never gay,
Fled from her wish, and yet said now I may:
She that being anger'd, her Revenge being nigh,
Rath' 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 Wights were,)

Des. To do what?

Jago. 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.

Jago. Aside.] He takes her by the Palm; ay, well said... whisper... With as little a Web as this, will I ensnare as great a Fly as *Cassio*. Ay, smile upon her, do... I will gyve thee in thine own Courtship. You say true, 'tis so indeed... If such Tricks as these strip you out of your Lieutenancy, it had been better you had not kiss'd your three Fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play the Sir in. Very good... well kiss'd, and excellent Curtesie... 'tis so indeed... Yet again... your Fingers to your Lips?
Would

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. Oh 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 it were now to dye,
'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.

Iago. Oh you are well run'd now; but I'll set
down the Pegs that make this Musick, as honest as
I am. [Aside.

Oth. Come, let us to the Castle.
News, Friends, our Wars are done; the *Turks* are
drown'd.

How does my old Acquaintance of this Isle?

C

Honey,

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 *Jago*,
 Go to the Bay, and disembark my Coffers?
 Bring thou the Master to the Cittadel,
 He is a good one, and his worthiness
 Does challenge much respect. Come, *Desdemona*,
 Once more well met at *Cyprus*.

[*Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.*

Jago. Do you meet me presently at the Harbour.
 Come thither, if thou be'st valiant (as they say, base
 Men being in Love, have then a Nobility in their
 Natures, more than is native to them)... list me; the
 Lieutenant to night watches on the Court of Guard.
 First, I must tell thee this; *Desdemona* is directly in
 Love with him.

Rod. With him? why, 'tis not possible.

Jago. Lay thy Fingers thus; and let thy Soul be
 instructed. 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 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, Sym-
 pathy in Years, Manners, and Beauties: All which
 the Moor is defective in. Now for want of these re-
 quir'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

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 subtle 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 bless'd Condition.

Jago. Bless'd Figs end. The Wine she drinks is made of Grapes. If she had been bless'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.

Jago. Letchery by this Hand: An Index, and obscure Prologue to the History of Lust, and foul Thoughts. They met so near with their Lips, that their Breaths embrac'd together. Villanous Thoughts, *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 speaking too loud, or tainting his Discipline, or from what other course you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.

Rod. Well.

Jago. Sir, he's Rash, and very sudden in Choler: And happily may strike at you, provoke him that he may; for even out of that will I cause these 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 Impediment 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.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the Cittadel. I must fetch his Necessaries ashore. Farewel.

Rod. Adieu. [Exit.

Iago. 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 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, Knayeries plain Face, is never seen, 'till us'd. [Exit.

Enter

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 these 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. *Jago* hath direction what to do. But notwithstanding with my personal Eye, Will I look to't.

Oth. *Jago* is most honest:
Michael, good Night. To Morrow with your earliest, Let me have speech with you. Come, my dear Love, The Purchase made, the Fruits are to ensue, That Profit's yet to come 'tween me and you.
Good Night. [Exit.

Enter Jago.

Cas. *Jago*; we must to the Watch.

Jago. Not this hour, Lieutenant: 'Tis not yet ten o'th' Clock. Our General cast us thus early for the
C 3 love

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.

Jago. And I'll warrant her full of Game.

Cas. Indeed she's a most fresh and delicate Creature.

Jago. What an Eye she has?

Methinks it sounds a Parley to Provocation.

Cas. An inviting Eye;
And yet methinks right modest.

Jago. And when she speaks,
Is it not an Alarm to Love?

Cas. She is indeed Perfection.

Jago. 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 *Jago*: I have very poor and unhappy Brains for drinking. I could well wish Courtesie would invent some other custom of Entertainment.

Jago. Oh, they are our Friends: But one Cup I'll drink for you.

Cas. I have drunk but one Cup to night, and that was craftily qualified too: And behold what Innovation it makes here. I am infortunate in the Infirmary, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

Jago. What, Man? 'tis a Night of Revels, the Gallants desire it.

Cas. Where are they?

Jago. Here, at the Door; I pray you call them in.

Cas. I'll do't, but it dislikes me. [Exit Cassio.]

Jago. If I can fasten but one Cup upon him,
With that which he hath drunk to night already,
He'll be as full of Quarrel, and Offence,

As my young Mistress's Dog:
 Now, my sick Fool, *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 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 rowse
 already.

Mon. Good faith a little one: Not past a Pint, as
 I am a Soldier.

Jago. Some Wine ho! [*Jago sings.*

And let me the Cannakin clink, clinck,

And let me the Cannakin 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.

Jago. I learn'd it in *England*: Where indeed they
 are most potent in Potting. Your *Dane*, your *German*,
 and your swag-belly'd *Hollander*, . . . drink ho. . . are
 nothing to your *English*.

Cas. Is your *Englishman* so exquisite in his drinking?

Jago. Why, he drinks you with facility, your

Dane dead Drunk. He sweats not to overthrow your *Almain*. He gives your *Hollander* a Vomit, e'er 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.

Jago. Oh sweet *England*.

King Stephen was and a worthy Peer,
His Breeches cost him but a Crown,
He held them six Pence all too dear,
With that he call'd the Tailor Lown:
He was a Wight of high Renown,
And thou art but of low degree:
'Tis Pride that pulls the Country down,
And take thy awld Clowk about thee.

Some Wine ho.

Cas. Why this is a more exquisite Song than the other.

Jago. Will you hear't again?

Cas. No; for I hold him to be unworthy of his Place, that does those things. Well... Heav'n's above all; and there be Souls must be saved, and there be Souls must not be saved.

Jago. It's true, good Lieutenant.

Cas. For mine own part, no offense to the General, nor any Man of Quality; I hope to be saved.

Jago. And so do I too, Lieutenant.

Cas. Ay, but by your leave, not before me. The Lieutenant is to be saved before the Ancient. Let's have no more of this; let's to our Affairs. Forgive our Sins... 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.

Cas. Why very well then ; you must not think then , that I am drunk.

Mon. To the Platform, Masters , come , let's see the Watch.

Iago. You see this Fellow that is gone before , He is a Soldier ; fit to stand by *Cesar* , And give direction. And do but see his Vice. 'Tis to his Virtues a just Equinox , The one as long as th' other. 'Tis pity of him ; I fear the Trust *Oribello* puts him in , On some odd time of his Infirmity , Will shake this Island.

Mon. But is he often thus.

Iago. 'Tis evermore his Prologue to his Sleep. He'll watch the Horologue a double Set , If drink rock not his Cradle.

Mon. 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.

Iago. How now , *Rodorigo* ! I pray you after the Lieutenant, go.

Mon. 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.

Iago. 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 !...

Mont. What's the Matter , Lieutenant ?

Cas. A Knave teach me my Duty ? I'll beat the Knave into a Twiggen Bottle.

Rod. Beat me...

Cas. Dost thou prate, Rogue ?

Mon. Nay , good Lieutenant ; [*Staying him.*
I pray you , Sir , hold your Hand.

Cas. Let me go , Sir , or I'll knock you o'er the Mazzard.

Mon. Come , come , you're drunk.

Cas. Drunk ?... [*They fight.*

Jago. Away I say , go out and cry a Mutiny.

[*Exit Rodorigo.*

Nay , good Lieutenant... Alas , Gentlemen...

Help ho !... Lieutenant... Sir *Montano*...

Help Masters ! Here's a goodly Watch indeed... :

Who's that which rings the Bell... Diabolo , ho !

[*Bell rings.*

The Town will rise. Fic, fic, 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.

Jago. 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

With

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 *Jago*, that looks dead with grieving,
 Speak : Who began this ? On thy Love I charge thee ?

Jago. I do not know ; Friends all , but now ,
 even now

In Quarter , and in terms like Bride and Groom.
 Devesting 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 , *Jago* , can inform you ,
 While I spare Speech , which something now offends
 me.

Of all that I do know , nor know I ought ,
 By me that's said or done amiss this Night ,
 Unless Self charity be sometimes a Vice ,
 And to defend our selves it be a Sin ,
 When Violence assails us.

Oth. Now , by Heav'n ,

My

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 this Offence,
 Tho' he had twin'd with me, both at a Birth,
 Shall loose 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. *Jago*, who began't?

Mon If partially affin'd, or league in Office,
 Thou dost deliver more or less than Truth,
 Thou art no Soldier.

Jago. 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 into *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

But Men are Men; the best sometimes forget;
 Tho' *Cassio* did some little wrong to him,
 As Men in rage, strike those that wish them best,
 Yet surely *Cassio*, I believe, receiv'd
 From him that fled, some strange indignity,
 Which Patience could not pass.

Oth. I know, *Jago*,
 Thy honesty and love doth mince this Matter,
 Making it light to *Cassio*: *Cassio*, I love thee,
 But never more be Officer of mine.

Enter Desdemona attended.

Look if my gentle Love be not rais'd up:
 I'll make thee an Example.

Des. What's the matter, 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.*

Manent 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 received some bodily wound; there is more Sense
 in that than in Reputation. Reputation is an idle
 and

and most false Imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without deserving. You have lost no Reputation at all, unless you repute your self such a loser. What Man... there are 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. I know not.

Jago. Is't possible?

Cas. I remember a Mass of things, but nothing distinctly: A Quarrel, but nothing wherefore. Oh, that Men should put an Enemy in their Mouths, to steal away their Brains? That we should with joy, pleasance, revel and applause, transform our selves into Beasts.

Jago. Why, but you are now well enough: How came you thus recover'd?

Cas. It hath pleas'd the Devil, Drunkenness, to give place to the Devil, Wrath; one unperfectness shews me another, to make me frankly despise my self.

Jago. Come, you are too severe a 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.

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.

Jago. Come, come, good Wine is a good familiar Creature, if it be well us'd: Exclaim no more against it. And, good Lieutenant, I think, you think I love you.

Cas. I have well approv'd it, Sir. I drunk!

Jago. You, or any Man living, maybe 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. You advise me well.

Jago. I protest in the sincerity of Love, and honest Kindness.

Cas. I think it freely: And betimes in the Morning, I will beseech the virtuous *Desdemona* to undertake for me: I am desperate of my Fortunes if they check me.

Jago. You are in the right: Good Night, Lieutenant, I must to the Watch.

Cas. Good Night, honest *Jago*. [Exit *Cassio*.

Jago. And what's he then, that says I play the Villain?

When

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 Mony is almost spent; I have been to night
 exceedingly well cudgelled; and I think the Issue
 will be, I shall have so much Experience for my
 Pains; and so with no Mony at all, and a little more
 Wit, return again to *Venice*.

Jago.

Iago. How poor are they that have nor 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:
 Dos'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 I I I.

S C E N E I.

SCENE *Othello's Palace.*

Enter Cassio, Musicians, and Clown.

Cassio.

Masters, play here, I will content your Pains,
 Something that's brief; and bid good morrow,
 General.

Clown. Why, Masters, have your Instruments
 been

been in *Naples*, that they speak i'th' Nose thus ?

Mus. How, Sir, how ?

Clown. Are these, I pray you, wind Instruments ?

Mus. Ay, marry are they, Sir

Clown. Oh, thereby hangs a Tale.

Mus. Whereby hangs a Tale, Sir ?

Clown. Marry, Sir, by many a wind Instrument that I know. But, Masters, here's Mony for you: And the General so likes your Musick, that he desires you for Loves Sake to make no Noise with it.

Mus. Well, Sir, we will not.

Clown. If you have any Musick, that may not be heard, to't again. But, as they say, to hear Musick, the General does not greatly care.

Mus. We have none such, Sir.

Clown. Then put up your Pipes in your Bag, for I'll away. [*Ex.* *Mus.*

Go, vanish into Air, away.

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 notify unto her. [*Exit.* *Clown.*

Cas. Do my good Friend.

Enter Jago.

In happy time, *Jago*.

Jago. You have not been abed 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

THE MOOR OF VENICE. 51

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 Æmilia.

Æmil. Good morrow, good Lieutenant, I am
sorry
For your Displeasure; but all will sure be well.
The General and his Wife are talking of it;
And she speaks for you stoutly. The Moor replies;
That he you hurt is of great Fame in Cyprus,
And great Affinity; and that in wholsom 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 I I.

An Apartment.

Enter Desdemona, Cassio, and Æmilia.

Desdemona.

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. Ay, but Lady,
That Policy may either last so long,
Or feed upon such nice and waterish Diet,
Or breed it self so out of Circumstances,
That I being absent, and my place supply'd,
My General will forget my Love and Service.

Des. Do not doubt that; before *Æmilia* here,
I give thee Warrant of thy place. Assure thee,

If I do vow a Friendship, I'll perform it
 To the last Article. My Lord shall never rest,
 I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of Patience;
 His Bed shall seem a School, his Boord a Shrift,
 I'll intermingle every thing he do's
 With *Cassio's* suit: Therefore be merry, *Cassio*,
 For thy Sollicitor shall rather die,
 Than give thy Cause away.

Enter Othello, and Jago.

Emil. 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 Trespas, in our common Reason,
Save that they say the Wars must make Example,

Out of their best, is not almost a Fault

T'incur 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 own Person. Nay, when I have suit,

Wherein

Wherein I mean to touch your Love indeed,
It shall be full of Poize, and difficult weight,
And fearful to be granted.

Oth. I will deny thee nothing.

Whereon I do beseech thee, grant me this,
To leave me but a little to my self.

Des. Shall I deny you? No: Farewel, my Lord.

Oth. Farewel; my *Desdemona*, I'll come to thee
straight.

Des. Emilia, 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.

Jago. My noble Lord.

Oth. What dost thou say, *Jago*?

Jago. Did *Michael Cassio*,
When you woo'd my Lady, know of your Love?

Oth. He did, from first to last;
Why dost thou ask?

Jago. But for a Satisfaction of my Thought,
No further harm.

Oth. Why of thy thought, *Jago*?

Jago. I did not think he had been acquainted with
it.

Oth. O yes, and went between us very oft.

Jago. Indeed! . . .

Oth. Indeed! Ay, indeed. Discern'st thou ought
of that?

Is he not honest?

Jago. Honest, my Lord?

Oth. Honest? Ay, Honest?

Jago. My Lord, for ought I know.

Oth. What dost thou think?

Jago. Think, my Lord! . . .

Oth. Think, my Lord! Alas, thou eccho'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 Conceit: If thou dost love me
 Shew me thy thought.

Jago. My Lord, you know I love you.

Orb. 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.

Jago. For *Michael Cassio*,
 I dare be sworn, I think, that he is honest.

Orb. I think so too.

Jago. Men should be what they seem,
 Or those that be not, would they might seem none.

Orb. Certain, Men should be what they seem.

Jago. Why, then I think *Cassio's* an honest Man.

Orb. Nay, yet there's more in this.

I pray thee speak to me as to thy thinkings,
 As thou dost ruminat; and give thy worst of thoughts,
 The worst of Words.

Jago. Good, my Lord, pardon me.

Though I am bound to every Act of Duty,
 I am not bound to that, all Slaves are free to.

Utter my Thoughts! ... Why say they are vild and
 false?

As, where's that Palace, whereinto foul things
 Sometimes intrude not? Who has that Breast so pure,
 But

But some uncleanly apprehensions
Keep Leets, and Law days, and in Sessions sit
With Meditations lawful?

Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy Friend, *Jago*,
If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his Ear
A Stranger to thy thoughts.

Jago. I do beseech you,
Though I perchance am vicious in my Guess,
As I confess it is my Nature's Plague
To spie into abuses, and of 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?

Jago. Good Name in Man and Woman, dear my
Lord,
Is the immediate Jewel of their Souls;
Who steals my Purse steals trash, 'tis something, no-
thing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been Slave to thou-
sands;
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. . .

Jago. You cannot, if my Heart were in your Hand,
Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my Custody.

Oth. Ha!

Jago. Oh, beware, my Lord, of 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!

Oib. 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.

Oib. 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 exufficate, 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 kept 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 thee 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. Should you do so, my Lord,
My Speech should fall into such vild 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

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.

Oib. Farewel, farewel ;
 If more thou dost perceive, let me know more :
 Set on thy Wife to observe. Leave me, *Jago.*

Jago. My Lord, I take my leave. [*Going.*

Oib. Why did I marry ?
 This honest Creature, doubtless,
 Sees, and knows more, much more than he unfolds.

Jago. 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.

Oib. Fear not my Government.

Jago. I once more take my leave. [*Exit.*

Oib. 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 Conyersation,

That

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 others 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 Æmilia.

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. [*Exeunt.*

Des. I am very sorry that you are not well,

Æmil. I am glad I have found this Napkin ;
 This was her first remembrance from the Moor ;
 My wayward Husband hath a hundred times
 Woo'd me to steal it. But she so loves the Token,

For

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?

Emil. Do not you chide; I have a thing for you.

Jago. You have a thing for me?

It is a common thing...

Emil. Hah?

Jago. To have a foolish Wife.

Emil. Oh, is that all? what will you give me
 now

For that same Handkerchief?

Jago. What Handkerchief?

Emil. What Handkerchief!

Why, that the Moor first gave to *Desdemona*,
 That which so often you did bid me steal.

Jago. Hast stollen it from her?

Emil. 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.

Emil. What will you do with't, you have been so
 earnest to have me filch it?

Jago. Why, what is that to you? [*Snatching it.*]

Emil. 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. Emil.*]
 I will in *Cassio's* Lodging lose this Napkin,
 And let him find it. Trifles light as Air

Are

Are to the jealous, Confirmations strong,
 As proofs of holy Writ. This may do something.
 The Moor already changes with my Poisons,
 Dangerous Conceits are in their natures 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 Mandra-
 gora,

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 stoln hours of Lust?
 I saw it not, thought it not, it harm'd not 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 stoln,
 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 Wars,
 That make Ambition Virtue! Oh farewell,
 Farewel the neighing Steed, and the shrill Trump,
 The Spirit-stirring Drum, th' Ear-piercing Fife,

The

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.

Jago. Is't possible, my Lord?

Oth. Villain, be sure thou prove my Love a Whore;
Be sure of it: Give me the Ocular Proof,
Catching hold on him.

Or by the worth of mine eternal Soul,
Thou hadst been better have been born a Dog,
Than answer my wak'd wrath.

Jago. Is't come to this?

Oth. Make me to see't, or, at the least, so prove it,
That the probation bear no Hinge, nor Loop,
To hang a doubt on: Or woe upon thy Life.

Jago. My Noble Lord.

Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Never pray more; abandon all Remorse
On horrors Head, horrors accumulate,
Do Deeds to make Heav'n weep, all Earth amaz'd;
For nothing canst thou to Damnation add,
Greater than that.

Jago. O Grace! O Heav'n forgive me!

Are you a Man? Have you a Soul? Or Sense?
God be wi' you: Take mine Office. Oh 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 shouldst be honest...

Jago. 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!

Jago. 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.

Jago. 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!

Jago. It were a tedious difficulty I think,
 To bring 'em to that prospect: Damn them then;
 If ever mortal Eyes do see them bolster
 More than their own. What then? How then?
 What shall I say? Where's Satisfaction?
 It is impossible you should see this,
 Were they as prime as Goats, as hot as Monkeys,
 As 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.

Jago. 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 own 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,
 That 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!

Jago. Nay this was but his Dream.

Oth. But this denoted a fore-gone Conclusion,
 'Tis a shrewd doubt, tho' it be but a Dream.

Jago. And this may help to thicken other Proofs,
 That do demonstrate thinly.

Oth. I'll tear her all to pieces.

Jago. Nay 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.

Jago. 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...

Jago. 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, *Jago*,
 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.

Jago. Yet be content.

Oth. O Blood, Blood, Blood...

Jago.

Jago. Patience I say ; your Mind may change.

Oth. Never, *Jago.* 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...

Jago. Do not rise yet: [*Jago kneels.*
Witness your ever-burning Lights above,
You Elements that clip us round about,
Witness that here *Jago* doth give up
The Execution of his Wit, Hands, Heart,
To wrong'd *Othello's* Service. Let him command,
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.

Jago. My Friend is dead:
'Tis done at your request. But let her live.

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.

Jago. I am your own for ever. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Desdemona, Emilia, and Clown.

Des. Do you know, Sirrah, where Lieutenant
Cassio lyes ?

E 2

Clown.

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, *Æmilia*?

Æmil. 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.

Æmil. Is he not Jealous?

Des. Who he? I think the Sun where he was born, Drew all such Humours from him.

Æmil. 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

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 yet hath felt no Age, nor known no Sorrow.

Oth. This argues Fruitfulness , and liberal Heart ; Hot, hot, and moist, . . this hand of yours requires A sequester from Liberty ; Fasting, and Prayer, Much Castigation, Exercise devout, For here's a young and sweating Devil here, That commonly rebels : 'Tis a good Hand, A frank one.

Des. You may, indeed, say so ; For 'twas that Hand that gave away my Heart.

Oth. A liberal Hand. The hearts of old , gave hands ;

But our new Heraldry is Hands, not Hearts.

Des. I cannot speak of this ; come , now your Promise.

Oth. What promise, Chuck ?

Des. I 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 new Fancies. She, dying, gave it me,
And bid me, when my Fate would have me wiv'd,
To give it her. I did so, and take heed on't;
Make it a Darling, like your precious Eye;
To loos't, or give't away, were such Perdition,
As nothing else could match.

Des. Is't possible?

Orb. '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?

Orb. Most veritable, therefore look to't well.

Des. Then would to Heav'n, that I had never
seen't.

Orb. Ha? wherefore?

Des. Why do you speak so startlingly, and rash?

Orb. Is't lost? Is't gone? Speak, is't out o'th'
way?

Des. Bless us!

Orb. Say you?

Des. It is not lost; but what and if it were?

Orb. How?

Des. I say it is not lost.

Orb. 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.

Orb. Fetch me the Handkerchief... my mind mis-
gives...

Des.

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 all 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 lo the happiness; go and importune her.

Des. How now, good *Cassio*, what's the News
with you?

Cas. Madam, my former Suit. I do beseech you,
That by your virtuous means, I may again
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, nor present Sorrows,
Nor purpos'd Merit in Futurity,
Can ransom me into his Love again;
But to know so, must be my Benefit;
So shall I cloath me in a forc'd content,
And shut my self up in some other Course,

To 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 Canon ,
When it hath blown his Ranks into the Air ,
And like the Devil from his very Arm
Pufft 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 sure of State ,
Either from *Venice* , or some unhatch'd Practice ,
Made demonstrable here in *Cyprus* , to him ,
Hath puddled his clear Spirit ; and in such Cases ,
Mens Natures wrangle with inferior things ,
Tho' great ones are their Object . 'Tis 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 , *Æmilis* ,
I was , unhandsome Warrior as I am ,
Arraigning his unkindness with my Soul ;
But now I find , I had suborn'd the Witness ,
And he's indited falsely .

Æmil. Pray Heav'n it be
State matters , as you think , and no Conception ,
Nor

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 *Oshellos*
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 continue 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 vild guesses in the Devil's Teeth,
E s From

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; e'er 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 circumstanc'd.

[*Exeunt.*



A C T I V.

S C E N E I.

SCENE *A Room of State.*

Enter Othello, and Jago.

Jago.

Will you think so?

Oth. Think so, *Jago*?

Jago.

Jago. What, to kiss in private?

Oth. An unauthorized 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 flip:
But if I give my Wife a Handkerchief...

Oth. What then?

Jago. Why then, 'tis hers, my Lord, and being
hers,

She may, I think, bestow't on any Man.

Oth. She is Protectress of her Honour too;
May she give that?

Jago. Her Honour is an Effence 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. He hath my Lord, but be you well assur'd,
No more than he'll unswear.

Oth. What hath he said?

Jago.

Jago. Why, that he did... I know not what he did...

Oth. What? what?

Jago. Lye..

Oth. With her?

Jago. 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: Handkerchief... 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 instruction. It is not words that shake me thus... pish... Noses, Ears and Lips... is't possible!... Confess!... Handkerchief!... O Devil... [*Falls in a Trance.*]

Jago. 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!

Jago. My Lord is fain into an Epilepsie,
This is the second Fit; he had one Yesterday.

Cas. Rub him about the Temples.

Jago. The Lethargy must have his quiet course;
If not, he foams at Mouth, and by and by
Breaks out to savage madness; look, he stirs;
Do you withdraw your self a little while,
He will recover straight; when he is gone,
I would on great occasion speak with you. [*Exit Cassio.*]
How is it, General? Have you not hurt your Head.

Oth. Dost thou mock me?

Jago.

Jago. I mock you not, by Heav'n;
Would you would bear your Fortune like a Man.

Oth. A horned Man's a Monster and a Beast.

Jago. There's many a Beast then in a populous
City,

And many a civil Monster.

Oth. Did he confess it?

Jago. Good Sir, be a Man:

Think every bearded Fellow that's but yóak'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.

Jago. Stand you a while apart,
Confine your self but in a patient List.
Whil'ft you were here, o'erwhelmed with your Grief
(A Passion most resulting such a Man)
Cassio came hither. I shifted him away,
And laid good 'Scuses on your Ecstasie,
Bad him anon return, and here speak with me,
The which he promis'd. Do but encave your self,
And mark the Fleers, the Gybes 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 Spleen,
And nothing of a Man.

Oth. Dost thou hear, *Jago*,
I will be found most cunning in my patience;
But, dost thou hear, most bloody.

Jago. That's not amiss;

But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?

[*Othello withdraws.*

Now will I question *Cassio* of *Bianca*,
A Huswife, that by selling her desires,
Buys her self Bread and Cloth: It is a Creature
That dotes on *Cassio*, as 'tis the Strumpet's plague
To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one;
He, when he hears of her, cannot 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.

Jago. 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.

Jago. I never knew a Woman love Man so.

Cas. Alas, poor Rogue, I think indeed she loves
me.

Oth. Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out.

Jago. Do you hear, *Cassio*?

Oth. Now he importunes him

To tell it o'er: Go to, well said, well said.

Jago. She gives it out, that you shall marry her.
Do you intend it?

Cas. Ha, ha, ha.

Oth. Do ye triumph, *Roman*? do you triumph?

Cas. I marry! ... What? a Customer; prithee
bear

Some

Some Charity to my Wit, do not think it
So unwholsome. Ha, ha, ha.

Oth. So, so: They laugh that win.

Iago. Why, the cry goes, that you shall marry
her.

Cas. Prithee say true?

Iago. 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. *Iago* beckons me: Now he begins the Story.

Cas. She was here even now; she haunts me in
every place. I was the other Day talking on the Sea
Bank with certain *Venetians*, and thither comes the
Bauble, and falls me thus about my Neck...

Oth. Crying, oh dear *Cassio*, as it were: His
gesture imports it.

Cas. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me,
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 Fitchew! marry, a per-
fum'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

not who left it there. This is some Minxe's token ; and I must take out the work ? There , give it your Hobby-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.*

Jago. After her , after her.

Cas. I must , she'll rail in the Streets else.

Jago. Will you Sup there ?

Cas. Yes , I intend so.

Jago. Well , I may chance to see you ; for I would very fain speak with you.

Cas. Prithee , come , will you ?

Jago. Go to , say no more. [*Exit Cassio.*

Oth. How shall I murther him , *Jago* ?

Jago. Did you perceive how he laugh'd at his Vice ?

Oth. Oh , *Jago* ! . . .

Jago. And did you see the Handkerchief ?

Oth. Was that mine ?

Jago. Yours by this Hand : And to see how he prizes the foolish Woman your Wife . . . She gave it him , and he hath given it his Whore.

Oth. I would have him nine Years a killing :
A fine Woman ! A fair Woman ! A sweet Woman ! . . .

Jago. Nay , you must forget that ,

Oth. Ay , let her rot and perish , and be damn'd to night , for she shall not live. No , my Heart is turn'd to Stone : I strike it , and it hurts my Hand. Oh , the World hath not a sweeter Creature . . . She might lye by an Emperor's side , and command him Tasks.

Jago. Nay , that's not your way :

Oth. Hang her , I do but say what she is . . . so delicate

cate with her Needle. . . An admirable Musician. Oh, she will sing the Savageness out of a Bear : Of so high a plenteous Wit , and Invention ! . . .

Jago. She's the worse for all this.

Oth. Oh , a thousand , a thousand times : And then of so gentle a Condition ! . . .

Jago. Ay , too gentle.

Oth. Nay that's certain.

But yet the pity of it , *Jago* . . . Oh , *Jago* , the pity of it , *Jago* . . .

Jago. If you are so fond over her Iniquity : Give her patent to offend , for if it touch not you , it comes near no Body.

Oth. I will chop her into Messes : Cuckold me !

Jago. Oh , 'tis foul in her.

Oth. With mine Officer !

Jago. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me some Poison , *Jago* , this Night. I'll not expostulate with her, lest her Body and her Beauty unprovide my Mind again : This Night , *Jago*.

Jago. 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.

Jago. 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 ?

Jago. I warrant something from *Venice*.

'Tis *Lodovico* , this comes from the Duke.

See , your Wife's with him.

Lod. Save you , worthy General.

Oth. With all my Heart , Sir.

F

Lod.

Lod. The Duke, and the Senators of *Venice* greet
you. *Gives him a Letter.*

Oth. I kiss the Instrument of their Pleasures.

Des. And what's the News, good Cousin *Lodovico*?

Jago. I am very glad to see you, Signior.
Welcome to *Cyprus*.

Lod. I thank you; how does Lieutenant *Cassio*?

Jago. Lives, Sir.

Des. Cousin, there's falln 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 her amends, she weeps.

Oth.

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. Ay! You did wish that I would make her turn:
Sir, she can turn and turn, and yet go on,
And turn again. And she can weep, Sir, weep.
And she's Obedient: As you say Obedient.
Very Obedient. . . proceed you in your Tears. . .
Concerning this, Sir. . . oh well painted Passion! . . .
I am commanded Home. . . get you away!
I'll send for you anon. . . Sir, I obey the Mandate.
And will return to *Venice*. . . Hence, avant! . . .

[Exit 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 Monkies!

[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?

Jago. He is much chang'd.

Lod. Are his Wits safe? Is he not of light Brain?

Jago. 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!

F 2

Jago.

Iago. 'Faith that was not so well; yet would I
knew
That stroke would prove the worst.

Lord. Is it his use?
Or did the Letters work upon his Blood,
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 spare 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 I I.

An Apartment.

Enter Othello, and Æmilia.

Othello.

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.

THE MOOR OF VENICE. 85

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 Closset-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. What is your Pleasure?

Oth. Let me see your Eyes; look in my Face.

Des. What horrible Fancy's this?

Oth. Some of your Function, Mistress,
Leave Procreants alone, and shut the Door,
Cough, or cry hem, if anybody come,
Your Mystery, your Mystery; nay dispatch.

[*Exit Æmilia.*

Des. Upon my Knee, what doth your Speech im-
port?

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
seize thee.

Therefore be double damn'd; swear thou art honest.

Des. Heav'n doth truly know it.

Oth. Heav'n truly knows,
That thou art false as Hell.

Des. To whom, my Lord?
With whom? How am I false?

Oth. Ah, *Desdemona*, away, away, away...

Des. Alas the heavy day! Why do you weep?
Am I the Motive of these Tears, my Lord?
If 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. Oay, 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 asks at thee;
Would thou'dst never been born!

Des. Alas, what ignorant Sin have I committed?

Oth.

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 Emilia.

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,*

Emil. Alas, what does this Gentleman conceive?
How do you, Madam? How do you, my good
Lady?

Des. Faith, half asleep.

Emil. Good Madam, what's the matter with my
Lord?

F 4

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With whom? How am I false?

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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 smallest Opinion on my least misfute?

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 Caller.

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

Her Father ? And her Country ? And her Friends ?
To be call'd Whore ? Would it not make one weep ?

Des. It is my wretched Fortune.

Jago. Beshrew him for't ; how comes this trick
upon him ?

Des. Nay, Heav'n doth know.

Emil. I will be hang'd if some eternal Villain,
Some busie and insinuating Rogue,
Some cogging, cozening Slave, to get some Office,
Has not devis'd this slander ; I will be hang'd else.

Jago. Fie, there is no such Man ; it is impossible.

Des. If any such there be, Heav'n pardon him.

Emil. A Halter pardon him, and Hell gnaw his
Bones.

Why should he call her Whore ? Who keeps her 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.
Oh Heav'ns, 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.

Jago. Speak within Door.

Emil. 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.

Jago. You are a Fool ; go to.

Des. Alas, *Jago,*

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 Æmilia.*

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't 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 en-
 dure 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
 performances are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me most unjustly.

Rod. With naught but Truth: I have wasted my
 self

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.

Jago. Well, go to; very well.

Rod. Very well, go to; I cannot go to, Man, nor 'tis not very well; nay, I think it is Scurvy; and begin to find my self fob'd in it.

Jago. Very well.

Rod. I tell you, 'tis not very well; I will make my self known to *Desdemona*. If she will return me my Jewels, I will give over my Suit, and repent my unlawful Solicitation. If not, assure your self, I will seek Satisfaction of you.

Jago. You have said now.

Rod. Ay, and said nothing but what I protest intendment of doing.

Jago. Why, now, I see there's Mettle in thee; and even from this instant do I build on thee a better Opinion than ever before; give me thy Hand, *Rodorigo*. Thou hast taken against me a most just Exception; but yet I protest I have dealt most directly in thy Affair.

Rod. It hath not appear'd.

Jago. I grant indeed it hath not appear'd; and your Suspicion is not without Wit and Judgment. But, *Rodorigo*, if thou hast that in thee indeed, which I have greater raison 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?

Jago. Sir, there is especial Commission come from
from

from *Venice* to depute *Cassio* in *Othello's* place.

Rod. Is that true ? Why then *Othello* and *Desdemona* return again to *Venice*.

Jago. Oh no ; he goes into *Mauritania* , and taketh away with him the fair *Desdemona* , unless his abode be lingred here by some accident. Wherein none can be so determinate , as the removing of *Cassio*.

Rod. How do you mean removing him ?

Jago. Why, by making him incapable of *Othello's* place ; knocking out his Brains.

Rod. And that you would have me to do.

Jago. Ay, if you dare do your self a profit, and a right. He sups to night with a Harlotry ; and thither will I go to him. He knows not yet of his honourable Fortune : if you will watch his going thence (which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one) you may take him at your Pleasure. I will be near to second your Attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amaz'd at it , but go along with me ; I will shew you such a necessity in his Death , that you shall think your self bound to put it on him. It is now high supper time ; and the Night grows to waste. About it.

Rod. I will hear further reason for this ,

Jago. And you shall be satisfied. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Othello , Lodovico , Desdemona , Æmilia , 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.

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 bed, And bid me to dismiss you.

Æmil. Dismiss me?

Des. It was his bidding; therefore good *Æmilias*, 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 Stubborness, his Checks, his Frowns, (Prethee unpin me) have grace and favour in them.

Æmil. I have laid those Sheets you bad me on the Bed.

Des. All's one; good Father! How foolish are our Minds?

If I do die before thee, prethee shroud me In one of these same Sheets.

Æmil. Come, come; you talk.

Des. My Mother had a Maid call'd *Barbara*, She was in love; and he she lov'd prov'd mad, And did forsake her. She had a Song of Willow, An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her Fortune, And she dy'd singing it. That Song to Night, Will not go from my mind; I have much to do, But to go hang my Head all at one side And sing it like poor *Barbara*; prethee dispatch.

Æmil. Shall I go fetch your Night-gown?

Des. No, unpin me here; This *Lodovico* is a proper Man.

Æmil. A very handsom Man.

Des.

Des. He speaks well.

Emil. I know a Lady in *Venice* would have walk'd barefoot 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 Hand on her Bosom, her Head on her Knee,

Sing Willow, Willow, Willow.

The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans;

Sing Willow, &c.

Her salt Tears fell from her, and softned the Stones;

Sing Willow, &c.

Willow, Willow. (Prithee high thee, he'll come anon Lay by these

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?

Emil. It's the Wind.

Des. I call'd my Love false Love; but what said he then?

Sing Willow, &c.

If I court more Women, you'll couch with more Men.

So get thee gone, good night; mine Eyes do itch,
Doth that boad weeping?

Emil. 'Tis neither here nor there.

Des. I have heard it said so; O these men, these men!

Dost thou in Conscience think, tell me *Emilia*.

That there be Women do abuse their Husbands.

In such grosse kind?

Emil. There be some such, no Question.

Des. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world?

Emil. Why, would not you?

Des.

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 Exhi-
bition. 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' van-
tage, 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 upon 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 too.

Des. Good night, good night ; Heav'n me such
 uses send,
 Not to pick bad from bad ; but by bad, mend.

[*Exeunt.*]



A C T V.

S C E N E I.

SCENE *The Street.*

Enter Jago and Rodorigo.

Jago.

Here, stand behind this Bulk, Straight will he
 come :

Wear thy good Rapier bare, and put it home ;
 Quick, quick, fear nothing ; I'll be at thy Elbow,
 It makes us, or it mars us, think on that,
 And fix most firm thy Resolution.

Rod. Be near at Hand, I may miscarry in't.

Jago. Here, at thy hand ; 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.

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. Lives *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 dycst.

[*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! Murder, murder!

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:

G

For

For off my Heart, those Charms thine Eyes, are
blotted.

Thy Bed iust-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 dire-
ful.

Cas. Oh help!

Lod. Hark!

Rod. Oh wretched Villain!

Lod. Two or three groan. 'Tis heavy Night;
These maybe Counterfeits: Let's think't unsafe
To come into the Cry, without more help.

Rod. Nobody 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.

Jago. Oh treacherous Villains!
What are you there? Come in, and give some help.

Rod. O help me there.

Cas. That's one of them.

Jago. Oh murd'rous Slave! O Villain!

[*Jago stabs him.*

Rod. O damn'd *Jago*! O inhuman Dog!

Jago. Kill Men i'th' dark? Where be these bloody
Thieves?

How silent is this Town? Ho, Murther! Murther!
What may you be? Are you of Good or Evil?

Lod. As you shall prove us, praise us.

Jago. Signior *Lodovico*?

Lod. He, Sir.

Jago. I cry you mercy! here's *Cassio* hurt by Vil-
lains.

Gra. *Cassio*?

Jago. How is't, Brother?

Cas. My Leg is cut in two.

Jago. Marry Heav'n forbid:

Light Gentlemen, I'll bind it with my Shirt.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. What is the Matter ho? Who is't that cry'd?

Jago. Who is't that cry'd?

Bian. Oh my dear *Cassio*,

My sweet *Cassio*: Oh *Cassio*, *Cassio*, *Cassio*.

Jago. 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.

Jago. Lend me a Garter. So... Oh for a Chair
To bear him easily hence.

Bian. Alas he faints. Oh *Cassio*, *Cassio*, *Cassio*.

Jago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this Trash
To be a Party in this Injury.

Patience a while, good *Cassio*, come, come;
Lend me a Light: Know we this Face, or no?

Alas, my Friend, and my dear Country-man
Rodorigo! No: Yes sure: Yea, 'tis *Rodorigo*:

Gra. What, of *Venice*?

Jago. Even he, Sir: did you know him?

Gra. Know him? Ah!

Jago. Signior *Gratiano*? I cry your gentle Pardon:
These bloody Accidents must excuse my Manners,
That so neglected you.

Gra. I am glad to see you.

Jago. How do you, *Cassio*? Oh a Chair, a Chair.

Gra. *Rodorigo*?

Jago. He, he, 'tis he: Oh that's well said, the
Chair.

Some good Man bear him carefully from hence,
I'll fetch the General's Surgeon: For you, Mistress,
Save you your Labour. He that lyes slain here, *Cassio*,
Was my dear Friend. What Malice was between you?

Cas. None in the World; nor do I know the Man.

Jago. What look you pale? Oh bear him out o'th'
Air.

Stay you good Gentlemen. Look you pale, Mistress?

Do you perceive the 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.

Emil. Alas, what is the Matter?

What is the Matter, Husband?

Jago

Jago. *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 !

Jago. That 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 :

Jago. 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.

Jago. Kind Gentlemen : Let's go see poor *Cassio*
drest,

Come Mistress, you must tell's another Tale.

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 foredoes me quite.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E I I.

*A Bed-chamber : Desdemona is
discover'd asleep in her Bed.*

Enter Othello.

Othello.

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,

Not 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-lume.
 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 persuade
 Justice to break her Sword. One more, one more;
 Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
 And love thee after. One more, 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.

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'st.

Des. That Death's unnatural, that kills for Lo-
ving.

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'st *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 confes thee freely of thy Sin:

For to deny each Article with Oath,

Cannot remove, nor choak the strong Conception

That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

Des. Oh Heav'n have Mercy on me.

Oth. I say, Amen.

Des. And have you Mercy too; I never did

Offend you in my Life; never lov'd *Cassio*,

But with such general warrant of Heav'n,

As I might love. I never gave him Token.

Oth. By Heav'n I saw my Handkerchief in's Hand.

Operjur'd Woman ! Thou dost stone my Heart,
And makest me call, what I intend to do,
A Murther, which I thought a Sacrifice.
I saw the Handkerchief.

Des. He found it then;
I never gave it him; send for him hither,
Let him confess a Truth.

Otb. He hath confest.

Des. What, my Lord ?

Otb. That he hath us'd thee.

Des. How ? Unlawfully ?

Otb. Ay.

Des. He will not say so.

Otb. No, his Mouth is stopp'd ;
Honest *Jago* hath ta'en Order for't.

Des. Oh, my fear interprets. What is he dead ?

Otb. Had all his Hairs been Lives, my great Re-
venge

Had Stomach for them all.

Des. Alas, he is betray'd, and I undone.

Otb. Out Strumpet ! Weep'st thou for him to my
face ?

Des. O banish me, my Lord, but kill me not.

Otb. Down, Strumpet.

Des. Kill me to morrow, let me live to night.

Otb. Nay, if you strive.

Des. But half an Hour...

Otb. Being done, there is no Pause.

Des. But while I say one Prayer...

Otb. It is too late.

[*Smother's her.*

Æmilia at the Door.

Æmil. My Lord, my Lord ! What hoa !
My Lord, my Lord !

Otb. What Noise is this ? Not dead ? Not yet quite
dead ?

I that am cruel, am yet merciful,
I would not have thee linger in thy Pain.
So, so:

Æmil. within.] What 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. Hah, no more moving?
Still as the Grave. Shall she come in? were'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 the affrighted Globe
Did 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. A guiltless Death I die.

Æmil. Oh who hath done this Deed?

Des. No body, I myself, 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 do'st bely her, and thou art a Devil.

Oth. She was false as Water.

Æmil. Thou art rash as Fire, to say
That she was false. Oh she was heav'nly true.

Oth. *Cassio* did 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.

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 Mistrefs! Villany has made mocks
with Love:

My Husband says she was false?

Oth. He, Woman;

I say thy Husband; do'st understand the word?
My Friend, thy Husband, honest, honest *Jago*.

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,

Thought I lost twenty Lives... Help! help! ho! help!

The Moor hath kill'd my Mistrefs. Murther, murther!

Enter Montano, Gratiano, and Jago.

Mon. What is the matter? How now, General?

Æmil. Oh, are you come, *Jago*? You have done
well,

That Men must lay their Murthers on your Neck.

Gra. What is the matter?

Æmil. Disprove this Villain, if thou be'st a Man,
He says thou toldst him that his Wife was false:

I know thou didst not, thou'rt not such a Villain.
Speak, for my Heart is full.

Jago. I told him what I thought; and told no more
Than what he found himself was apt and true.

Æmil. But did you ever tell him, she was false?

Jago. I did.

Æmil. You told a Lie, an odious damned Lie:
Upon my Soul a Lie; a wicked Lie.

She false with *Cassio*? did you say with *Cassio*?

Jago. With *Cassio*, Mistress, go to, charm your
Tongue.

Æmil. I will not charm my Tongue; I am bound
to speak,
My Mistress 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.

Mon. Oh monstrous Act.

Æmil. Villany! villany! villany!
I think upon't . . . I think . . . I smell'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 e'er did lift up eye.

Oth. Oh she was foul!

I scarce did know you, Uncle; there lyes your Niece,
Whose Breath indeed, these Hands have newly stop'd;
I know this Act shews horrible and grim.

Gra.

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 a Handkerchief, an antick Token
My Father gave my Mother.

Emil. Oh Heav'n! Oh heav'nly Powers!

Jago. Come, hold your peace.

Emil. '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.

Emil. I will not. [*Jago offers to stab his Wife.*

Gra. Fie, your sword upon a Woman?

Emil. Oh, thou dull Moor,
That Handkerchief thou speak'st of
I found by Fortnne, 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!

Emil. She give it *Cassio*? No, alas I found it,
And I did give't my Husband.

Jago. Filth, thou liest.

Emil. 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.

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 Mistress side.

Gra. He's gone, but his Wife's kill'd.

Mon. 'Tis a notorious Villain; take you this Wea-
pon;

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 Blis, 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. If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear;
Thou hast no Weapon, and perforce must suffer.

Oth. Look in upon me then, and speak with me,
Or naked as I am I will assault thee.

Gra. What is the matter?

Oth. 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 Gulfs 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. Oh thou, *Othello*, that wast once so good;
 Fain in the Practice of a cursed Slave,
 What shall be said to thee?

Oth.

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?

Jago. Demand me nothing, what you know, you
know:

From this time forth, I ne'er 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, here's another discontented Paper
Found in his Pocket too; and this it seems.

Rodorigo meant t'have sent this damned Villain;
But that belike *Jago* 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 *Jago*, that he made him
Brave me upon the Watch; whereon it came
That I was cast; and even but now he spake
After long seeming dead, *Jago* hurt him,
Jago set him on.

Lod. You must forsake this room, and go with us;
Your 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.

Orb. 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.

H

Orb.

Oth. I kist thee, 'er I kill'd thee : No way but
this,

Killing my self, to die upon a Kifs. [*Dies.*

Cas. This did I fear, but thought he had no Wea-
pon ;

For he was great of Heart.

Lord. Oh *Spartan* Dog !

More fell than Anguish, Hunger, or the Sea ;

Look on the Tragick Loading of this Bed ;

This is thy work ; the Object poisons sight,

Let it be hid. *Gratiano*, keep the House,

And seize upon the Fortunes of the Moor,

For they succeed to you. To you, Lord Governor,

Remains the Censure of this hellish Villain :

The time, the place, the torture, oh inforce it.

My self will straight aboard, and to the State,

This heavy Act, with heavy Heart, relate.

[*Exeunt.*

F I N I S ;

